

LETTERS AND PAPERS  
OF  
ANDREW ROBERTSON, A.M.



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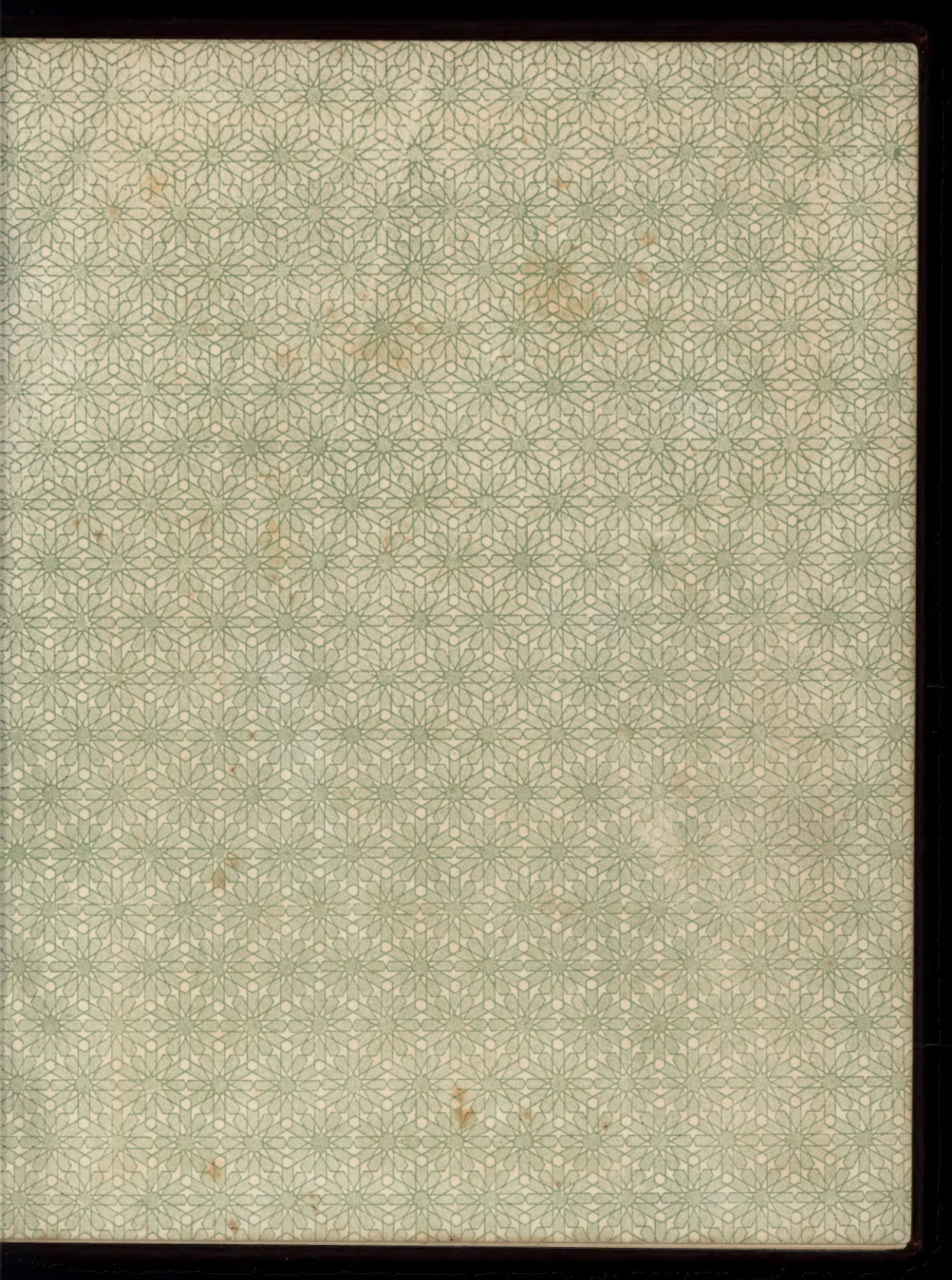
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E. & S.

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ANDREW ROBERTSON, A.M.

*From a large Miniature painted by himself.*

*Exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1802.*

See pp. 66-71 and 93.

Size of Ivory, 6 $\frac{1}{4}$ in by 5 $\frac{1}{4}$ in.



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# LETTERS AND PAPERS

OF

ANDREW ROBERTSON, A.M.,

BORN 1777.

DIED 1845.

MINIATURE PAINTER

TO HIS LATE ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF SUSSEX;

ALSO

A TREATISE ON THE ART

BY HIS ELDEST BROTHER

ARCHIBALD ROBERTSON,

BORN 1765.

DIED 1835.

OF NEW YORK.

~~~~~  
EDITED BY EMILY ROBERTSON.  
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E. K. WATERHOUSE.

LETTERS AND PAPERS

ANDREW ROBERTSON, A.M.

TO THE LATE ROYAL SOCIETY THE DEAN OF BIRMINGHAM

A TREATISE ON THE ART

OF WRITING  
ALPHABETICALLY  
AND  
ON NEW YORK

EDITED BY EMILY ROBERTSON

NEW YORK  
AND  
LONDON  
PUBLISHED BY  
THE NEW YORK  
PUBLISHERS

THE GETTY CENTER  
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## PREFACE.

THE contents of this Volume were not written for publication, and cannot be expected to stand before literary criticism. All that is hoped for is a kindly reception from those who take up the book, and still greater indulgence from any who may have patience to read it.

During the last few years an increasing interest in the beautiful Art of Miniature Painting on Ivory has been awakened. Valuable loan collections have attracted attention, and both in Europe and America, there seems a growing desire not only to possess examples of good old Miniatures, but also to encourage a revival of the Art as it was practised before the introduction of Photography checked its further progress.

I am, therefore, led to think that the revival of interest in Miniature Painting may be assisted by the perusal of the following pages, which include such technical details as will enable anyone unacquainted with the laborious method of the work to feel greater pleasure in looking at a good Miniature.

It is not generally known that at the close of the 18th century, the multitude of inferior miniatures, and the failing powers, or retirement, of the eminent miniaturists still living, threatened the extinction of this branch of Art.

The story of my father's early career, told in his letters, written only for the home circle, will show how the small oval miniature developed into the cabinet picture which culminated in the works of Hayter, Newton, Thorburn, etc., and last, though not least, in the delicate and beautiful productions of Ross, my father's pupil from the age of fourteen, and his dear friend through life.

I have refrained from omitting many passages, and whole letters, referring to personal circumstances and feelings, which I hesitated to publish; but I



wish my father's own words to paint him as he was, and perhaps some readers may take more interest in his personality and early struggles than in the special branch of painting which he practised.

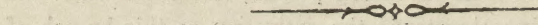
Andrew Robertson lived not only for his art, he was equally devoted to philanthropic work, and he sacrificed much more than words could tell for the welfare of the Royal Caledonian Asylum, and the Artists' General Benevolent Institution.

I desire to express my feeling of deep interest in both of these excellent institutions, and any proceeds that may accrue from the sale of this book will be divided between them, in loving memory of a revered father,

By his affectionate daughter,

EMILY ROBERTSON.

2, Lansdowne Terrace,  
Hampton Wick,  
1895.





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## ERRATA.

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## INTRODUCTORY.

My grandfather, James Robertson, of Drumnahoy, parish of Cluny, 15 miles from Aberdeen, farmed the property which once belonged to the family. His father was James Robertson, of Drumnahoy, born 1671, and he lived to the age of 94; his grandfather, David Robertson, came from Perthshire, and settled at Cluny about 1590.\* David is said to have lived to the age of 111.

At my grandfather's death, in 1735, his brother, Andrew, took possession, and did as little as possible for the two children, my father, William, and his sister, Jean.

When I was at school (in Aberdeen) I used to go to Drumnahoy for the holidays to my grand-uncle. He was a tall, fine-looking man, an elder of the kirk, and wore the largest and handsomest powdered wig in the church. He was looked up to by all in the parish, and consulted on all occasions.

David Robertson is believed to have been a grandson of Stalwart John of the Kindeace branch, descended from the 3rd Baron of Strowan.

### PARENTAGE AND YOUTH.

Period, 1777 to 1801.

WILLIAM ROBERTSON,  
*Born 1732.*

and

JEAN ROSS,  
*Born 1738.*

Married at Monymusk, June 4th, 1764.

They had five sons and three daughters.

Three sons became artists; viz.—

ARCHIBALD, born at Monymusk, May 8th, 1765 (went to New York in September 1791).

ALEXANDER, born at Aberdeen, 13th May 1772 (went to New York in May 1792).

ANDREW, born at Aberdeen, 14th October 1777 (came to London 2nd June 1801).

My mother died 9th March 1811, aged 73.

My father died June 1817, aged 85.

---

\* See Note A.

In 1790 my father was unfortunate in business, and for two years afterwards my two elder brothers supported the family. Our worthy father found employment in Edinburgh for three or four years, but could only provide for his own maintenance.

When Archibald and Alexander went to America I was at college, intended for the medical profession.

Alexander left Aberdeen in May 1792. I was then fourteen and a half years of age, and, although the youngest of the family (except a helpless sister), I soon perceived that the charge of the family devolved upon me, the rest being inefficient from constitutional infirmity. I immediately relinquished my studies, necessity roused every faculty of my soul, and I took up the pencil in their behalf to obtain daily bread.

I did everything that came in my way; I painted scenes for the theatre, gilded and painted flags for processions, drew patterns for needlework, so that study was out of the question; but all this taught me industry and humility, never, I trust, meanness.

When 15 years of age I went to Edinburgh for a month or two, and had a dozen lessons in drawing landscape. I was thus enabled to announce "my arrival in Aberdeen from my studies in Edinburgh," and to invite the public to behold the wonders of art I had to display. At 16 years of age I was made a director of the concert at Aberdeen, and managed the musical department, while my estimable, my best of friends, Mr. John Ewen, conducted the finance as treasurer. That good man has been a father to me and my family since and before that period. He and Mr. Leslie, of Berryden (being then scarcely known to them), had two years before placed me under the tuition of Mr. Nasmyth, of Edinburgh, at their own expense. These circumstances flattered my vanity and fired my ambition. I then became an ardent volunteer,\* and was promoted to be flugelman to the corps of Aberdeen, while my poor brother James held the same office in another corps. When I left the place the concert flagged, and every attempt to revive it failed.

From this period till the end of May 1801, when I left Aberdeen, I kept no separate account of the expense of the family, but my receipts up to the latter period amounted to £1,759 4s. 2d.—less by the expense of materials, etc., in business. This sum was chiefly applied towards the support of the family, generally, my own personal expenses have at no period of my life been otherwise than trifling. While I remained at Aberdeen a certain degree of respectability required to be kept up, and the family, probably, lived at more expense than afterwards.

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\* Note B.



[*Note by E. R.*—The above was written in 1809.

My father obtained his A.M. degree at Marischal College, Aberdeen, in 1794, and I gather that after his visit to Edinburgh in 1792, and while he was gradually getting himself into notice as an artist, he found time for the study needed, as well as for music and volunteering, which afforded opportunities of increasing his connexion. There was a time of great scarcity for several years from 1796.]

For some years, as may be supposed, I had but little success, still this little enabled the family to struggle through miseries and privations such as are only to be found in tales of romance, but which, inspired by a noble-minded and tender mother, we were too proud to make known to an unfeeling world, or to seek aid, with the certainty of refusal, from heartless relatives. My two elder brothers did occasionally send some assistance, but only for a few years. My third brother, being of weak intellect, and my two sisters helpless—one nearly blind (from small-pox) and the other always in weak health—I have maintained them all ever since I took up the pencil. I have invariably toiled 8 and 10 hours every day, and at some periods of the year much more, sometimes for months, 14 and 16 hours daily. Thus I have borne a heavy burden, heavy, no doubt, but, still, my happiness and my pride. My professional rivals, having only themselves to maintain (and not this, at first), have possessed great advantages over me.

With the small stock of knowledge I had obtained, I made a £100—then £200 a year, and, latterly, £250 and £300—by teaching, by making excursions occasionally to other towns and the country for that purpose. I am not aware that I was at any pains to make friends, but it did so happen that every individual I was introduced to became my friend. It might have been otherwise had I only to support myself, but I had a large family to feed, clothe, and lodge.

#### A PEN-AND-INK SKETCH OF SIR HENRY RAE BURN.

When about sixteen I went to Edinburgh to study landscape and scene-painting under Nasmyth. Being very desirous of seeing Raeburn's pictures, I bravely knocked at his door, armed with a shilling for his servant, requesting to see the pictures. I had never seen such in progress before. My astonishment and delight with the magical creations around me may more easily be conceived than described.

While thus devouring the heaven to which I had been admitted, some ladies entered the gallery. Presently the man himself made his appearance, palette and brushes in hand, each a yard long, for he painted at arm's length. I could never till then form any idea of what Apelles was like; but there he stood, although in a modern dress, his aspect noble and dignified, but kind, in figure, a model to draw from.

I was so rude as to turn my back to the ladies and to him, to avoid the still greater rudeness of staring at them, and that I might go on devouring the pictures. After the ladies were gone, to my great consternation, instead of returning to his sitter he came back to the gallery. I expected him to ask me what I wanted or did there? Instead of which he kindly said, "You seem fond of pictures?" "Oh, yes, very." "Do you paint?" "I tried to do so, and wish I could become a painter." "Have you anything to show me?" "No, nothing; I have a few miniatures in my pocket, but I dare not show them to you." "Why not?" "I have had no opportunity of seeing good pictures, and had nothing to copy from but Nature." "You rouse my curiosity. You have had the very best instructor, in Nature, to guide you. I shall expect to see something very good."

After so much kindness I did venture to show them to him. "Aye, I thought so; that'll do! Go on. You are all right." After some further conversation I ventured to hint at my desire and ambition to copy some of his works. "You had better stick to the fountain head—Nature." Seeing, probably, an expression of despair in my countenance, he kindly added, "But if you think it would do you any good, you are welcome. You may copy this, or that, but the others are not mine, they belong to the parties, and I cannot allow them to be copied without their consent." "Anything you please." "But how shall we do? You are a stranger to me, and I cannot let them go out of the house." "I can get plenty of recommendations." After considering a little, he said, "I have a small room not of much use, perhaps you could paint there?" "Oh, yes, anywhere." "Well, my man shall clear it out and you can begin to-morrow."

The first picture I copied was an old gentleman, a half-length, Mr. John Tait, advocate, with a blazing warm sky on one side, close to the head, which I thought injured its effect. I never dreamt there was any harm in altering it and lowering its tone. Raeburn stared at my copy and frowned, then at me and smiled, saying, "I see you have improved upon my composition." "Yes, I think it an improvement; don't you think it is?" He then laughed heartily at my simplicity and asked me to dine with his family next day at his picturesque and delightful villa at Stockbridge, since desecrated with buildings, the town having extended so far. I dined repeatedly with him during my short stay in Edinburgh, but he never forgot the joke of my altering his composition. Some years after I saw the picture again and found that he had adopted my alterations. This enabled me to turn the joke against him, but he said he "did so merely to oblige me!"

I thus *write* the portrait of Sir Henry Raeburn, and all who had the pleasure to know him will acknowledge that it is more like than any I ever *painted*. Thus commenced my friendship with one of the noblest and most amiable of men.



I have to add that he kindly obtained the consent of several of those he had painted that I should copy their pictures; and whenever he could take such a liberty with a sitter, he allowed me to be present from beginning to end. One of these was the celebrated Mr. James Irvine, of Rome, who had enriched this country with so many of the finest examples of art.

[*Note by E. R.*—It seems somewhat remarkable that three sons in one family should display great talent as artists. It is true their father was an architect by profession and a good draughtsman, but he never became eminent, and the weight of a large family compelled him to undertake any work he had skill to perform, such as working drawings and executing delicate wood-work. I have heard my father say that he could make a violin, including the purfling, and he was probably an adept in the delicate inlaid work of his day. Still, his ancestors had been farmers for several generations, and I am inclined to think that, although he had constructive power, the artistic talent was inherited from the mother's side.

JEAN ROSS was daughter of a lineal descendant of the Rosses of Balnagowan, and I believe a grand-daughter of the Laird of Drum on the Dee. My father visited the old laird the last time he was in Scotland, in 1841. Sir William Ross inherited his talent from his father, and he had a brother and a sister who were artists.]

Dear Friends,

Edinburgh, 5th August, 1792.

I received the parcel, and the same night your letter which you might have put in the parcel to save expences. You need not write to Archy, for I am to write next packet and you will send up word in your next what you are to say to him. I did not write this packet, but deferred it till next packet when I might have something worth the while to write to him. Last week I called upon Mr. Ewen and I found that Mr. Leslie of Berryden stay'd in the same house and Mr. Ewen introduced me to him and told him everything about me and proposed to go to Mr. Allan's drawing academy and see and get me in there; but they afterwards found that he taught nothing but in the ornament way, and I called next day when they told me that they had been speaking of me to Mr. Nasmyth, the first landscape painter in Edinburgh (or even in Britain) and they, Mr. Ewen and Leslie, made me a present of a ticket for 12 lessons which costs a guinea and a half. We get but two lessons (3 hours each) weekly, so that I will be kept here six weeks longer than I intended. I went again to Mr. Ewen and he told me that he had breakfasted with Lord Gardenston that morning and he had mentioned me to him and told him what he and Mr. Leslie had presented me with. "Indeed," said his lordship, "it is very like yourselves, and I will give the boy twice as much if you'll send him to me."

Accordingly Mr. Ewen desired me to call upon him before he left Edinburgh and he would give me a card for Lord Gardenston. But you must not mention a word of all this to anybody, but just as if I attended Mr. Nasmyth since ever I came here, and all upon my own money and that Lord Gardenston is to do me a great many services. Mr. Ewen wanted me to stay just now with Mr. Nasmyth for the three months (besides the six weeks) upon Lord Gardenston's money, but I told him I could not think of doing that, because it would put my scholars so far behind and that I would defer Lord Gardenston's till next year when I would have more time and that I would not like to put them behind as I was but beginning, Mr. Ewen said I was quite right and I might do with that as I pleased, for I would get three guineas' worth from Lord Gardenston besides their guinea and a half. So you see what it is to have two such friends who have given themselves so much trouble about me (so much that you would not believe it) and twice when I called upon them they left a company of Reform gentlemen that were with them (faith a'wat did they)\* and one of the times they introduced me to them besides. What is better, they have introduced me to the greatest man in Scotland. I think that if any teachers come to Aberdeen I will be able to cut them out by the great improvement I will get here. We had a letter from Sandy the day before he left Britain. I am very badly off for a pair of stockings for Sunday, for the silk and cotton pair are quite worn out and the white likewise, and I would wish you to see if you could spare a pair of white stockings out among you; and in the press in the Bed Room you'll get a paper book full of sketches of heads, figures, etc. I want it, because there are some views about Edinburgh in it. Everything in it is done with the black lead pencil; and in the large drawer in the same room you'll get some sketches of views about Edinburgh, some of them shaded. All which you'll send up with Captain Davidson as it will be cheapest.

The enclosed is a letter to my scholars which you may shew them when they call (Give to Patty Smith and she will let the rest see it).

Your affectionate Son,

ANDREW ROBERTSON.

Tell Tibby Moir that I'll come derlin† hame ere lang. My father says he would wish you to come up with Captain Davidson because he does not think that he will be here another year and he does not think he'll be able to work another year on account of the pains he takes. So if you like you can get a cloak from Collison on my account and come up.

Addressed to Mrs. William Robertson.

[Tibby Moir was probably my father's first cousin, as his father's sister was a Mrs. Moir.—*E. R.*]

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\* a'wat, I warrant ye.

† derlin, tripping or whirling merrily.



[An old cutting from a newspaper.—*E. R.*]

1792.

Painting and Drawing at the Columbian Academy, No. 89, William Street,  
New York.

ARCHIBALD ROBERTSON, Limner,

Duly and sensibly impressed by the encouragement the citizens of New York have bestowed upon his endeavours to establish an Academy for the arts of painting and drawing in this city, begs leave to acquaint the public, that his brother Mr. Alexander Robertson has lately arrived from the Royal Academy of painting in London, where he has been under the tuition of the most celebrated artists.

They therefore, by joint and unremitting attention to their pupils, hope to merit a continuation of that encouragement, which Archibald Robertson has for twelve months experienced, and the public may depend that no pains or expence will be spared to make their Academy useful to the citizens of this state, and to the United States in general.

They will continue to paint portraits and miniatures, and make draughts of all kinds, from nature, designs for engraving, etc.

At their Academy instruct Ladies and Gentlemen in the arts of designing and drawing (in Indian ink, water colours, chalks, etc.) of heads, figures, landscapes, flowers, patterns, architecture, and perspective.

Classes for Ladies and Gentlemen as usual. Ladies and Gentlemen who find it inconvenient to attend the public classes will be waited upon.

An evening class is opened for Gentlemen on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays.

October 8th.

My Lord, Aberdeen, 18th July 1793.

Andrew Robertson, the young Painter who was so much indebted to your benevolence last year, has saved as much as to enable him to attend Mr. Nasmyth two months this season. He wishes to thank your Lordship in person, and to be permitted again to look at your collection of paintings.

The ardour of this fine Boy will, I hope, plead in my apology for this freedom,

I am my Lord,

With much respect, your much obliged,  
JOHN EWEN.

The Honourable Lord Gardenston,  
Morningside, Edinburgh.

By Mr. Andrew Robertson.

Dear Sir,

Banff, 29th July 1799.

I received your kind letter this morning, on my return from a visit which I have paid to Cullen House and Gordon Castle, at both which places I have not only been highly gratified and my taste improved by seeing such masterly productions of the pencil, but have met with some of the finest scenery that I have yet seen, some of which I have sketched, and in my opinion will be charming subjects for your (I am ashamed to say so long delayed) painting. My visit to Gordon Castle will, I flatter myself, turn very much to my advantage, for his Grace, understanding that I was in the house, desired to see me. After conversing sometime with him, he said he was sorry I could not stay, as he wanted his picture painted. I promised to return on Thursday and do it. I shall remain there for a few days and make the best use of my time in examining at leisure the beautiful paintings in the house.

I cannot help thinking myself very fortunate in such an opportunity of getting acquainted with a man, not only of power and influence, but of taste and disposition to encourage beginners. I am happy to find that he is such an amateur of Music as to be under the necessity of putting up with the accompaniment of his groom on the trumpet, there being no musical person nigh. He plays the Violin. I shall take the first opportunity of letting him know the distressed state of our St. Cecilia at Aberdeen.

I have not begun many pictures here till last week, it takes some time for people to look at my things. I have got several half promises of settings for you, they do not like the expence, but that is ignorance. You are always, dear Sir, very mindful of me . . . In writing of Gordon Castle and Cullen House, I forgot to mention Duff House (half a mile from here) wherein is the most numerous and best collection of pictures in the North of Scotland. I see it frequently and improve by it.

I remain, dear Sir,

Your much obliged servant,

John Ewen, Esquire,  
Aberdeen.

A. ROBERTSON.

I hope our Corps acquitted themselves well at the Review, I have not yet heard.

[A short account of the brothers seems called for here.—*E. R.*]



[Archibald's first instructor in drawing was a deaf mute,\* but his natural talent must have developed considerably before he came to London, in 1786, and studied at the Royal Academy and under Sir Joshua Reynolds.

After his return to Aberdeen (where his parents had lived for some twenty years) he was invited to visit New York by Dr. Kemp of Columbia College, Chancellor Livingstone, and Dr. Samuel Bard, through the venerable Dr. Gordon of King's College, Old Aberdeen.

The Earl of Buchan, hearing of his intended departure, requested an interview at Edinburgh, and committed to his care a small oak box 4 inches long, 3 broad, and 2 deep, and  $\frac{1}{8}$  of an inch thick, made of six pieces of the heart of the oak-tree that sheltered Sir William Wallace after the battle of Falkirk.

This box the Earl wished to present to General Washington, with the request for his portrait "from the pencil of Mr. Robertson."

The Wallace box had an elegant silver binding, and the lid, opening upon hinges one-third down the side, had a silver plate inside, inscribed: "Presented by the Goldsmiths of Edinburgh to David Stuart Erskine, Earl of Buchan, with the freedom of their Corporation, by their Deacon, 1791."

On the death of Washington the box was returned to the Earl of Buchan or his heir, according to a clause in the President's will.

Archibald was so successful in New York that he determined to settle there, and within a year he was followed by his next brother, Alexander, who sailed for New York in the summer of 1792, after some study in London under Shelley.

The brothers entered into partnership, and had their school of drawing at 79, Liberty Street, where lectures were given and classes held for different branches of the fine Arts, including Architecture, in which Archibald was grounded by his father. The Columbian Academy flourished for upwards of thirty years. Among its pupils was John Vanderlyn. Alexander Robertson was one of the original incorporators of what afterwards became the gigantic public school system of New York City.

When Alexander left Aberdeen, his father was sixty years of age and in feeble health, so that he could barely support himself; and Andrew then, not fifteen, found they looked to him as their mainstay. His mother and sisters were in weak health, and a brother of feeble intellect; he alone was full of energy. He joined his father, who had some employment in Edinburgh, and two kind friends—Mr. John Ewen, of Aberdeen, and Mr. Leslie, of Berryden—gave him a ticket for twelve lessons under Nasmyth. Lord Gardenston, hearing of the lad, gave him another course, and he made such good use of his opportunities that he carried on classes for drawing on his return home

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\* Probably Charles Sheriff, miniature painter.

and saved enough for another course the following year. His connexion increased year by year, but he found time for the study necessary to obtain the A.M. degree at Marischal College, also to become a volunteer, and was promoted to be flugelman in the corps. He also took part in arranging concerts, being able to play the violin. From time to time he made excursions to various towns and painted miniatures. He also studied under Sir Henry Raeburn during a visit to Edinburgh, about 1794. He thus worked his way with unremitting diligence, and as his brothers both married soon after they settled in New York, they left to Andrew the sole charge of the family at Aberdeen.

In 1799, Andrew contemplated a visit to London for purposes of study, but as this involved temporary loss of income he wrote to his brothers in New York to know if they would support the family for a year while he made such progress in the art as would justify a temporary cessation of work in Aberdeen. The elder brothers agreed to the plan, knowing that without further study Andrew could not even hope to maintain the family permanently. Archibald had been his brothers' only instructor up to the period of his leaving home, and from the fact that Andrew was able to earn money at fifteen, there can be no doubt that Archibald had done much towards this after his own period of study in London.

The following letter from Archibald, with P.S. by Alexander, shows how the brothers regarded the plan; but it was deferred, for in 1800 Archibald sent the treatise on miniature painting in form of a letter, and there can be little doubt that the technique of the art there so minutely described laid the foundation of Andrew's subsequent success in *Miniature*, as he did not learn the special method of working on ivory, nor follow the style of any London artist, much as he was indebted to many for his general progress.—*E. R.*]

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#### LETTER FROM ARCHIBALD ROBERTSON, WITH P.S. BY ALEXANDER.

Written to youngest brother Andrew, then working in Aberdeen, but planning a visit of some months to London, for purposes of study and introduction to artists.

The course of study recommended takes a wide range, being intended, not only for miniature work, but also for the higher training of pupils in drawing school at Aberdeen.

At this time there was no idea of Andrew settling in London.



Dear Andrew,

New York, 25th May 1799.

After a great delay we received your box with Gow's\* picture and the other parcel. I mean not to say much about what you wrote to me, as I mean this to be some advice which I hope will be of service to you.

If I had seen Gow's picture, and known positively you were going to London, I could have written you amply on the following subjects before this, but I hope it will come to your hand soon and be of service to you.

What I shall recommend is the result of my own experience, on which you ought to ponder, and follow it as much as you can, not that I would tie you down, but leave it to your own prudence to make the best use of.

First, you ought to consider your going to London as nothing but going to school, and not to be an object in which you are to make money—your field is Aberdeen—my reasons are so many, they would take too much space in this letter to give them—they are the result of my own experience, for though you may be encouraged at first setting off, by a few friends, yet nothing but wide extended connections, or great eminence and merit, can make London a permanent abode. Another reason is, "make hay while the sun shines," in Aberdeen. War time will ever make Aberdeen a place fit for an artist—but less so in peace. Witness Wales in last war, and your own encouragement in this, with my small encouragement in peace. You will not in Aberdeen get better prices than you have, let you be ever so eminent, the country can't afford more and it will be your interest to hold up prices that will give you most employ; but let not this by any means damp your ardor for improvement, if it has no effect upon the encouragement you meet with from the public, you will enjoy an infinite delight in becoming excellent. You seem to me to have a true fire of genius, and it only wants to be properly directed. My object in writing you is to that purpose.

I can perceive you study nature by your success in your likenesses—it is everything to an artist—but let your taste be improved. Practise the study of sublime and *beautiful* nature. Study the Antique more than barely copy it—form an ideal beauty both male and female upon the ground of the Antique, and apply it in your practice of portraits, etc. It signifies little in what manner you choose to practise your studies, whether in Chalks, Pencil, or Indian Ink—to produce elegant forms is everything. I would recommend black lead in drawing from plaster, etc. and in lines as much as possible—not that I would exclude washing in Ink or rubbing in, in Chalks or Pencil—but I recommend to you lines, elegant, bold, and free, as I think in that you fail, but I suppose you were in trammels while working with so much Gum. Acquire a bold, free, elegant outline—the filling up will be nothing *to you*. To acquire this outline, study the Human Machine, look a little into a book

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\* This was a copy from a portrait by Raeburn.

of Anatomy, acquire a competent knowledge of the bones and external muscles, and particularly *study* the articulation of the joints—the rest will follow of course. To this purpose, draw a front and back figure of skeleton, and also of a figure with the skin off, and write down the names of the external muscles—this you ought to do before you draw from plaister as you will then better understand what you are about. Study much of the antique faces and practise the drawing from the best busts. To confirm your studies in your mind, copy some literally—and sometimes after studying a bust, draw it from recollection: You need make little more than a pure and bold outline, with a few firm shadows. Now and then finish one in a high style. Let the light fall always on the front of the face or nearly so—draw sometimes in profile and sometimes otherwise—and be particular to acquire principally by study the raising of the features—the articulation of the eyes, nose, and mouth—acquire the art of doing this from the etchings or sketches of the old masters, if you can procure them—the lines and strokes they make use of to articulate and raise the features, this is not becoming a mannerist, it is only acquiring the result of their experience; and in the same way study their lines and mode of sketching a human figure—particularly in hands and fingers, feet and toes. Their manner also of executing and sketching hair and drapery—all in strokes or lines—*lines and strokes* are your study, washing and rubbing in is no study. Look up to the highest masters of modern or old times, you will find it easier to learn of the best, than inferior artists.

Get some books on Painting. Leonardo da Vinci on painting, Du Piles or Richardson on painting, etc. These books, or others of the kind, will elevate your ideas and help you in your manner of study—with Sir Joshua's lectures to the Academy. There are many other good ones, but I cannot at the moment recollect them.

In looking over the above I find that I omitted to mention to you, when you draw the skeleton, write down the names of the bones—it will fix them more in your memory. So much for the study of Design properly so called—as to Colouring, study the works of the best masters you can have access to—particularly in the early stages of their pieces—remember, let them be the best—wait boldly on the best, whether introduced or not—with or without an apology, and see their works in a state of progression, they need not know you are studying painting, being a stranger—enquire the prices of their pictures, as if yourself or some one was to sit—and make any enquiries you choose; if one declines to answer you candidly another will perhaps be more open.

In miniature, work bold and free, you can finish as highly as you please with the point of your brush just touching your tongue, and working with the brush almost dry, provided you have no gum in your colors more than Reeves' give, you can't take out an error if you work with gum, but without



it, you can take out and put in as you please and finish as high as you like. *Nota Bene*, use not Indian Ink in your coloring of a face—but in eyebrows or hair it will do mixed with any other suitable color—but use only Carmine Lake, Light Red, Vermillion, Prussian Blue, Umber—the fewer colors the better. Make a color *equivalent* to what *Carmine and Indian Ink* make (for laying in the light and shade on the face) of *Carmine Lake, Brown and Blue*. Your mode of proceeding is what I use, and I think the best, and I always have the light strike the face nearly in front—I wish to have depth, but not breadth of shadows—it is best and most pleasing to the million although they will say you make the nose snuffy. I would recommend in a particular manner that you endeavor to be introduced to Westall and copy some of his drawings in water colors—of figures—with landscape backgrounds—and send me one as soon as you can. I do suppose his style to be excellent—for I have not seen any but prints from him—and of his style by description.

Of Landscape I cannot say whose style I would recommend you to study, but La Pont works in body color, Landscape in Barret's style which is superior to any other and the only true style of Landscape in water colors or Indian Ink, in which style we work—you will endeavor to find out who works in that free, bold, and simple style and copy some of their works—and copy their style more than their particular pieces—not but you will stick to your pattern as much as possible—as to flowers, you should find out who works in the finest style and copy a *few* of them—for you will have enough else to attend to for the time it is probable you can stay in London.

Rub your colors down with weak gum water when you want to use the Gum, and wash it off the pallet with water. Gum should only be used in the finishing of a piece. In oil painting Dead color, with solid body color, and be not afraid in the finishing to use scumbling if you find it convenient—*never while you live ever paint a Landscape in oil*—it is time thrown away—it is pleasing to practise but will never do in a school—or to paint for sale.

I have recommended you to the best mode of acquiring the art of design, which will serve you for oil or Miniature, to the best for painting figures in washing Water Colors, viz.: Westall, and to the best for Landscape.

Miniature painting will turn to best account—*along with* teaching of drawing figures, Landscapes and flowers in *water colors*. I have said nothing of perspective as I suppose you have competent ideas of it, or of Architecture as I suppose you know the orders and can construct a frontispiece. You should read Gilpin on Landscapes, viz.: his *Tour in England* and *Tour in Scotland* with his three *Essays*, etc.—they will be of great service to you.

Draw in Water Colors as much as you please, paint Miniatures, or to be able to paint portraits is what will ever turn to your account.

I have used to polish Ivory—pumice stone or sanded paper—I do not know which to prefer—write me the mode you use or the best you can discover in London.

You should get the book called the “Handmaid of the Arts” as it is the best I know treating of *Materia Pictoria*.

In writing on the use of Gum I would not be understood that it is to be totally excluded from Miniature painting, but for the application of it—it should only be used when you are sure you have no occasion for correcting—and when you correct with Gum, let gum water instead of simple water be used to wash out the error.

You should, if you can, procure a Bust of a male and female from the Antique—the very best—the busts as large as life—the figures of common size—about 2 feet, and if you can afford it an anatomical figure, an Apollo—a Venus and a Hercules—mention to me the prices of these in plaster both busts and figures. You may also have feet and hands of the very best models from male and female—mention their prices.

You will wait on Jukes the engraver, tell who you are, and he will be no doubt of service to you—with the assistance of such figures and etchings or drawings of the Old Masters, you, at Aberdeen, can carry on your studies to a great extent, and therefore while in London copy Miniatures, figures from Westall’s drawings—and landscapes from some eminent artist.

The mode of studying at the Academy is first to begin in the plaster figure room and draw all the figures round, perhaps many times, till the keeper thinks the student fit to be admitted to the life figure—when you are entered as a regular student, and have all the privileges of the Academy—that is, to attend the Lectures, have access to the Library, etc.—in short, full admission to everything. This, unless you were to make London a permanent abode, would be useless for you to attempt. The only thing I would recommend is, according to usual custom, to make a drawing from any plaster figure you can procure, present it to the keeper at the Academy at any time you expect he is there, which will be at the usual hour of attendance for the students, and tell him you wish to attend the plaster figure room to draw.

If you can procure any one to introduce you to him, so much the better—I think it is probable you will be introduced by Mr. John Murray to Mr. West, and in that case you request the favor of an introduction to the keeper by a few lines from Mr. West.

You will attend the plaster figure room as often as you find it convenient—principally with a view to see the mode in which the young artists study—and which, when you return to Aberdeen, you can practise—as I think with *your copying Miniatures, drawing from Westall and copying Landscape in Barret’s new invented style, will be full employ for you—for any probable length of time you can spend in London.*



You should endeavor to procure some *etchings* of the best masters and particularly study the lines they make use of to raise the features, articulate fingers, feet and toes—and the first general outline of figures.

It matters not whether the masters are antient or modern, provided their things are good—I think Rembrandt is too undetermined, his lines are not pure although he produces a wonderful effect. The etchings of Cipriani or Bartolozzi are the best I can at present recollect, as also Angelica Kauffman. I don't insist upon a stiff stroke like engraving, but the spirited fore stroke of the needle. I think Shelley's style is very spirited as to the touch, but it wants finish.

I only recommend all the above to you respecting the Academy, you will be the best judge how far you can put it in execution. If you can command three months in London you may effect all I have recommended, and certainly in six months—if your time is circumscribed, stick to your Miniature-Drawing figures and landscape—if your time is less limited extend your attention to the Academical business.

You have no occasion to live in an expensive furnished lodging—but in a private and economical way—and if you have likenesses to take, you can take sittings in their own houses. You will find infinite attractions to withhold your attention from your business—avoid everything as much as you can, that draws you from the main point—at some future period you can see the Lions in the Town etc.—nay, I would not stop at a print shop window. *At this time* I would almost forbear seeing the Shakespeare Gallery, and but once to the play, and to no concert—and no seeing of the King and Royal Family. If you can procure access to the portfolio of some *one choice connoisseur* it will be of infinite benefit—and particularly to that of Mr. West—and let the old Italian Masters' *etchings* fascinate your eyes that you may look at nothing else, unless it be an eminent Modern Artist. The etchings will be of more benefit to you than the highest finished painting of any Master, let him be who he will. Their etchings show their *real* art.

When you make your drawing from plaister, to present to the keeper of the Academy, attend principally to your *outline*, it is *that* will be looked to—a few bold shades—there will be no occasion to finish it highly as all that is ever looked upon as nothing.—be accurate in your proportions—which I suppose you understand—and if a male or female attend particularly to their peculiar proportions, which I hope, if you are not, you will make yourself acquainted with—I would prefer a male figure—such as the Gladiator or Hercules—whose muscles are middling articulate, or if you think yourself not sure of the muscles, take a soft or a female figure.

Sandy has written you about your introductions at London—frequent the New York Coffee-house—you will perhaps meet many of our acquaintance there, and if Sandy's mode of introducing to acquaintance fail—enquire for Mr. Thomas Hicks, Mr. John Murray, Mr. Gabriel Shaw and tell any of

them who you are and you will soon get acquainted—it may introduce you to some business—or at once enquire of any New Yorker if they are acquainted with us and tell who you are.

When you go to Aberdeen again—you will the first thing you do, paint Father and Mother in Miniature as like as possible. Father in a handsome Wig—and Mother in such a cap as my Aunt wears when dressed, of a middling size both.

I remain, Dear Andrew, your affectionate Brother,  
ARCHD. ROBERTSON.

New York, May 25th, 1799.

I have written Mr. Jukes to let you have some Landscapes such as he sent me and charge the same to my account. You need not get them until you leave London. With regard to your stay in London I can say nothing, it must be regulated by circumstances—only *stay as long as you can*—it's only throwing away time to go for three months or so.

AL: R.

To be forwarded to Andrew if in London immediately.

[The above is a P.S. written by Sandy (Alexander), who was in New York dividing with Archibald the work of the Academy they founded together there.

The studies advised in this letter were for the purpose of enabling my father to improve his position in Aberdeen, both as to his drawing school there and to take a higher stand as a Miniature Painter.—E. ROBERTSON.]



Dear Sir,

Banff, 18th February 1800.

As soon as I came here, I found the people occupied in erecting their public kitchen. I proposed to some young ladies and gentlemen to give a Concert for its benefit, to which they agreed, if I would conduct it. I waited on Provost Robinson next morning and made an offer of our services which were accepted of with thanks. There are several very decent performers, and some young ladies who sing remarkably well, so that we expect a great assemblage of company from the country and hope it may produce something handsome. I understand the Duke of Gordon will honour us with his presence. . . .

I remain, Yours most obediently,

John Ewen, Esquire,  
Aberdeen.

A. ROBERTSON.

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Dear Sir,

Peterhead, 8th April 1800.

Altho' I came here only on Sunday I have got some pictures to do, but cannot stop to do many, as I understand I have been too long from Aberdeen already. . . .

I shall be here about a week. . . .

I remain, dear Sir,

Your truly obliged Servant,

John Ewen, Esquire,  
Aberdeen.

A. ROBERTSON.

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Dear Sir,

Peterhead, 17th August 1800.

I received your obliging favour, enclosing a bill of the Concert, for which I return you my best thanks, I am not a little disappointed in losing so much pleasure.

I am happy to hear that Major Leslie and Mrs. Duff have accepted of my humble offer, and in finishing the pictures I shall exert myself to do justice to my intentions; but his desire to pay for them, seems in my opinion something like a delicate refusal, money in this case being a thing so far from my object, which was a gratification to myself, in wishing to contribute, as I thought, in giving pleasure to an unfortunate Mother. These are my sentiments and what,

I dare say, you wrote to Major Leslie when you mentioned the circumstance in your letter, his answer being however in some degree ambiguous. I shall in the meantime finish the pictures and if possible, procure a sitting of the children at Banff, where I mean to go in a few days. I shall write to the Major, and if he or Mrs. Duff will condescend to accept of the pictures in such a manner as to answer the end proposed, I shall be very happy, but to receive a price would not have that effect and besides it would appear as if I wanted to force employment, which you know I have not had occasion to do since I commenced business, having been so well introduced in the world by yourself and others of my friends. I have been well employed here and have been very industrious.

My time just now is rather circumscribed.

I remain, dear Sir,

Your much obliged,

John Ewen, Esquire,  
Aberdeen.

A. ROBERTSON.

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EXTRACT FROM PROFESSIONAL BOOK FROM 1792 TO MAY 1801.

1792—1 Miniature—Dr. Chalmers 10/6.

1793—2 do. at 10/6 and  
Mr. Charles Forbes 21/-.

1794—3 Miniatures at 21/- and  
Miss Eliza Kitchin 31/6.

Also a pair of colours for the Weavers £7.

Salary Gordon's Hospital (teaching) £10.  
and a profile 3/-.

1795—2 Miniatures at 21/-.

1 do 31/6 and  
Dr. Bannerman 2 guineas.

Scenery Aberdeen Theatre £12.

Gordon's Hospital £10.

"Hilarity" and "Captivity" 1/6 each.



1796—7 Miniatures at 21/-.

1 . . . . . 31/6.

8 . . . . . 2 guineas.

Dr. Gordon £3. Lieutenant Jordan £4.

Gordon's Hospital £10. Face on Satin 3/-.

1797—74 Miniatures at 2 and 3 guineas.

Copy of Captain Homer for Bishop Elphinston 5 guineas.

1798—113 Miniatures at 2, 3 and 4 guineas.

Mr. Thomas Craig (large) 5 guineas.

1799—74 Miniatures—same prices. (Some painted at Banff.)

1800—85 Miniatures—same prices.

These include 27 painted at Banff, Peterhead, and other places.

Also for Theatre, the following—

Bust of Shakespeare 3/-. Skeleton 2/6.

A Tower 5/-. Colours for Elephant 5/-. Coal Mine 5/-.

Inscription 2/6. Colours for horses "Bluebeard" 6/-.

Coat of Mail for Ghost "Hamlet" 7/6.

Camp Scene . . . . . Pizarro £3.

Rock Scene . . . . . do. £4 (from a Sketch by  
A. Nasmyth).

An Altar . . . . . do. 12/6.

1801—51 Miniatures—same prices, before leaving Aberdeen in May.

Number of Miniatures from 1792, before going to London, 427.



1801.

First entry in professional book is—

His Grace the Duke of Gordon . . . - - 3 guineas.

Painted the Miniatures of Mary, Helen, and Margaret Duff, which I presented to Major Leslie and for which he insisted upon presenting me with some plate, value, £6.

[*Note by E. R.*—My father did not get beyond 4 guineas for his Miniatures in Aberdeen. and for the first few months after coming to London, but in November 1801 he painted several at 5 guineas and one at 11 guineas.]

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Treatise on Miniature Painting by Archibald Robertson, in form of a  
Letter written to his youngest Brother, Andrew, and dated  
September 25th, 1800.

[Written in New York and sent to Aberdeen, reaching Andrew some months before he came to London.]

New York,

Dear Andrew,

September 25th, 1800.

I intend to give you as particular an account of my mode of painting Miniatures, and the materials, as I can call to mind—and if I should repeat observations I have recited, there can be no harm, provided they are still correct.

ON PREPARING THE IVORY:—

I make choice of Ivory as free from veins as I can get—and to whiten, fold it in paper and lay between two common ironing irons to extract any oiliness, which is absorbed by the paper, the irons being heated, so strongly, as not to risk scorching the paper—or what I greatly prefer, *bleaching* it in the sun—laying the ivory upon white paper, and when it warps or bends with the heat, turn the other side. The idea was no doubt originally taken from bones whitened and bleached in the sun—but care should be taken not to let the ivory get brittle, which it is apt to do when the moisture is extracted from it, as you will soon discover in whitened bones or ivory—in fact the simple idea is, to extract the oily moistness in the easiest way, by heat generally. Another excellent mode is to put the ivory in quick lime, as soon as you can, after throwing water on the burned limestone. When it begins to crumble to pieces it acquires a great heat and absorbs the oiliness of the ivory. Just throw as much water on the lime as to make it crumble to pieces, and no more.

Next, I rub one side of the ivory clean of grease, with sanded paper, or sea-dog's skin—lay it over with gum water, not very strong—lay it on a thick piece of imperial paper, the whitest I can get (or if the ivory is thin, on a card) lay it in a book—press it well down with a heavy weight, till it is dry—I then scrape the ivory, till it is perfectly free from scratches, and is quite smooth. I then rub some pumice stone with a file on the ivory—and rub the pumice with sanded paper, till the ivory is of a proper equal roughness, fit to receive the color.

OF COLORS:—

The Colors I use are all Reeves' except white, which I prepare myself, grinding it in very weak gum, just sufficient to bind it well, but not to make it glossy, which would take off its brilliancy—it is the best flake white in lumps,



which when broken shine at the fracture, by which you will discover its fineness and brilliancy.

The colors I use are Carmine Lake, lake Vermillion—light Red—Prussian Blue—Indigo—Gamboge—King's Yellow—umber, Yellow Ochre—Indian Ink—no ultramarine, it is only for oil. With the above I do all the work I ever have occasion for—it ought to be an universal rule that the fewer colors you use the better—the greater the simplicity the better. You will no doubt hear of wonderful secrets of this and that color and this and that mode of working—turn a deaf ear to all of these wonders, and stick to simplicity, which is the only wonder worked. There are more quacks in painting than in any other profession and when you hear of the wonderful works executed by a red hot poker in making pictures, it is only to be laughed at, and when you hear of such wonders by one miraculously painting with his toes, it is not worth even a smile. You will find all the princes of painting use nothing but the simplest mode of coloring, working, and painting—it is not in using this or that red or blue, but he that does most with the simplest red or blue.

I presume that Reeves' colors are ground with isinglass which works more freely than any other substance I know in water colors.

#### OF SETTING THE PALETTE:—

I now set my palette thus—Umbre, Vermillion, Carmine-Lake, Prussian Blue, a little Gamboge; sometimes light Red, Indian Ink—and *neutral tint*, made of Lake and Indian Ink—on which I place great dependence, and with which I execute all the shades in the face, at the first sitting, and if the background is dark, execute all the dark shadows in it—in short I make a kind of picture with it, before I take another color—you can reduce the shade to any tone you please, taking care not to make the shade too strong with *neutral tint*, and making allowance for any additional color you may want, to change the tint, and to finish with, I very seldom use Indian Ink alone, it is a very bad color alone, both as to tone, and to work, but use it more or less mixed with any other color you want, and it does *great service* in the lips, and eyes, and any other particular, that requires a certain color. I use my discretion to alter the tone of the *neutral tint*—the shades in powdered hair, I do with a color the same as the natural hair, and the light tinge with blue, so as to produce the effect with no white, or if any as little as possible.

#### FIRST SITTING:—

The palette being set, the ivory prepared, and I seated with person sitting, properly placed, I do at one sitting as much, with my neutral tint, as I can see if I am likely to succeed in my likeness—and never put in the eyes, till I am near finishing the picture altogether—as if I cannot see the likeness before I put in the eyes, I am sure *they* will not give likeness. I always, as much as possible take outline, etc. from nature, seldom take any liberties—

but for certain give the attitude. This is all I call up worth while to remark at first sitting—if it is a gentleman, for instance, with powdered hair and a dark coat, against next sitting, I work up the background, dark, to relieve the head, with my *neutral tint*, taking care to have enough to change the tone as I please, either a plain background, or sky, as is thought most proper—my general ordinary background is *neutral tint* and then with Blue and Brown and Lake, all *separately*, work to all sorts of colors, as it were, some here, and some more there, and I find it superior to any sort of plain colored background, and for skies I use discretion, as I cannot say much about them, only sometimes I use a dark cloud, on a light blue sky, at others, a light cloud with dark sky, and always the clouds a good deal frittered and broken—light clouds tinged sometimes with yellow ochre, or light red, or a little lake, and sometimes a little of all, the shaded parts of light clouds, purplish—the *neutral tint* is made of Indian Ink, and *very little* lake, according as you see necessary, more or less lake—and before the second sitting have the color of the coat floated on—but not finishing the background, only work up to a general dark tint.

#### SECOND SITTING :—

At the second sitting, I throw in the coloring boldly and freely, but as neatly and accurately as I can, attending to tones and tinges of color, complexion, etc., attend to the hair, in a free, but accurate style and touch in the shades, in the linen, with Indian Ink, with a moist brush, and in a washed manner—but tinted without any attempt at softening as on paper—I work the colors in the face, sometimes with the brush almost dry, at other times moist, so as to leave a blot at the end of the touch, and at other times a fair, flouted on blot, just as I see necessary, for I use all the modes, as I see occasion, and also another mode which in putting on a general mass of light color, just at going off, I use, both in beginning a background and in coloring a face, which is, to lay on with a moist brush and very light color, strokes, after making one, you unite the second and the first and the third to the second and so on, till you fill up the shade—it makes the shade appear like a wash and when dry cross it again at a small angle, in the same manner, and so keep crossing it and repeating the same way again, as you see occasion, till it is as dark as you want it—and in backgrounds I use very much of this work, which lays a mellow foundation, for the fair sharp hatches you put above this foundation—with this manner you cannot make but a comparatively light shade, at the most, before the ivory gets saturated with the tint, and then you must begin with fair hatches.

At the termination of the second sitting I expect the likeness, and the full effect nearly of the whole, but very rough, as I work very freely, and as I work with straight hatches very much it gives great *squareness* to the whole countenance—I seldom work the hatches very broad except when laying the *first* washy tinted touch, that is, united with each other—but where I begin

the fair hatching, I use a small, but free kind of hatches, by smallness, I do not mean short, but narrow, as I use strokes of the greatest length when I find it necessary.

#### PREPARING FOR THIRD SITTING :—

The second sitting being finished, against the third sitting, I finish up the rough and uncouth hardness, and harshness of my rude work, by washing off, *with the point of my brush, and a little saliva*, all the gritty and harsh parts, and unite the rows of hatches with color the nearest to what I work on, and stipple, and hatch, and work, in every way, to smooth and finish with the color washed off with the *brush and saliva*, till it is all as smooth as glass. In the course of the work I frequently scrape it softly with a sharp but *round pointed* knife, to carry off any grittiness that may happen to be on the work, and always for certain, before I begin the finishing with *saliva*, I take all the grittiness I can with the knife—remember, I only use saliva in the finishing, in every other case, water.

#### OF PLACING SITTER IN MIDDLE OF PICTURE :—

I forgot to mention that at first sitting, I take care to place the head as much as possible in the middle of the ivory, to effect which, if it is a three quarter face which is in general the way, you can get the articulation of the features most advantageously. I place the nearest eye exactly in the middle of ivory from each side of it, and if it is a face that requires to be taken either more in profile or more in front, make allowance for the difference. This you will find come pretty nearly exact, but if still it should not be right, I take a glass of the size of the picture, and place so that the head is in the middle and so draw a black lead line, about the glass on the ivory, which makes it sure, for I never cut the ivory till after the picture is almost finished—that is, between the second and third sitting.

#### TO EXPUNGE ERRORS :—

When a brush will not effectually wash out a shade, or I want to expunge anything that the brush will not cleanly take out, I generally use a piece of linen, or silk handkerchief, stuck upon the end of my finger, or if that is too big, upon the end of a small stick, and wetted sufficiently to wash out what I want, and sometimes the end of a stick bit a little, and sometimes, for very nice work, the stick unbit, but wet, to expunge, or loosing the colour, and then take up with a brush.

#### THIRD SITTING AND FINISHING :—

When I have, in the interval between the second and third sitting, finished up, or rather smoothed, all the roughness of work on the face, (which takes up much time, the work being nice, and tedious, and having the background now in a finished state which will be hereafter described) at the third sitting



I attend to making the likeness complete, finishing and rounding any parts that are omitted, putting in the eyes and attending to what may be wanting in the hair and finishing up what may be wanting in the drapery, in short, attending to everything omitted to be done in the interval betwixt the second and third sitting.

This is all I can think of in the general procedure of the sittings—I shall continue to describe more particularly, the mode of working the background, of working hair, of linen, and other drapery—the head and face I shall begin with.

#### PROCESS OF WORK ON THE FACE:—

I take of the neutral tint, the brush pretty dry, with light color, and make slight and faint marks for the two eyelashes, a faint stroke for the bottom of the nose and one for the chin, and also the ear, a faint stroke, just to be visible, to make the general shape of the face and head, and I then begin again with a little stronger tint to retouch the features, to mark them more strongly and accurately, and when I think I have got the features in their proper places and properly formed, I give considerably more force to the touches, with moister, bolder touch—taking proper care of likeness, and to keep in the drawing. The mouth is, very often, very troublesome, and in general the surest way is to make the sitter just open his lips, so as he can breathe, which will shew much more articulately, the form and character of the lips than when shut.

I make the eyes look at the spectator and upon the whole, study the face from nature very particularly, and work from a general idea I form of the face, correcting it when inaccurate. By looking at nature, I do not mean to say that I do not look at the face till I am at a loss what to do, but keep a general idea of the whole in mind, which I always wish to predominate in the effect—and I look frequently at the particular feature, and contrive what will be the best mode of executing it, consistent with the general idea in my mind.

#### ON THE MODE OF WORKING :—

You will find the working of any part of the picture will not be made to look pleasing, to an indifferent, or to an artist's eye, so much by sharp, darkish hatches as by more broad and mellow ones, for on the *mellowness* depends all the beauty of the work, not but that narrow and mellow touches will give higher finish than broad touches, but let mellowness be the chief character of the work, and broad touches I prefer only for expedition, speaking in a general way, for neither narrow nor broad mellow touches are to be an absolute rule, but left to the discretion of an artist, as he may find it most convenient to use them.

There is one reason why you cannot make an absolute rule of any mode of working which is, that you cannot find any piece of ivory that will work all over equally well, *i.e.*, some parts will have more tarnish, or a kind of

greasiness than others, and let you work ever so equally the ivory will not take the color equally. You must therefore, in the finishing, attend to harmony and work up any parts that the color is not equal upon. You will often find in the course of one stroke, and with the same tint, that the tone of the tint will be different, which will be owing either to a natural greasiness in the ivory, or an acquired tarnish, from the insensible perspiration of the fingers, or from the breath, this you cannot get off the ivory after you begin the work, but must endeavor to let it be exposed to as little danger as possible of getting tarnish—and before I begin to paint on any piece of ivory, after it has been rubbed with the filed pumice and sand paper or sea-dog's skin, if I have any suspicion of its retaining any greasiness or tarnish I flood it all over with water, till I see that the ivory fairly takes the water and then I find I am pretty sure it will take the color. When I make any mistake, such as to lay on a stroke too dark, I correct it immediately—or if I find any grit or other cause of inequality in the shade, I immediately correct it, before it dries, or immediately as soon as it does dry, for if I leave any grit, or a too dark stroke, or touch, if I should proceed to cover it with more work, it only accumulates more of the defect. I, in general, mark every muscle pretty strongly, to give as much force as possible, by making the muscles, etc. stronger than in nature, and afterwards mellowing them, till I make the face as round and plump as I can venture so as to keep likeness—I take care not to overdo too much with my neutral tint so that I may leave enough for richness of coloring for the future tints—but I generally do as much as to shew me the likeness, at least. In a general way of speaking I work the broad, light tints in the face with a rather moist brush, but the smaller light shades with a dry brush. In doing eyebrows, if they are anything strong at all, I draw the strokes the direction in which the hair of the eyebrow lies, crossing the touches over one another a little.

#### OF WORKING BACKGROUND :—

In working a Background, for instance, a plain, dark one—begin by laying one stroke and the second stroke touching the first, till the whole ground is covered over and the whole background is covered, this tint is very light and when once done over, repeat the shade in the same way, crossing at a small angle—and so keep on, repeating the crossings at the smallest angles, with other shades till the ivory is saturated and it will not take more of this united, touched tint. I then begin with fair, distinct hatches, and a moist brush, doing one row at first shade, then at next, crossing at a small angle and so on, till you have worked up the shade with repeated crossing, at greater and greater angles, till such time as you have it crossed at all angles. At the part crossed at all angles you will find it *finish* up best with mellow stippling, of rather broadish dots, the size of the dot or stroke such as will suit the breadth of the stroke and in the hatching, and this *stippling* should be done with a *light tint*, and often repeated, to make the shade mellow and soft—sometimes (*as in the darkest parts of the shade*) using a moist brush,

and in the lighter part a drier brush—this stippling should be all done with the color rubbed in *water (not with saliva as in the face)* as the background ought not to be finished so highly as the face. When you want to wash off any defect, in a dark part, do it with clear saliva as it washes out mellow, but in light, you would find sometimes simple water answer best—and *before you begin to work up the background by stippling for finish, wash out the defects* there may be in the shade. In such shades *as are done without much crossing*, work up the finishing and work away the clouding that may be in the shade, *with strokes in the direction of the touches*, with rather a dry brush, but sometimes moist, according as you see it necessary—and sometimes in the very light shades of the background it will be necessary, to *finish with the saliva and color*, as a light shade in the background requires higher finishing than a dark.

#### HOW MUCH NEUTRAL TINT :—

Work up with neutral tint, so much as you think proper, so as to leave allowance for deepening, by altering the tone of the shade with Brown, and Blue, and Lake—*before you begin to stipple*, and after taking off any clouding there may be in the shade.

Before I begin a background, I prepare a tint sufficiently large as to wash enough of the background—when I first begin to work I use the tint light and when the shade grows dark, I gradually darken the tint—I fill the brush as full as I can, so that it shall not run too much, in fact not to run at all, but so as to make a fair, moist stroke throwing the blot, either out of the picture, or into a dark shade. And when you begin to do a row of strokes, it is natural to suppose that as you put on more strokes on the shade, the brush will be emptied of colour, so that the last stroke will be lighter and less moist, than the first—as for instance in doing a row of strokes, as follows (*the thick strokes being for those with the moist and the smaller for those done with the brush as it gradually grows drier*) you fill your brush, but not too full and make the strokes from left to right, you then, when these are dry, begin to re-touch upon these same strokes, or rather when you fill your brush, begin at what is the lightest side, of the same shade and reverse the order of work, from right to left, so that the one counteracts the other. If this should not make the shade equal—you fill your brush (*the above being dry*) and begin in the middle of the shade and work to the right, fill again and work to the left and so on in this manner till you think it is sufficiently equal, when you proceed to cross it, in the same style—I do not mean that the strokes should be so short as the above, as you must draw them the longest you can possibly stretch, or there is occasion for, when a picture is so large, or a shade so long, that you cannot do it conveniently at one stroke, you can always do it at two—the following example\* is a specimen of the first

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\* Note C.



row of strokes and the best way of throwing them, the blot at the end of the pen, serving for the blot at the end of the brush, and *the thickest strokes for those you begin with after your brush is filled*. The blots in this are either thrown out of the picture, or else upon what is to be dark drapery—the coat not being floated on till you have the background nearly ready to begin to stipple and finish up. After doing one row of strokes (*and you see they are sufficiently counteracted as above described*) you begin to cross at a small angle, work away, as in the first row of strokes (*if they want counteracting*) and so continue crossing and working till you think it is enough. This may be done either with the united stroke touch, or with distinct hatches—taking care that you always keep the shade clean and equal, leaving as little as possible to correct in taking off clouding before you begin to stipple, but if you see any place cloudy—if it is light, work up to the general tone—or if it is a dark cloud, work up to *its* tone, for as before mentioned, any grittiness, or cloudiness, accumulates the defect, if left *uncorrected*—I have marked on the above a few strokes, to show where I would begin the next crossing, *i.e.*, that it shall cover the light mark left betwixt the strokes drawn down and those drawn upwards, making it a rule to begin every crossing so as to cover such light places left in a prior crossing. I cannot call up any more ideas on the working of backgrounds that would more fully explain the mode of working. I am only afraid that my desultory manner of endeavoring to describe, is so imperfect and confused, that you will not be able to understand, but as the doing of the background well, is the foundation on which all the other work depends I would wish you to divide the sentences in such a manner that you may get at the sense, if there is any, and if you get them, to endeavour to understand it.

There is one remark further—when you work from a tint united—of two colors—the neutral tint, for instance—*stir it when you fill the brush*, as the specific gravity of one of the colors, is apt to make it fall to the bottom and you lose the tint—another thing I should take notice of is that you can to considerable advantage, *wash on a first tint on a background (or on other places)* that will tolerate a free touch at the going off, particularly hair—and *then begin to hatch*.

#### OF HAIR:—

Now as to Hair, as I above observed I will dash on a first tint, *fairly as washed shade*, and then hatch upon, with a mellow touch, for light shades, and for dark shades, with bolder tints in the direction of the lock of hair, so that those touches in the hair that go with the lock, shall be strongest, either in hair powdered or unpowdered.

#### UNPOWDERED HAIR:—

In doing unpowdered hair, I put in the shades with mellow hatches, in the direction most convenient to produce the shade I want, and with but a

few powerful touches, give the direction of the hair—in doing a curl, I shade across, and mark a few touches for the direction of the hair—attending particularly to what forms the shadow of a curl, or lock, particularly in ladies' curled hair—and upon the whole give rather a mellow effect to the whole hair, rather than attempt a particular touch for every hair—unpowdered hair should be blended in to the Background whether light or dark.

#### POWDERED HAIR:—

But powdered, hard and Marbley, whether on light or dark ground, and without any loose hairs as in unpowdered locks—in fair hair, etc. use a brighter tint in the lights than in the shades—that is unpowdered hair.

#### OF EXECUTING LINEN:—

As to linen, if the ivory is clear and white, you ought to use *as little white* as possible—put in the shades with Indian Ink, tinted and hatched as little as possible—tinge above the ink with blue—and deepen with a brownish toned black heightened with white—but if (*as is too often the case*) the ivory is of too yellow a tint, you must tinge in the shades with ink—tinge over all the linen with a wash of blue, or a little purplish, to alter the yellow tone, then a pale tinge of *thin white* and brighter touches of white, as you see necessary. (*Taking care that you have greater breadth of light than too little*)—put on with clean spirited strokes, without hammering at, or torturing to make it better, for here, everything depends, almost, on the *spirit* of the stroke, and deepen your shades with sharp, spirited touches of a brownish black—and as little hatching as possible—what I mean by a spirited, is not a touch done quickly—but a stroke with a full brush drawn rather slowly, but *determined*, taking care to place your hand, and the piece you are at work upon so that you can execute with ease, boldness, and certainty. In white drapery, you can work the shades in a proper wash, as the linen requires no dark shades—but should it require, finish it only as background *not highly*—*as the face should be, to the highest degree possible—that is the head.*

#### DRAPERY WITH BODY COLOR:—

Drapery with body color—you must in the first instance, have a good white, and King's yellow to mix with your other colors to make a good body color—mix either one or the other of the above colors, with all the Body colors you have occasion for—as the very darkest of Green or Black drapery requires light, if the body color were not wanted, to make a clear, fair tint, when floated on, for you cannot float on a perfectly smooth shade; but with body color for ordinary purposes, such as a gentleman's coat, you can float any plain, simple tint, the color being rubbed down with very weak gum water, and sugar candy, which makes the tint lie smoother and adhere more to the ivory—and let dry upon the palette, of whatever kind you use to mix it upon, and when dry rub it down with finger, not too thin, with water (*or if you*

*think you had not enough, with gum*) or with the gum and sugar candy water—but have the colors as thick as you can conveniently lay smoothly, so as not to run to one side or the other—lay it flat and let it dry—but beware of having so much gum, as to make the tint to shine, as that is worse than no gum—but just as much as to make it *approach* to shininess—but not to let it shine, and after laying your tint, on the coat—(*for instance, blue*) with what remains of the tint on the palette, and white, make several different shades, of light tint, for touching up the lights, on the coat, after it is dry. For the shades on the coat, almost of every color, I use *brown and black mixed with gum* sufficiently strong to give a palpably strong shine, that is if the coat is a dark color.

#### SKIES IN BODY COLOR:—

For a richer style of body color, you can make a great variety of rich tints in drapery, etc., taking only the precaution to have the tints prepared beforehand, and in using them, take care not to have them too thin, for instance, you can make a very fine softened shade of blue, having four to five or six tints prepared beforehand—rub them down as quickly as possible and with ease you can make a softened off shade as well graduated, as if it was done with a brush, on paper—I have executed skies, backgrounds, etc.—in body colour, equal to any enamel—by first taking the precaution to prepare my tints beforehand on ivory—and rubbing them down not too thick, or thin. Having the picture flat, I with expedition, float on the dark and light cloud, and sky, and all in the course of a minute or two, and you must not take longer, else the color dries on you, and in the same manner, you can manage very rich drapery, with various tints. When I am, at any time, very much hurried, I for expedition, throw on a background in this way—having always a set of shades and tints for the purpose, always ready, in case of emergency—to despatch such backgrounds, and if the tints should not lie exactly to your mind, you can hatch them up afterwards, with those tints you laid on, if a part is clouded a little too dark, you can hatch up, and take off the cloud—with the next lightest tint—or if it is clouded light with the next darker tint—and in the same manner, work on drapery, or anything else, that is floated on with body color—in short, you can work so as to look nearly like oil painting with body color—taking the idea from working in size colors.

#### OF DRAWING CURVED STROKES:—

In copying of pictures—drawing from nature, or in drawing or painting anything—I draw the strokes as much as possible in straight lines, or at the most, a curved line seldom or ever venture, at one stroke, to make a waved line—for instance, if I have a waved line, or stroke to make, I do it not at one, but two strokes and change the centre of motion of my hand, so that I can execute the curve with determination and precision, for no one can have sufficient command at one stroke—if I have a line of this form to make, I do



not execute it at one stroke, but thus at two and so on in everything else—not that I make this, or any other observation an *absolute rule*, but speaking generally. In *working shades* of any kind I always use straight strokes, unless something very extraordinary demands a curved or waved line—such as in hair, I use a stroke of this kind very much \* in curls, but in long locks I use the curve as above \* but in shades, straight hatches.

#### WHAT COLORS WORK BEST:—

You will find some colors work better than others, and you should find out the best mode of working with them, as for instance, *neutral tint* will work well in every mode. Blue does not finish well with saliva, that is, does not wash out well or blend with other colors, in the finishing with saliva, you will therefore dash it on with large touches, so as not to leave a blot at the end in such manner as to produce the effect of wash, as much as you can, and leave nothing if possible, to stipple or finish. *Blue* hatches and works well, with moist or dry touch—and in dashing over Indian Ink, lay it in fair wash, leaving a good tint without grit, which it is liable to leave. *Umber* works well every way, but in a wash, and with Indian Ink very well, but does not finish well with saliva, *i.e.*, does not wash out so well. *Vermillion* works well every way. *Lake* works well every way, but is somewhat stubborn when you attempt to wash out or blend with saliva, if the tint is dark, but if light, works well. *Yellow Ochre* and *Light Red* work well every way, but they are only used in light tints—in fact you will find all the colors except *Blue*, work well in the finish with saliva when light, and all of them comparatively stubborn when dark.

#### OF FINISHING WITH SALIVA:—

Above all things, attend to acquiring the best mode of finishing with saliva, that is in putting on color washed off the palette with saliva, (*of which we use but a very small quantity at most, at any time*) you will find it work most beautifully soft, clear and mild, you can never go wrong in the laying on of color rubbed down with saliva, it is only when you have to wash out a stroke that there is any difficulty. When you find a stroke too strong, or a small speck, when any lines cross each other, too dark, or in short you want to take out anything, just tip the brush to the end of the tongue, so as to moisten the brush, then touch the spot that is too strong, let it stand a little, the moisture softens the color, in the interim taking care to draw the brush through your lips, to wash it dry so as to operate as a sponge, to attract and suck up the color you have loosened, and then pick up the loosened color, as much as you think proper, or if you see necessary, *spreading* it on any neighbouring part you think wants it—this operation of moistening the color with saliva, and either picking up or spreading it on the other parts, should be done before you begin to work up the color, *i.e.*, after you have washed out all

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\* Note C.

the specks, grit, etc.—you then touch up with color washed in saliva, with very small, nice, mellow touches, till you have finished to the highest degree, it is not necessary to work with the very smallest, either dots or strokes, but just as you think the work requires, so as to make the tint or shade smooth and mellow, and to appear like a perfect wash.

#### PROCESS OF MAKING SHADE:—

I shall just recapitulate the progress of a shade in which all manner of work is required. You first lay a clear wash of one tint, as free from grit as possible, if there is any grit after it is laid, either wash off the whole tint, if you see too much grit, etc. or else scrape it off, or pick it up with saliva—you then proceed to do the *united touch shades*, taking care, every time you go over with a row of touches, to scrape off grit, or pick it up. Then you proceed with fair hatches, throwing the blot either out of the picture, or into dark shade, crossing in all directions in the dark, and only as little as possible in the lights. Then stipple the dark shades that are much crossed and hatch those that are not much crossed, and then, if a face, or hair, finish, with saliva in the highest degree which completes the work.

#### OF THE DISTANCE OF THE EYE IN WORK:—

In working the *bold massive work*, the proper distance that you keep the eye from the picture is a matter of considerable importance. You will find that in painting Miniature when the eye is about *one foot* distance, you will work to most advantage frequently observing the general effects at about *eighteen or twenty inches*, where the full effect is expected. If you look nearer in the general broad massive kind of work, the colours will appear too rough and you will be inclined (*perhaps at the expense of boldness of touch*) to nibble at the work, to keep it smooth, but if you make clean, fair touches, you may take your chance of their being smooth. *But* when you put on the *finishing work*, your eye will require to be about the distance of sight, or nine inches, that is when you do the *work with saliva*—with any other work, you ought not to look nearer than *twelve inches*—and when you begin simple stippling, or dotting, or touching in the background, with color rubbed in water, keep your eye at *sixteen or eighteen inches*, when you can have the full effect to see when the work is cloudy or defective.

#### WHAT ARE PROPER LIGHTS:—

All your work should be done in rather a dim than sharp light, in a bright light you will be apt to make your work harsh and sharp, but in a dimmer light you can make it more mellow. But in finishing with saliva, have a considerably brighter light—but upon the whole, let the effect be studied above all things, and continually calculate for effect and mellow work, taking care of the drawing, and likeness, and rather underdo than overdo with coloring.

## HOW TO CORRECT :—

If you overdo shade that you do not want to wash out, you can rub it out to advantage with sand paper that is not too rough, and afterwards touch it up and smooth it again if you see it wants it.

## HOW THE LIGHT FALLS ON THE FACE :—

In all faces, in general, I make the light fall nearly in front of the face, so as to have as little shade or shadow as possible—and as I generally make choice of a three quarter of the face, I contrive rather to make a little shadow fall on the further side of the nose, which raises the features better and especially articulates the nose—still I use my discretion, and sometimes make the face nearly full, other times almost approaching to profile, and rather keeping the chin too low than too high.

## OF COLORING A FACE :—

In coloring, after using as much of the *neutral tint* as I think necessary to show me likeness, I begin with the other colors, taking care, during the whole process, not to overdo anything, either with neutral tint or other colors, as it is safer to err on the too light, than on the too dark—the first color I use after the neutral tint, is generally *vermillion* to give a kind of general tinge to the complexion, or what might vulgarly be called, *flesh color*—if it is a dark complexion. I sometimes use light red—then I use *lake*, where I think necessary, and finally tinge with a little blue, and then umber. I do not make this a positive rule, but discretionally use a different progression, but only when a striking mass of any particular color requires to be thrown in early, such as blue for a beard, or to mark anything that has a remarkable striking effect, in any particular countenance, but always (*except in the bright lights*) have the flesh color thrown over the whole face, either immediately after neutral tint, or as soon after as I can—in coloring the mass of light, stick to nature, but in the shades, you can use some more freedom in making the coloring rather warm with lake or umber, particularly in the dark shades, and in reflected lights, taking care to keep the shadow in harmony, and the face upon the whole, rather too plump than too skinny.

## OF ATTITUDE :—

In young persons, make the attitude animated, the background gay, as for instance a rich colored sky, but in older people make it plain and the attitude less animated, and as much as possible, make the dress the same as is worn by the person who sits, and if it is a little stubborn and unpicturesque, an artist of any decent taste cannot be much at a loss to make it so.

## THE PRE-EMINENCE OF THIS STYLE :—

In this style you can unite all the excellences of Miniature painting—you can work with the greatest boldness—you can finish to the highest degree—and



you can correct the work with sufficient ease, in any state of the work—which you can not do if you use any other mucilaginous substance in mixing or working your colors. In working with color prepared with gum, you can lay a smooth tint, or make a clean stroke, but nothing earthly is perfect, and no one ever could paint without having occasion to correct—now you cannot wash out a shade with color in gum to any purpose at all—you can do *devices*, or anything that does not require precision, to great purpose, but in such a thing as taking a likeness, it is impossible for human nature not to mistake, you are therefore safest when you secure yourself a retreat, if you should make a false step.

The above is just sketched, in rude manner without proper arrangement, and as the writing is bad, and the sentences undivided, I am afraid you will find it very troublesome to follow my description, but as it is all written down from experience and it is a complete system—if you think it worth while, study it—and if not, I hope you have a better—but I know that if ever you are at a loss for anything, you will find it useful to study that particular passage, so as to understand; and if you cannot make sense or meaning of any part, you will, if you think it worth while, put down any queries and I will answer to the best of my judgement—I wish I had some specimen of your late work, I should be better able to advise, you will hardly find any better system than the above, and if you should hear of any other particular that I have not mentioned, be shy of adopting it until you are *sure* it will unite with the above system.

#### HOW GUM ARABIC IS USED:—

In what I have said hitherto, I have endeavored to explain how the colors are to be used and worked without gum—in short, you should work without gum in all cases when you think there is any danger of making mistakes, or when you think you can have any occasion to correct—such as the head and background—but Gum is used to great advantage in drapery, both in doing body color and transparent color—in body color you ought to have so much Gum in what you float on, as to make it approach to a shine, but by no means a positive shine, but in the color you touch on the shades on body color with, let it have a strong, bold, positive shine, but not so thick with Gum, as that the brush shall not work freely, you should have Gum mixed up of consistence about as thick as *Egg Oil*, and another about half as thin—and about one third of it Sugar Candy, or honey, to prevent the Gum hardening too much and prevent it from cracking and peeling. Transparent color with gum for drapery, etc., such as linen, you will find of great service. It works clean and spirited—and as the style of drapery ought to be such as not to require correcting, you can work with great ease in floating a mass of light shade—hatching and stippling all that is wanted in drapery—which drapery does not require such correcting, as finishing, so much, as a head or

background. The beauty of working without gum is mellowness of touch and the power of correcting and finishing. But when you want a *sharp, hard* touch as sometimes in hair, or even in a face, after you have done with color without gum, you can put on touches with gum, but be sure they are such as will never want correcting—you can take an idea of this style of working drapery in transparent color from the ordinary mode in which devices in hair are executed, but not with so strong a gum—I generally keep two palettes set,—the colors on one rubbed down with simple water, the other with gum sufficient to make the colors barely shine, for if you have too much gum, the color will be apt to work stiff, and be apt to peel.

I have herewith sent three first lessons on painting on ivory, done by Miss Maria Murray, the best scholar I have had in America—they may be of some service, they are executed altogether with color without gum, and without the saliva finish which would have made them as smooth, as glass if they had been worth the trouble of finishing up—they are all executed with hatching in long strokes and stippling up. Miss M. M. began to do heads after these lessons and now does wonders, and people are petrified to think in how short a time I taught her to paint so well, which is all owing to the simplicity of style, and good system.

I am terribly afraid that this will never come to your hands, as I am unfortunate in almost everything I do for you—but in case of accidents I have got my wife to copy this and in case this is lost, I shall send you another copy, and I request you will, the first opportunity, on receipt of this, send me word of its safe arrival, as I shall be anxious till you get this, or a copy of it—as I know it will be a good substitute till you can conveniently go to London and I doubt whether you can possibly get a better style there, at any rate, I know of none that paints in better style.

I wish you could send me the smallest specimen of your work that I may *see how you work*, for I am anxious about nothing else, as I know you have ideas and taste enough of your own—but the above written is what cannot be inspired by nature.

When you want to work background that has very light shades, or in short, any *light shade* in a large mass, you proceed as follows (*as what I have said above of general masses of shade in backgrounds was calculated for dark ones*) you begin (*if it is to be the softened, shaded background*) with shorter strokes of the brush, in doing the first row, throwing the blot out of the picture, or into a dark shade, the next row of strokes a little longer, and crossing at the smallest angle, and so proceed, extending the length of the stroke, and crossing in the smallest angles, till you have got the whole shade executed, and if the light part should be too large, to throw the blot out of the picture, you can easily adjust the temperament of your brush, that it shall leave little or no blot on the shade. You will not find it difficult to manage a light shade in this way, that will require little finishing

with stippling, or with saliva, in short, if you work clean and neat, you will require none at all—and I would remark in general, the cleaner you work in the larger touches the less trouble will you have in finishing.

I would further remark that after finishing some shades, the highest you can, with saliva, you will sometimes find the shade harsh and gritty—you will find it will mellow it greatly to work with short hatches of a quarter, or half an inch in length, with any pure, simple and light color and saliva, all over a background, etc. which will give great solidity to the shade, as well as mellowness. The brush should be so tempered as to leave no blot—and yet work freely—as this operation is the last in a shade, if you do it in a color rubbed down with *weak* gum, you will find it work clean, and give beauty and richness to the shade, but this is only in case you find you cannot please yourself without this operation, with color rubbed down with weak gum—and when used, the color should be very pale.

I do not recollect whether I have mentioned above to you, that you will find of great service to scratch out often any grit in your work with a needle or knife—but nice small touches so as not to show any of the scratches, as it will often be preferable to picking up with saliva and brush. But endeavour to do all your work very clean, that is, make clean strokes, and all your shades execute with hatches as little crossed as possible, which will save you great time and trouble in finishing—particularly in the face with rather the dry touch, beginning with darkest and proceed to the lightest shades in general.

#### OF LANDSCAPE :—

In drawing Landscape, in water color, you ought to put in the light and shade with a neutral tint—of a grey color, approaching a little to purple—of such use is this grey tint in Landscape that Reeves has found it necessary to introduce it in his boxes—if you have none of it, you can make a tint of it of Prussian Blue, a little Lake, and Indian Ink. This neutral tint may answer for the light and shade of the whole piece—but you may vary it at discretion—having more Indian Ink in foregrounds, and more purplish in the backgrounds and tinge on your Reds, Blues, and Yellows as you see occasion, after the *neutral tint*—then deepen the darkest touches with proper color and heighten with a *few* touches of *body color* when necessary.

N.B. The heads of subjects are marked on the margin, opposite the subject treated on in the above.

ARCHD. ROBERTSON.

To Mr. Andrew Robertson,  
Marshall Street, Aberdeen.



Dear Andrew,

New York, February 21st, 1801.

In November last I wrote you a long letter and along with it a manuscript pamphlet of six or seven sheets of paper, being a kind of system of Miniature Painting, but rather desultory as I wrote it just as the ideas came in my mind. I wish it may have come to hand, as it perhaps may contain things you cannot acquire otherwise. This, if it should come to your hands will be delivered by Mr. Robert Smart who will be better able than most persons to give you information concerning us and this country, I hope you and he may meet. I have sent Sandy's and my own Miniature by him and also have done one of Charles\* rather in haste since I heard of his going to Aberdeen. My own is but a bad one, but a little like, I believe, Sandy's is better, but a very bad piece of ivory, which when half done, I did not think worth finishing but afterwards thought I would give a touch up and send you, as there was some high finishing in the face. I think it like, but it looks too sullen, as his features sink very much when he sits. Charles' is the best likeness and more animated, but less finished, for want of time, and partly of choice that you might trace the mode of working, particularly the background. I shall give a short account of the mode in which Charles' was done, as I suppose (like myself when I see a strange picture I endeavour to trace the mode in which it was painted) you will perhaps be viewing it for the same purpose.

With neutral tint for the face (that is *lake and Indian ink*) I sketched the features and laid in the first strokes and shades in the hair till it had a little effect and showed me likeness. I then, with a breadth of stroke, laid in a flesh colour all over the face (*except some bright lights*) with vermilion, it was done with broad strokes laid united together till it had nearly the effect of a wash. I then touched with clear lake, where I thought necessary. I then picked up some of the lights that were done over with the flesh colour, to produce the effect of heightening, as in oil painting. This at a sitting of an hour and a quarter and one of an hour and a half. Against next sitting I worked up the background with another neutral tint, (*of Prussian blue, lake and a little Indian ink*) for the clouded part, Prussian blue, for the sky part, and the light, in *washed touch of vermilion*, yellow ochre *washed touch* above the vermilion towards the orange part, and lake touches between the blue and the vermilion part. An hour and three quarters to the background in hatching and about half an hour stippling up afterwards.

Then floated on the coat with Prussian blue and a little white with weak gum. The cape of the coat with some of Reeves' Ink, which has more of a body color than common Indian ink. At next sitting I worked up the face

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\* Charles Rhind, the same mentioned in my father's treatise.—E. R.

with different colors as I thought necessary, attending particularly to the general form of the face, more than the particular features. Then to the particular features, rounding them and shaping them and sharpening them, leaving the last dark touches till I had got the rest of the face to my mind, as I am never very much afraid of putting in the last dark touches when the work is properly prepared to receive them, for in fact the preparing of the face, laying in middle tints, etc. is always the greatest difficulty, and the last sharp spirited touches are easily thrown in when properly prepared for. Then marking the linen with first a kind of wash of *Linen neutral tint* (which was the same as the background clouded tint, viz.: *P. Blue, Lake, and Ink*). There being two neutral tints of great service, one for the face of lake and ink and one of linen tint of blue, lake, and a very little ink, which is of very great service in linen, and hair powdered, (as you will see in Sandy's picture) and in backgrounds. I then proceeded when I had the face and linen to my mind to work up the hair a little more so as to give nearly a sufficient strength of color to the hair, of umber and ink. This sitting took about one hour and a half, the work then looked very rough, just like the background as it is.

After this sitting, I then began to finish up the face, picking up the grit and finishing the work (as I have mentioned to you in my long letter or pamphlet) with saliva touches, and a very small quantity of color in the brush, smoothing and blending the colors till they are as you will see, but you may rather look at Sandy's which is higher finished and which I would have done to Charles' had there been time. The finish on the face took perhaps three hours and more. Then I proceeded to finish up the hair, picking up grit, smoothing, touching with lake and ink in the dark parts, and umber in the lights, with salival work and the proper colors. The finishing the hair took about an hour or an hour and a half. I forgot to mention that at the second sitting I marked out the coat, and now finished it up, touching up the lights with blue and white, and the shades with linen neutral tint and Gum. I then touched up the linen with thin white all over where there was no color and then brighter touches of thicker color for the brightest lights.

The above is what I can describe as the mode in which I proceeded with Charles's. The great point to observe is the vast advantage you can have in the power of finishing with saliva, let the work be ever so rough, not that you are to be any way slovenly in the working. It is the greatest mark of an able artist to be able to execute the work so as to require as little as possible of the finish with saliva, not but that I would recommend every face to be finished in the highest style. The finishing with saliva is always a resource when you cannot lay your touches so clean and smooth as you wish, not but that you should ever execute the work with boldness and spirit at all events.

You will find many of the London artists execute their miniatures in fine style and with great spirit, but either through carelessness, or ignorance,

which I suppose is rather the case, they do not finish their faces in a pleasing style. Now two or three hours extra work is but a trifle in a Miniature, when you can make it so much more pleasing. I do not mean that you should sacrifice spirited work to high finish, for they can very easily be united without any danger, and the whole art is to prepare the work with spirit. For the finish, you have only to observe with attention the mode in which any eminent artist lays his strokes, and with your art of high salival finish, I doubt not you will make them stare, as I believe it is a secret they are ignorant of, and you ought to keep it a secret. You should not worry yourself about acquiring any other style of working, but only study the manner of laying the touches and reduce everything to your own style of working and if you ever copy, keep to your own style, whatever effect you intend to produce, which will show you to be the master and that your pattern was to you as if you had been working from nature.

As to your going to London, I can say no more than what I have said before, that it is to you as if you were going to school, not but you should make money there, if you can, and as to academical studies, there will be no harm in making as much of them as you can, not that you will have a very great occasion for them in common practice. For doing Miniatures, or heads of any kind, the Academy will be of little service, unless you were to be a thorough historical painter. Even Sir Joshua could not draw a figure better than myself for all his eminence. The Academy is good for history, which pays little and only to the most famous and eminent. Portraits, and to you in particular, Miniature is the thing. With drawing landscapes, etc. Look at Westall's figures, Paine's style of landscapes, in short only the most eminent. At any rate, it will be of use to see their mode of study at the Academy.

Since writing the above, I have determined to send a picture of myself, it is no great likeness, nor any great deal of painting, such as it is you will see, if ever it should come to hand. I have sent also some landscapes and other drawings, among which is a copy by my wife from a print after Fuseli, it will give you a faint idea of the kind of pieces and style in which our scholars do their figure pieces, you will see a great difference between it and another spoilt thing of my own design from the "Italian," a novel. You will see in the former that the shades are soft and mellow, which is owing to most of the dark shades being twice or thrice done over with middle tints before the proper tone is secured, and that in mine, it is done at one determined tint and being very bad paper, is anything but soft like the other by my wife. In the landscapes sent you will notice the simplicity of style in which they are done, with very little labor, to have considerable effect, and also more particularly the style of touching the foliage of trees. They are almost all Sandy's work. In one you will see the effect of landscape neutral tint (of Prussian Blue, Lake and Black) and of the style of the skies which



are all softened with sponge before any other colors are introduced into the piece, but after the light and shade are done.

I have nothing further to say at present, but refer you to Mr. Smart who will give you ample details of everything you wish to know about us. I hope he will arrive safely and be able to deliver you all that is sent into your hand, trusting you will be in Aberdeen when he arrives.

I am sorry to hear that my mother is so poorly so frequently. I hope my father keeps hearty. I hope that Katy keeps up a good heart, my wife is always glad to hear from her. I hope Mary is well and that she is ambitious to be accomplished.

I remain, dear Andrew,  
Your affectionate Brother,  
ARCHD. ROBERTSON.

Mr. Andrew Robertson,  
Marshall Street, Aberdeen.

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Extract from Letters from date of arrival in London, to the end of the Year 1801, including one from Mr. John Ewen dated 13th September.

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Dear Father,

London, Tuesday, 2nd June 1801.

I arrived here last night after a pleasant passage of four days. I was fortunate enough not to be sick. I stopped at the hotel where William Johnston \* lodged, but found that he had gone the day before to Edinburgh. I stopped there last night, and this morning took a room at No. 26, Surrey Street, Strand, where you may direct for me. It is next street to Somerset House where I am to study. I have not gone to see anybody yet, as I have not got up my trunks. I wear the clothes I had at sea. The ship only came up the river as far as Woolwich, where I got a coach to town. After breakfast I went to the exhibition and I am glad to find that it will remain open nearly a fortnight, which I shall for the most part spend there. I have seen more painting in one day than I have seen all my life. I came from there to dinner where I sit down to write to you.

I wrote you from Edinburgh just before I sailed. I mentioned to you, I believe, that I had been well received by Mr. Raeburn and Mr. Nasmyth and they thought highly of my miniatures. They said I painted in better style than the miniature painters of Edinburgh and that I painted too cheap. After seeing all the painters in Edinburgh I saw only two that I would care much for and I hope that a year in London will make me equal to them. . . .

I do not suppose that I shall teach much more at Aberdeen, however, you may say nothing of that, at any rate, I must have a partner to teach in private and I shall agree with Mr. Wilson, if I can, I hear he is a very clever young man and from Edinburgh. . . .

I am, your affectionate Son,

Mr. William Robertson,  
Marshall Street, Aberdeen.

A. ROBERTSON.

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Dear Sir,

London, 12th June 1801.

Since I arrived here on 2nd, I have been chiefly employed in examining the works of the artists in the exhibition. . . . I already flatter myself that

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\* A first cousin, son of my grandfather's half sister, married to David Johnston of Lathrisk, Fifeshire.—E. R.

my taste is improving, and by seeing such a variety of style, I have less chance of falling into anyone's particular style or manner, which I believe cannot be too much guarded against by young artists, but by comparison of all their works may form a style of my own, suitable to my own taste. Some of the best pictures have not been taken notice of in the public papers, while praises have been bestowed upon works far less worthy; but, to be sure, their criticisms are written in such an injudicious style that a good artist must be ashamed of them. Your worthy friend Mr. Hamilton makes a great figure there, his "elevation of the brazen serpent" excites admiration and the pair nos. 143 and 152 are very good. He received me very kindly, but I saw him only for a short time, as he was busy at the time. He offered me the use of one of his casts to make a drawing for my introduction to the Academy. I called for it yesterday, but did not see himself, as a person was sitting to him. I have been introduced to several artists who knew Mr. Chandler and speak highly of him. I breakfasted yesterday with Mr. Cooper, drawing master of the Royal Family, a pleasant easy man. I was introduced to him by Mr. Forbes of Seaton. He (Mr. C.) is intimate with all the artists and will recommend me to the advice of Hoppner and Sir William Beechey who was introduced to the Royal Family by Mr. C.

I went to Drury Lane one night to see the scenery of Pizarro, the best no doubt they can produce, and believe me, I write unprejudiced when I assure you it is as much inferior to the works of your friend and my benefactor Mr. Nasmyth, as mine is inferior to it.

In the exhibition, I assure you, he would have cut a great figure had he exhibited. There was nothing there at all equal to him, except the works of Lontherburg and I must say that although there are many excellencies in parts of his pictures, his general effects are so unnaturally eccentric that I think I would almost give the palm to Nasmyth, but I must see more of Lontherburg.

Messrs. Nasmyth and Raeburn were happy to see me, and you may believe the pleasure was reciprocal. I was flattered in the extreme by their kindness. I made them acquainted with the extent of benefit which I had derived from them, and what I had been able to do for myself, and friends, through their means and originally from your introduction. They seemed to receive pleasure from it and were polite enough to say it was more my own than their doing . . . be so good as address to me (as soon as you find leisure) at No. 36, Surrey Street, Strand.

I am, Sir, your obliged,

A. ROBERTSON.

John Ewen, Esquire,  
Aberdeen.



Dear Father,

London, 15th June 1801.

Since my last I have employed my spare time in calling upon my acquaintances. I spend most of my time at the exhibition, which although it is the worst for many years, shews me more than all I have seen before put together. I mean to go and see all the painters to whom I have letters, this day, I shall then know how to come on.

I have taken a new lodging where I shall go on Saturday. I pay 6/- for a garret room, they are very high in this part of the town being central and next street to Somerset House where the exhibition is. First and second floors are extravagant, and as I find that I must paint, for the money won't last long, and I do not know when I may get any from America, I must have a place to take people to; I could not bring them to a garret, the light would not do. I have taken a whole first floor, which has only two rooms, each nearly as big as our back room, but very neat. They asked 15/- a week but I have got it for 10/6. I daresay I shall be very comfortable as the man and his wife seem good people and they have no lodgers but me; she has offered to cook my dinner which will be a saving, but I must try different ways. You may address 36, Surrey Street, Strand. It is a quiet place which runs down from the Strand to the river, where few carriages pass. . . .

I remain, your affectionate Son,

A. ROBERTSON.

Dear Sandy,

London, 16th June 1801.

I arrived here on the 2nd, and wrote you next day by the packet. Since that time I have been employed in attending the exhibitions, and making myself acquainted with the artists to whom I was introduced, by all of whom I was well received, and by none more cordially than by Mr. Shelley, who will be of service to me. I have only called once yet, as I do not mean to be too troublesome to any of them until I am ready to copy their works. He has a number of fine miniatures in his collection, some of which I daresay he will lend me. I have been employed chiefly (that is when not at the exhibition) in finishing my father's and mother's pictures and copying Mary's for Mrs. Johnston, Mr. Rhind's and my Aunt's too. I have done one picture since I came, and have a view of more. As I have been successful in that one it will be of service to me. My friends have got one or two of my pictures to shew, but I am not yet anxious about that, because in a few weeks I hope to improve much.

Mr. W. Hamilton, to whom I was introduced by Mr. Ewen, has given me the use of his small figure of the Coiter, which he recommends as a proper subject for my introductory drawing to the Academy. He will give me his advice and opinion of it before I present it.

Mr. Forbes of Seaton introduced me to Mr. Cooper who will introduce me to any artist I have a mind. He is intimate with Sir W. Beechey and with Hoppner who lives next door to him. Mr. Cooper's style of drawing is landscape in indian ink, bistre, or black lead. He never colours, but produces great softness and harmony. His chief merit lies in design. I had a letter also to Northcote, a good body, but I cannot admire his works so much as some of the other artists. It gives me the highest satisfaction to see the liberality of all the artists, but indeed ever since I followed the art I have never met with anything else, which is a proud reflection and raises us above the jealousy and mean circumvention of some other arts. One of the principal sources of improvement to a young artist is the enthusiasm with which he is inspired by seeing the works of the artists. I have felt this, and I hope I shall make good use of my time.

The exhibition closed on the 13th. I was there 7 or 8 times, so that I had it in my power to examine almost every work of merit. West's pictures did not, at first, strike me as superior, but upon examination I found them great in composition, and force of expression. What I was most struck with was his management of the clear obscure. I may say I never understood the meaning of it until I saw his pictures, and I do not know if I understand it yet, but I certainly conceive something that I never had a fixed idea of before, *i.e.*, the *clearness* with which the colouring, etc. appears on objects obscured, or kept in shadow and when they appear illuminated altho' under strong shadow. . . . .

Dear Father,

London, July 8th, 1801.

I received yours of 26th June. By it I see you have got in a good deal of money, you must take as good care of it as possible and send me what you do not immediately want, for I assure you living is very expensive indeed here. I had no idea of what expence I have been at since I came here till I was reckoning up and find my money going faster twice than I had any idea of. I brought about £33 from Aberdeen, before I left Scotland my expences at Dundee, Fife and Edinburgh were about £6, my passage and expences before I was settled here, changing lodgings, getting up my trunks, etc. the first week were about £5—boots £2 shoes 10/6 hat £1 lodgings £2 10 living £5, other expences, the exhibition, washing, drawing and painting materials, some books, etc. cost me £6 more. I got credit for a suit of clothes, £5, otherwise I must have been quite run, as all I have remaining is £6, and I should only have had £3 had I not painted James Gibbs' picture (Robert's brother). But most of these expences will not take place again now that I am settled. I have as many clothes as will last me as long as I am here, at least a year. I can now judge what will be the expence of my living. I

breakfast and dine at home, I get a joint of meat roasted in the oven, which dines me three days, with potatoes or other vegetables, which the people of the house boil for me. I do not take tea or supper. Meat is very dear 10d. or 11d. a lb. This way I can live for a guinea a week, lodging 10/6 and other expenses with painting things, etc. and perhaps masters, not under 5/- a week which is £1. 15 a week. The £6 I have will, I hope last me a month or three weeks. After that I must depend upon money from my accounts at Aberdeen, and what may come from America. I must tell you that were I to run short here it would be a much more difficult, or rather impossible thing, to borrow money than at Aberdeen. I shall certainly live as quiet and cheap as I can, and try every different mode to do so to prolong my stay here to the very utmost for it is impossible to calculate the advantages of an artist residing in London. I may say that every month's stay after a year, will add one guinea or at least half to the value of every picture, which makes a consideration for life, and for my future good and yours, I shall do all I can, and you must, at Aberdeen, live as sparingly as possible too, to enable me to prosecute my studies.

I suppose Mr. Hardy's account is going on finely, but that I do not reckon upon because it is for your living since I went away. I left the account with J. Spalding to collect and to send me the money, giving you what you had occasion for. Mr. Dunn tells me it is reported that I left Aberdeen clandestinely for America!! and that Mrs. Momson brought it to Montrose.

I have not seen Mr. Wilson's advertisement yet, he wrote to me at Edinburgh, offering to carry on my school. . . .

I want the little song music book.

I left a memorandum to get Viotti's Concerto from Mr. Bynn and send to me . . . . see if you can get any body to join with us to get a paper to ourselves to be sent off by post on the day after it is published. I will get one or two to join here and then can send them to America every week or two . . . I have been busy since I came, finishing and copying the pictures that are going to America.

It is a difficult matter to get into the Royal Academy now, they are so strict. However, by a letter from an Academician to the keeper I have drawn there ten days. We are allowed some months to make a drawing to present to the council and if it is approved of, the student gets his ticket admitting him to the library, etc. some have waited 18 months before they got liberty to draw at all. I got it upon showing a figure, drawn on purpose, to Mr. Hamilton and to Mr. Northcote, both Royal Academicians. I am now doing a figure to get my ticket and I have no fear of getting it in a few months making up with those who have drawn there for several years. I hope before I leave London to get admission to the life Academy—that is to draw from the naked life. It is impossible to say how much I have improved by seeing



so many fine pictures, altho' I have not yet copied anything, but drawn within myself.

Send me the letters from America by the first ship. What do they say of my coming to London?

I am, your affectionate son,

A. ROBERTSON.

Dear Arch<sup>d</sup>,

London, July 23rd, 1801.

When I wrote you last (16th June) the exhibition had just closed and I sent you a catalogue. I then understood that the Academy would not open until 30th ultimo. I had been introduced to Mr. William Hamilton, R.A. He gave me the use of a small figure (the Discobolon or Coiter) to make a drawing of, previous to my entrance into the Academy.

During that fortnight I employed my time doing that figure, copying my father's and mother's pictures for myself, seeing paintings and in short you may suppose to the best advantage. In the meantime I understood that it was not such an easy matter to get into the Academy as some years ago, as every student must be recommended by an Academician who takes upon himself the responsibility of their being fit and capable persons. They are then allowed to make a drawing from the Antique, which, if approved of by the council, procures them a ticket, investing them with every privilege of a student, the use of the library, etc. When they have made sufficient progress they shew a drawing to gain admission to the life Academy and they only have liberty to draw for the medals, students seldom think of the life Academy till they have drawn 3, 4 or 5 years. One young man told me he drew chalk figures for 18 months at home before an Academician would recommend him. I then began to regret that I had not practised the figure more, for all that I did in that way was copying Findlater's life figures to get into the way of working Chalk, and a few from my plaster casts. I drew my figure as correctly as I could, and finished it. When I shewed it to some of the students with whom I had got acquainted, before the Academy opened, they said that if I drew three months, they supposed I might get a recommendation and in 6 months more my ticket. I was rather surprised at this (not discouraged, for these things serve as a spur to me) to understand that some drew 18 months before they got in and that I should spend 3 months doing that in London which I might have done as well in Aberdeen, and that it should be 9 months before I got admission to the library. However, when I saw Mr. Hamilton he gave me more encouragement. He said my drawing was very well and that there were people there who could not do so well. He pointed out some small improvements. I said that if it was not such as he could recommend me, I would do another which might be better and as it was some

days till the Academy was to open, I could not employ my time better. He said if I was willing to do so, it was so much better. After I had done it, I called on him, but he was in the country for a few days. I called upon Mr. Northcote (to whom I had a letter from Mr. Chandler) which I sometimes do. He looked at my figures, said they were very well and supposed I should have occasion for a letter, which he gave me and was very civil as usual.

I immediately waited on Mr. Wilton, the keeper, who received me most cordially, was pleased with my things, and gave me liberty to begin. He keeps me a long time in conversation every time I see him. He lamented the prospect of the arts, he feared it was already on the decline and by and by would be worse, for the young artists who had come through his hands for several years past shewed no desire for the art, they came there merely as to a drudge whereby they were to gain money, more by making it a mechanical trade than a fine art; and if a man confines himself to such mean ideas, he can never rise above the common herd, nor can any one arrive at excellence unless he feels himself inclined to devote his whole time to it, and to banish everything from his mind except arriving at excellence in the profession. Yet it is a bad sign if he has *occasion* to banish these things, for unless his inclination leads him to the art without any effort or self-denial, it does not promise much success to him. He told me that the mass of students now drawing were an illiterate, trifling, mean set of beggars, many of whom could scarcely write their names. He was happy to see a few such as myself and he had no doubt but we should get on. He says he sees I have a desire after the art, and as I have had a good education (for I told him I had my degree from Aberdeen College) there is every prospect of my arriving at something in London, and not to leave it by any means, unless for the continent—and many things to the like effect. I immediately began to draw the Gladiator. The first thing that struck me was the small number of students. There are not above 20 in the Antique, nor above half as many in the life Academy. Of these not 7 or 8 attend in the forenoon and these chiefly boys, they only come in the evening, while in Sir Joshua's time, I am told there were 100 and more students in the Antique Academy.

I found there a son of Mr. Vaughan, a miniature painter (and who was twice at Aberdeen). He was with Nasmyth when I was in Edinburgh. He has drawn in the Academy for 5 or 6 years, but has not yet drawn from the life. There were several there who I thought drew the figure very well. One gentleman's style I liked much, I had, in the exhibition and in my catalogue taken notice of some miniatures painted amazingly clean and rich, and I intended to make acquaintance with the gentleman who did them, for they were like enamel, yet he used a good deal of gum. I found that this was the very person who had done them. We happened to sit near each other lately and we got acquainted. He has only begun to draw there since this season began, and in these two weeks he has done one figure to present

to the council for his ticket, while I took a different plan, as I had not drawn much in chalk before. I did *four outlines* that I might select the best to finish. The first week I did three while most people there take a whole week for one outline and one to fill up. I did two views of the Gladiator, the Faun and Antinoüs; which last is a very delicate figure and one of the most difficult of course, and I did not expect to succeed in it. However, when I shewed them all to Mr. Wilton, he said that was the best and that I might venture to give it in. I was much flattered by this. Indeed when I look at the first drawing I did, to shew Mr. Hamilton, then the 2nd, and the drawings I have made successively at the Academy I am struck with the wide difference between each. All progressively improving.

I accordingly began to finish my Antinoüs. It is very flattering to have to say that I had not gone on far before I attracted the notice of most of the students. This gentleman whom I mentioned, in particular, seemed pleased with my style of drawing, and said before them all that I drew better than any one there. When I was doing the outline, several said that there were not above one or two who drew better, and that I should soon get before them. They saw such a wide difference between my first and last drawings. I found something like jealousy among some of them, who from the time I came there, seemed officious to give their opinion, of which I took as much as pleased me, and when they had no faults to find, one said he did not think I would get my ticket for that figure. I thought this an uncouth speech. He said, however, that it was not generally a figure that was given in, and they gave tickets for. When I find such a disposition, I easily put a stop to their insolence. Mr. Vaughan I thought drew well, but I do not think so now, he and the other gentlemen stood a good deal over me, which latter is a very genteel young man.

His father was an artist and student in London. Turned merchant and made £50,000. This is his only son, he sent him to Rome, France, Spain and Portugal. He has seen the best things in the world, has drawn in the Academies at Rome and Paris; and now works as a student here. He gave me his card to call on him. His name is T. Guest. I asked him if he was not the person who did those things in the exhibition, and I found it so. He seemed pleased with his figure before mine was done, he then became dissatisfied with it and has begun it again. You may think it is my vanity that makes me think I spurred him on to begin it again, but to you I ought not to smooth over my words, and I know it is so, for when he praised my work it seemed to be in an envious tone of voice, and he has changed his style to mine. He pays me a great deal of deference and courts my acquaintance there are very few there, not above 3 or 4, whose acquaintance I would take at all. I feel myself already respected there and my opinion is sometimes asked, for by doing one figure, as they think, well; they give me credit for more than I deserve, for I really cannot draw in the least, unless



it is before me, and then I can *copy* as correctly as any of them, being pretty well acquainted with anatomy to go on with certainty. . . .

At the Academy they say I absolutely manufacture extremities . . . .

I must observe that I have a different idea of colouring, for want of comparison I formed erroneous ideas at Aberdeen. I thought I was warm even beside yours . . . but better than the pretty blues they use here. I speak of those who are in good style like oils, or rather nature. Half the painting world is carried away by corrupted fashion, losing nature and the great masters, modern masters going only to their pupils . . . I had given up white as raw and cold, use ivory—blue inimical to warmth in flesh. I tried without, successfully. If black is cold enough, why use blue? but to carry it so far as some masters do, I will not.

I thought I could not get blue fine enough for sky, but I am now convinced that air is colourless, only grey—were it blue, distant lights would be blue, as well as shadows—had we black and white, like light and darkness, it would be sky or azure—I tried it, made black with Smith's grey, lake and indian ink—by combination of colours made it like blue, and I see no use, moderately speaking, of so much blue. The modern paintings, placed beside Rubens, etc. are like drawings, from their blueness and cold tone . . . . I am so inflamed with the art, I get mad and in raptures, when I study the works of the great masters—the mind opens and improves by seeing their works.

From the great masters and nature, I can judge of the manner of what is unnatural in moderns from encouraging a favourite and false idea.

I go only to the European Museum and Shakespeare Gallery. Those who live in London think nothing of these things. I like the art, and devote myself—am unhappy without pencil or book.

A man will do more in one year when he is young, than in two years, after; not that he is incapable by being old and wise, but he does not feel all that enthusiasm. . . . .

Dear Father,

London, July 24th, 1801.

. . . . . I see that if I can prosecute my studies for some time here, I shall make London my residence for every winter. I have been told by some of the greatest artists that I ought to settle here. I am confident and I am informed by better judges that I will soon excel most of the young artists, for they are, in general, an illiterate set of triflers. The great men are getting old, and many have given up. The rising artists must fill their places, and if I can but prosecute my studies, I may not only make my fortune, but acquire fame in the world. All these prospects must be dashed from me, if I do not remain in London; and you must consider, as well as myself, that every

shilling saved adds to my future fame and fortune. I save all I can, take only two meals a day, and I shall take care of my clothes, to make them last as long as possible . . . washing is expensive but I save it all I can. I have as much money as, with saving, will keep me three weeks, as I have got credit for a few things. By that time, I hope some of my accounts will be paid. You did not send Mrs. Blackball's account, make a present of it, if she will take it.

I had a letter from Mr. Wilson yesterday, we have made an agreement till 1st January. He is to give me half, he will teach where I did, in the dining room, you will give him any of my things that he wants, and get his receipt. I have told him that he may have one room to live in and that the rent is 10/6 a week. As to that, you can agree with him. If he wants to put up his paintings in the rooms, take down *all* mine, as they were some of my first works. I am busy writing letters of introduction to all my friends. If I have them done I shall send them to-morrow.

If Mr. Wilson asks any questions about my staying in London, you can say as before, that my stay will not be so long probably as I intended. . . . You will see Mr. Wilson a day or two after you receive this. It will be your business to inquire all you can what private teaching he will have. We divide all the teaching, other things are his own. You will easily know what scholars come to the school, but remember, you must on no account ask any questions, or seem to interfere in the least. . . .

There is an old, small, torn dictionary, and if there is an old vocabulary, although it wants part, send it. You'll find likewise Ovid's *Metamorphoses*. Send them soon with the portfolio, and if you can get any person to take them it will save freight.

I sent off yesterday a letter of 20 pages to Archy and long ones to Sandy and Charles. . . .

Mr. William Robertson,  
Marshall Street, Aberdeen.

Dear Sir,

London, July 27th, 1801.

Allow me to return my best thanks for your continued attention in sending me what you know always afforded me the greatest pleasure, *i.e.* any information concerning our favourite little Concert. Had it not been for the trouble you have taken, we all know that it must have sunk under the load of its debt at one time, when you, like a skilful pilot, steered the vessel through many a boisterous sea; and now by this measure, which I dare say is your proposal, you bring it safe into port, to lay up until the din of arms is silenced, and commerce, with the fine arts, resumes its former splendour. I accord with the measure, and of course contribute my mite.

I saw Mr. Wilson at Montrose. Since that time he proposed to carry on my school until I should return from London, and after that, we shall most probably go on together, for I have not been able to attend to private teaching for some time; and when I had occasion to go in the country, I suffered a material loss by the interruption of my school, therefore I hope this will be for our mutual benefit. Mr. Wilson will call upon you, and I am confident you will find him a very good landscape painter.

I have long been sensible of your paternal anxiety for my welfare, and I return you many thanks for your attention to my interests in Aberdeen. I hope it may be as you predict, that my improvement may be more rapid than that of my contemporaries. I will take upon me to say that if a violently increasing ardour for the art, together with an increasing industry will do anything, I shall reap the benefit of it. I cannot tell you how enthusiastic I feel since I came here. I look upon every moment, even while at meals, not employed in practising, or in other words, enjoying myself in the art, as lost time never to be recovered. I do penance when the crayon is out of my hand. No wonder then that the amusements and bustle of London have no charm for me. I am ten times as active as I ever could be in Aberdeen. I have met with the greatest encouragement to persevere. The rising artists do not promise to ameliorate the state of the arts. I hope in 6 months to draw as well as any I see in the Antique Academy.

I have been told by some of the most respectable students that I already do so, but I must qualify that opinion, after having studied the Antique, which, for the most part, takes up several years, but which I hope to do in less than one. I may gain admission to draw from the naked life, and that study continues till death, for perfection is not attainable.

As soon as I have studied as much as to be of any utility, which cannot be in less than a year, I shall come to Aberdeen and put in practice the principles which I imbibe here; but I see such incalculable advantages to a young Artist, in London, that I shall make it a point to pay an annual visit

Mr. Hamilton is always happy to see me, and give me his advice.

I am sorry to hear the Corps of Volunteers, turned out so thin, at the review. I had the honour to be requested to accompany the highland regiments, as flugel, to the review of the London association on Wednesday. A dress was to be procured for me, but I excused myself and employed my time to more advantage at the Academy. I am told that about 10,000 were reviewed by the Duke of York and Prince of Wales. . . .

I remain, Sir,

Your much obliged,

A. ROBERTSON.

John Ewen, Esquire,  
Aberdeen.



Mem : July 29th.—Finished my father's picture—better than original.

Mem : August 25th.—Letter to Sandy.

I here send the pictures of my father, and Mary, half length copies. I should have sent them before, but wished to have opinion of Shelley, etc.

Dear Arch<sup>d</sup>,

London, August 25th, 1801.

I received yours of 7th July. Thanks for good advice—produces assiduity and progress—the end answered . . . I grudge when not at work, yet sorry I cannot do more, tho' I do more than others.

I find something new in your treatise every time I read it.

. . . At the Academy my opinion is asked in anatomy, and never doubted.

Mr. Hamilton was astonished at the quantity I have done—could not sit down so.

I now try to imitate the sunshine of Rubens and Titian. I did my father and Mr. Rhind without blue . . . ivory is white enough, if lights are kept broad—blue, however, is necessary to balance the tone of great pictures, but must be used cautiously in middle tints of young subjects, as ivory is yellow.

I have seen no flowers worth anything . . . disappointed when I came to London in inferior branches, but astonished at great works . . . I have been introduced to Mr. Coxe, invited to breakfast—his collection at my service. In one week have breakfasted and dined three times. Shall copy his Danae. On Sunday went to his brother's at Hampstead, and saw his fine things—Raphael, Rubens, Vinci, Caracci, Poussin, Rembrandt, etc. worth £10,000. Coxe mentioned me to Angerstein, got leave to copy head.

September 26th.—Letter to Charles Rhind.

I send your mother's picture, shall send my own by and by. . . .

[Charles Rhind was a first cousin to my father, their mothers being sisters. C. R. was at one time American Minister at Constantinople and Consul at Smyrna. He also held the rank of Admiral in the American Navy.—*E. R.*]

Mr. JOHN EWEN to ANDREW R.

Dear Sir,

Aberdeen, 13th September 1801.

I am generally speaking so occupied in business, that I must rest my apology on that circumstance for not having before now answered your two obliging letters, the last of date 27th July. I rejoice to hear of your progress

in improvement, of which your application, aided by genius, gave me very flattering assurance. I am extremely happy to find that any introduction of mine has been of any use, that my friends to whom I had written were so kind as to remember me and that they have been readily disposed as they were abundantly able, to serve you. Mr. Hamilton and Mr. Bell are gentlemen highly respectable, of unquestioned taste and considerable influence. Assure them, I entreat you, of my high sense of obligation for their kind attention to you, and their obliging remembrance of myself. Your opportunities of improvement in London are of a superior kind. You will have acquired new ideas, by their means, much enlarged on every branch of the art, and your practice will undoubtedly correspond with these acquirements.

I am still very anxious that you should return to Aberdeen as early as possible. I cannot avoid thinking that you might do so soon, and return early in the Spring without any sensible disadvantage from the interval of interruption.

Several ladies and gentlemen have inquired after you, who would have been glad to have sat to you for pictures, and who regretted your absence very much.

I stated to them the indispensable necessity of your attending the Royal Academy for improvement, and that your absence, for a season, was unavoidable.

Mr. Wilson seems a good young man and well qualified, as far as I know, to carry on the business of teaching. Here however, you have set everything in motion yourself. People have been accustomed to look up to you, to confide in you, and in order that a school may thrive, in which you have any connection, I suspect it will be necessary that you should be on the spot and take for a season at least, some superintendence.

As to pictures, I should suppose that you are much wanted, and several very anxious on that account for your return. Mrs. Farquharson of Monaltrie called upon me the other morning with three very beautiful drawings of scenery near Penicuik by a Mr. Wilson, who, he informs her, is going to Rome. They were neatly finished and very correct portraits of the place. Indeed they were very beautiful. Wilson is a name very propitious to landscape painting . . . . We shall have no Concert this winter, unless you return and promote a private professional one, with the aid of such gentlemen as yourself.

I entirely agree with you in opinion respecting our friend Mr. Nasmyth. When shall we see such a painter in landscape, with so much chaste taste, delicacy and so true to nature.

*Mr. Raeburn*—I may be singular in my opinion—It is merely the private opinion of a very private man, but after Sir Joshua, I have been taught to set him down as our first painter in portrait. I know not if even a visit to London would dispose me to yield that opinion.

Mr. Thurstans called on me last week. Both himself and Mrs. Thurstans wished to return here, if anything could be done professionally, but of that I am doubtful. He would be an excellent person to manage a professional Concert, provided there was encouragement. Mr. Byrne is with the players somewhere southward. His wife and children went with him.

With every good wish,

Yours truly,

Mr. Andrew Robertson,  
36, Surrey Street, Strand.

JOHN EWEN.

Dear Father,

London, 26th September 1801.

Alex<sup>r</sup> Gibbon and I have taken lodgings together. We have got a most elegant room and two bedrooms at the rate of 60 guineas a year, altho' they at first asked two guineas a week and in making the bargain, we are to afford our bed linen, therefore you will send me by the first ship 2 pairs of sheets, 2 pillow cases and 3 towels. Mrs. Gibbon will send the same to her son. They may be put in one parcel and addressed to him or me No. 21, Cecil Street, Strand.

This day sent my Aunt's picture to Charles and wrote Archy and Sandy. I have now sent them all the pictures.

I am still busy, and my pictures have introduced me to some men of consequence who will be useful in getting the use of their collection of pictures, for which I was at a loss.

At the house we are going to they are Scotch people from Elgin and have generally Scotch lodgers.

I hope you can spare the sheets as you are making cloth.

Dear Sir,

London, 17th October 1801.

I cannot help being highly flattered by the good opinion which you have uniformly entertained of me, and if I forfeit it, I am confident it will not be for want of a wish to cultivate it.

I shall continue as assiduous as before. At home in the morning and at the Academy in the evening.

I have painted only a few likenesses, in the way of business, since I came here, emolument being by no means my object. I have copied some good pictures and shall now paint a little now and then from nature to apply my observations to practice. I feel myself improve so much daily, that while I find this enthusiasm accompanied by rapid improvement, you must excuse me



if I differ from you, so far as my strong inclination, and I hope my future advantage prompt me, to prolong my stay here, as long as may be convenient.

I have not seen Mr. Hamilton for a month.

I have deferred to wait upon him for some time, having some things in hand which I wished to finish before I showed them and I know that artists must sometimes be retired, besides, I am always careful not to abuse the confidence you placed in me by recommending me to his advice, which he has upon all occasions laid open to me in the most candid manner; and I make it a point always to carry with me something upon which he can give me his advice. His month to attend the Academy commences in two weeks, when I shall see him every day. . . .

You have seen by the papers that all was bustle here in consequence of the peace, and among the rest, I, in my little way expressed my satisfaction by painting a transparency, which I presented to my friend Aston's son of Cornhill, Sandy's fellow traveller in America two years ago to the Lakes and Canada. It was exhibited only the second night of the illumination, Monday, by which it was only taken notice of by one paper, the Morning Chronicle of Tuesday. The transparencies of the first night of any consequence, were taken notice of in all the papers. I was considerably flattered by the opinions passed upon it. It was said to be the best, and too good for that purpose, but I could not think so. However, I saw that it attracted a greater mob three times, than any other in town; and sometimes I saw 20 coaches and upwards stop to look at it it was often impossible to get thro' at all, and the sovereign majesty of the people made every coachman take off his hat and give it three cheers.

#### Memo: of letter to Arch<sup>d</sup>, November 1st, 1801.

Academy open 1st October—was admitted only a few nights ago (23rd) by my first drawing, my Apollo, stolen, would have got me a life ticket . . .  
 . . . began Angerstein's picture Govartius by Vandyke on 19th October.

Mr. Coxe's friendship for me increases, I refuse to dine so often as he would wish, and after Academy with no man—his head of Danae fine—a study—I matched the tints at edge and travelled over the rest—the colouring is modest, united, yet infinitely various in tone. In this head I find a variety, with difficulty distinguished—such unity. My mode of study is what you recommended, *i.e.*, to get one or two good pictures to copy. In copying a great many I might deceive myself to believe I had done much. It is easy to make a copy, but difficult to study such a picture. Most miniatures are too much like china—ivory must be brought down very much to give it the softness of flesh. . . . Coxe is pleased with my copy and flatters me. I hope that my execution may some day be equal to my ideas. In my mode of study,

it is all one whether I use oil or water—with your instructions and my practice, I find no difficulty in the mechanical part of miniature—more so in oils at present—the use of copying is to colour well, the Academy for drawing—observation must do the rest—ideas are elevated by seeing good things. I will follow none but the best—neither Shelley nor Hamilton, Northcote, etc. but Vandyck and Titian—Westall's colouring bare, ideas sometimes pretty. . . . Hamilton in general has too much frippery, but he has done many good things.

I admire the majesty of West more and more. If I copy a modern, in the first place Sir Joshua, Lawrence, Opie, and Shee. . . .

In Danae I had the opinion confirmed of danger of blue in flesh—yet useful here and there. It has a transparent, pearly look and mellow depth of tone. I use gum only in shadow—to glaze all over would ruin the tone. . . .

21, Cecil Street, Strand, London,

December 14th, 1801.

Dear Sir,

I wrote a week ago a letter intended for this frank, which not coming in time, I take the liberty to enclose a letter to Mr. Forbes, which I have left open for your perusal. As the notice of this frank is very short, you will excuse my writing you more fully, as nothing particular has occurred since I wrote last.

I am, dear Sir,

Your obliged,

A. ROBERTSON.

Should you find a leisure half hour to write my good friend Mr. Coxe, to guard him against any evil propensity which you may have discovered in me, it will be but just, as he yet knows nothing of me but from myself—and I know it will give him pleasure. I dine with him to-morrow with some academicians.

John Ewen, Esquire,  
Aberdeen.

[11 Miniatures painted in London, of these only 5 paid for, £27 2s. 0d. received.—*E. R.*]

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## Extracts from Letters written in 1802.

Memo.—January 1st, 1802.

Had painted 28 miniatures (some large).

From encouragement determined, if possible, to settle in London.

Began Coxé's head.

[*Note by E. R.*—Of these, 28 painted since arrival in London, June 2nd, 1801—only 11 were commissions, the prices ranged from 4 guineas, the previous price at Aberdeen, and varying from 4 to 11 guineas according to size.

The remaining 17 were either large ones for practice, viz., 2 of Govertius (one for brothers at New York) and 2 of Danaë (one being lost), also replicas of miniatures painted in Scotland, viz., father, mother, sister, aunt, uncles, etc.; one set for New York and another to keep and show, the copies being, doubtless, greatly superior to the originals painted before coming to London.]

Dear Arch<sup>d</sup>,

London, January 1st, 1802.

I received yours of 18th October and 26th November.

I am very happy that the pictures arrived safe, and still more so that you approve of them.

I fear you make a stretch of judgment when you pay me so many compliments upon them. I have improved considerably since then, and now look upon them as unworthy. I shall send you something better soon. As to the probability that the tide will turn, and that I shall be able in my turn to instruct you, it is a thing that I do not look for, and were I to do nothing but draw for several years, I think I should have a hard task to overtake your knowledge of drawing and composition. It is true I ought, by this time, to have exceeded you, and more particularly Sandy, whose opportunities of improvement have been very few indeed. You laboured under disadvantages, which we have not experienced to such a degree—you had to explore a tract when we had only to follow, and no doubt you must have often found yourself out of the direct way. In Nasmyth, I had great advantage in copying his drawings, altho' had his school been open longer while I was there, I should have reaped more advantage. In summer he always gives up his school while people are in the country.

In miniature, I was rather in the dark until you pointed out my way. However, I have hoped to make up the lee way of my capacity by application.

I have finished my copy of Vandyke's famous Govartius. I have reaped great advantage from it, and I thought the best way to convince you was to do a small copy from the original for you. I have done it the size of Neil



Gow and if it is quite finished in time, shall send it with this. I wrote you in my last what means I took to copy Mr. Coxe's Danae, before I finished my copy from Vandyke. I took it several times to Angerstein's to compare them together, and about 2 weeks ago, on my way home, to my great disappointment, found that I had dropped it. This misfortune, greater almost than anything that could have happened to me, I bore like a philosopher, altho' I felt inconceivable mortification. I have advertised it in several papers and offered 2 guineas reward. However, I now sit down resigned to my loss. Mr. Coxe was much vexed about it; however, I shall do another the same size as Govertius, and exhibit them with his portrait, which I am doing the same size.

Some weeks ago I was introduced to Mr. Shee, dining at the house of a friend of Mr. Coxe. I shewed him my Danae and Govartius, then only begun. He was much pleased with them and said that he did not think that anyone in London could copy them better—he owed to Mr. Coxe that he had changed his opinion and did not expect to see such copies, or that one who could make so much of them would descend to copy. Mr. Coxe seemed to exult over him, and I found that upon a previous occasion I had been the subject of a good deal of conversation, and that he could not convince Mr. Shee that I could do so much, but let him stop till he should see my works. His opinion is that I should copy no more, but paint from nature, and compare my pictures with similar works of great masters. (Being a lecture night at the Academy, I left them.) A few days after, Mr. Coxe gave me some advice as to the result of his and Mr. Shee's opinion, who in the first place declared the want of a good Miniature painter in London, to paint in sterling style, founded on the Great Masters' works, there were oceans of people who take likenesses merely, and many that paint in a very pretty style, but no sterling good Miniature artist. Cosway and Shelley he allowed had their merit, but a person is wanted, he says, to paint large miniatures in the style of that picture of Govartius, which is 8 by 7 inches; and if I exhibited a few pictures in that style, he has not a doubt but I shall succeed. In the first place this confirms what my friend W. Hamilton said, that a good Miniature painter is wanted. He said he heard many complaints, but his insinuation that I was likely to fill that place, appeared to me only as flattery to encourage me—but as it now comes from several channels, I do not know how to construe it. I feel that I have much to do before I can come into notice.

Mr. Coxe reminded me that immediately on his acquaintance with me, I should write my name in the list of candidates to be associates and that I laughed and asked if he was serious. Shee and he had some conversation after I left them and Mr. Coxe said that I intended to exhibit several miniatures and some landscapes, and one in miniature on large ivory, and if I could accomplish it, one or two portraits. Mr. Shee advised Mr. Coxe to

recommend to me not to exhibit too many styles of painting. That there was not a doubt what branch I ought to follow, and if a man wishes to excel, he ought not to divide his attention, for the simplest branch of painting requires a man's whole life and close application, before he can become excellent; but more especially he would recommend to me, as my first and great object, and what must chiefly bring me into notice, to look forward to be chosen into the Royal Academy and that whatever opinion may be entertained of the liberality of artists, he had not a doubt that when an Academician hesitates in his choice, he will not fix upon one who is likely to be a rival. Therefore, he who hopes for success ought to raise as few enemies as possible. Although this is the opinion and advice of Mr. Shee, who with his rival Lawrence, have more to say than half the Academy, and although it is said by a man whose judgment, candour, and honour were never questioned, I must say he goes far beyond the bounds of my ambition, which perhaps was too great before. Be that as it may, his advice is useful and there is no harm in giving it due attention. I met him at Cox's lately with several connoisseurs who dined with us. I showed my *Govartius*, which was then almost finished, he said if I could paint as well from nature, neither *Cosway*, *Shelley*, or any other could oppose me and if I take his advice I will attend closely to the Academy, for that was all I wanted with my practice and observation. As to the miniature painters, there is not one of them that can draw. All those who saw the picture that day were so loud in my praise that I begged them to consider how little I was prepared for such unqualified approbation, for they went so far beyond my own vanity, that altho' I dared not doubt their candour, yet if they went further, I owned I should be at a loss what opinion to form, etc. Shee said, "It would be a sin not to give you your due, etc." I must confess I do not know how to construe all this, but I shall follow his advice so far as this; as there is such an opening in miniature painting, I shall confine myself to that alone, and render every other study in landscape, drawing, anatomy, portrait, etc., subservient to that end. It is evident what would be the effect of dividing my attention too much. As to the Academy, there is no harm in making the members my friends, if I can. To doubt Shee is to impeach his judgment. . . .

Drawing I still attend to—I must not divide my attention—still attend Academy close.

I was interrupted three weeks by *Danae*, *Govartius* and other pictures, for exhibition. Then I shall study in oils for strength and effect. I can have Shee and Lawrence's pictures—landscape occasionally.

Cox still attentive—invites me often and my friends know not his object—can have none—a *Mecænas*—if not mistaken he had a hand in advancing Shee—but is too delicate to drop a hint of such a thing. . . . Spent a happy day at Shee's—Shee is not 30—his aunt and cousins formed our party—his cousins, fine girls, played. Shee and I played a duet—set all agog with my

reels. Coxe was happy to see I could do anything of that kind. I shall be domesticated at Shee's. Shelley wanted to paint Coxe—but he preferred me. I parodye (?) Govartius—same size—shall shew it to Angerstein, Lawrence, Shee, Shelley, Northcote, and wish I could say poor Hamilton—his loss is felt by me, and art in general.

Shewed pictures to Duke of Kent, very likely will sit—Duchess of Gordon and Georgina. You may think do I really mean London as my residence—all advise so—if my new style takes, my fortune is made—exhibit my best pictures—perhaps give satisfaction—portraits of great people.

January 12th.—Since the above I called on Angerstein—received well—pleased with Govartius.

Coxe called on Shelley and shewed him small one—pleased and pointed out some improvements. He was struck with the size and style of Coxe's head.

Then came my large Govartius. Shelley pointed out some improvements. I then called on Shee, fine fellow, much pleased with Coxe's head, pointed out some improvements—said—"Go on and you will carry all before you"—and desired me to call on Lawrence and use his name—he may put something in my way, as he is sometimes employed to have miniatures from his pictures and is sure my style must please—could do with Angerstein as he pleased, as he chose all his pictures (as he has no judgment)—he may put in his head to have some of his pictures copied which would improve me and put money in my pocket.

Shee and Lawrence are rivals and with Hoppner and Beechy carry all off—Raeburn is equal to any of them, and if he had any spur or opposition would do much better. If an artist leaves London emulation is over—he stands still and often recedes, in youth he ought to sacrifice emolument to improvement—should remain in London till his taste is formed, and if he is eminent, where can he be so well rewarded?

Time, opportunity and industry must determine what I shall be able to do, but I set my face against flattery. I hope I have not been carried away by approbation of artists. I am on my guard to distinguish flattery from judgment. One half goes in at one ear and out at the other. Hope arises from the fact that all, upon seeing my things declare the want of a good Miniature painter and say I am the man; but I fear to believe it. Still if I acquire moderate merit, and increase respectable connexions, I must have my share.

I *shall* draw well, and go more to the bone than any other artist, shall study anatomy, the driest part, many say it is a bugbear. Miniature painters study no more than the head. I must do much more—facility of sketching is only to be acquired by practice—no opinions or examples shall turn me. I have lost much in neglecting to sketch the figure before. Had Nasmyth given a hint of such a thing, I should have practised sometimes, but I did



not know. It is very odd that Mr. Raeburn did not recommend it. I was discouraged in the arduous task of drawing—thought I wanted genius—vanity is necessary to excite hope—despair checks exertion. It was impossible for me to conceive how difficult it is to acquire drawing.

I am not dissatisfied with my improvement since I came to London, but regret that much of what I have done here, might have been done at Aberdeen. I have outstripped some who have practised from infancy. I think I can draw a figure with almost any in Academy. Were I ten years in London, I should attend the Academy . . . hair and drapery are another source of regret, I was hurt to see in my work such an inferiority in that respect. What appeared want of genius was ill-directed practice. I did not paint from nature, was too much of the master. No good artist will dare to paint anything without the subject before him. The artists here have lots of drapery, stuffs, armour, etc. I should have done all from nature, but people do not like to sit. I shall practise drapery at Aberdeen.

I wished to attend a dissecting room, but it will cost 3 guineas and lectures 5.

Mr. Brooks proposed his course for artists, with liberty to dissect—all for 2 guineas. One guinea more for admission to comparative anatomy. I grasped at it—astonished to find at lectures only 9 or 10 and 3 or 4 have gone through regularly—perhaps I am the only one who has paid, for Academicians were furnished with tickets. He is a very capital lecturer, we had every advantage, the things in our own hands. I, in particular, having studied before, understood all, others complained they did not understand his language, the technical terms being derived from Greek and Latin. . . . Mr. West would have come if he could . . . diversity of character in skulls of children and adults—os frontis divided in two prominences, and as the child grows the suture grows together in the centre and presses the arch outward . . . having many bones, skulls, etc. to compare, I could form a better idea of difference . . . shall begin to dissect in a few days . . . the course of the horse and the dog must be useful.

Mr. Heaviside has the finest collection of bones in the kingdom—lays it open in a conversazione on Friday evenings—has coffee, etc. skeletons of all animals—by sketching, will give a good idea of Zoology.

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Memo.—January 20th.

Lawrence was much pleased with Govartius. Paid me some compliments. He is distant at first.

In Cosway, I had my principle of colouring confirmed, he does all with ink—sketching in drapery, etc. light and pretty—no blue in face—a very little red on cheeks, lips, and eyes, and it is done—they are pretty things, but not pictures. No nature, colouring, or force. They are too much like each other to be like the originals and if a man has courage to deviate from the

model, we all know how easy it is to paint pretty things, when he can paint smooth without torturing it into a likeness of a bad subject; but young artists dare not deviate, it is likeness which must recommend them. I was encouraged in seeing these things. I have many years before me.

I have done some things lately in Cosway's style and I see it does not require a conjurer to succeed in it—a *little* genius—knowledge of the figure and drapery is all that is necessary. He floats in no drapery—works it up. His pictures are so slight, they could not have a body of colour—his price is 25 and 30 guineas, he ought to make good things. He has so much to do that he may use any liberty.

I found Northcote painting Sir Ralph Abercrombie, with model standing for every little thing in uniform, buttons, etc. Govartius astonished him, but he praised Coxe's head more, as being my own, advised me not to exhibit a copy when I could do such things.

I here send you a small copy of Govartius being an experiment without blue on my palette. It is difficult to give warmth and at the same time pearliness to the skin. This last only done by judicious bluish middle tints—if too strong ruins harmony and if weak, gives opacity—in the large one, I have succeeded in uniting both. This represents what I suppose the original was, before varnished. In some places, I have left it too cold, to shew how blue indian ink, even if brownish, may be made to appear—it is blue enough, too much so, altho' there is a proportion of red in it—would be better if more in darkest part. The system I followed is what I see Cosway does in some measure. I almost finished with ink alone—gave likeness, roundness, and gradation, like a round ball at first, leaving the broad masses of light on the forehead, graduating into a middle tint all over the face and ruff, without attending to any lights or shadows. You may see it through the flesh colour and all over the ruff, except where lights are washed off.

With Vandyck brown did all strong shadows. Scarcely had occasion to take out any lights on cheeks or nose, being not much lighter than middle tint of flesh. I proceed with ink alone and Vandyck brown to give roundness, character, effect, etc.—little colour necessary in light of forehead, gamboge and vermilion. Other lights ochre, light red, vermilion, and a little carmine for carnation—kept down all with ink, else like china. I was afraid of what I had done. Wash off a little and you will see. In large one have kept down the linen without appearing dirty. I could have improved this with a little blue or with less brown—the silvery beard done with ink, lights touched with yellow and light red—have tried to imitate every touch, but obliged to scrape in small copy. Have not used salival finish, but worked into interstices to produce pearly tone. Floated in background to save time . . . then expunged, necessary in delicate skins, but instead of blue, red and yellow, use ink and G. brown. Ink good in grey hair and reflected lights from linen.

Cosway and Shelley use it much.

I must have two styles, one for connoisseurs and one for the world, who do not like warmth, say it is yellow. I use no gum in floated drapery, sometimes honey or sugar. Indian ink and Antwerp blue good alone . . . in setting palette I rub down many, but use few—tints for background in saucers. You used to disapprove of ink, and use lake, brown, blue.\* . . .

My transparency was mentioned in *Moniteur*.

I have been dissecting some time—3 of us at a subject—shall dry the bones and keep the skeleton.

I am advised to spend a season at Bath which did for Lawrence and Westall.

Next opportunity I shall send you two miniatures one for the art and one for the world. . . .

Dear Father,

London, 25th January 1802.

. . . Dr. Booth has lived some weeks in the house with us and will be able to give you all news. He dined several times with me at Mr. Coxe's. He still continues his friendship and has introduced me to many artists, in particular to Mr. Shee, R.A., who has been very kind and attentive. Indeed, from all quarters I am encouraged to hope that I shall become eminent in Miniature painting and will in a few years take the *lead*. I have seen most of those who are eminent and I think I shall succeed when I am known. The exhibition will prove what success has attended my studies.

I paint all day and attend the Academy at 6 at night and anatomy till 10. I expect Mr. J. Murray of New York from France daily and he will introduce me to Mr. West. . . .

I do not mean to paint more in Miniature unless employed for pictures. I am finishing Mr. Coxe's picture as large as the *Govartius* for the exhibition; and except what I exhibit, or am employed for, I shall paint in oils, as that is the true way to get to the bottom of the art, and paint Miniatures well, my knowledge of anatomy, and my attendance at the Academy will lay a good foundation. . . . It was a great misfortune that I lost the picture I copied of *Danae* from Mr. Coxe's collection. It gained me great applause, and if I had it to shew with *Govartius* I should acquire more fame. *Cochrane's* picture was the worst I have done here. I painted *James Gibb* soon after I came.

Give my compliments to Mr. and Mrs. Boxill, and say I am very much surprised he has not written me.

As it is so difficult to negotiate bills in London, I am quite run of cash and have borrowed some. I got £25—sent you £6. I owed £10, gave my tailor £8, had to pay coals £2—lodging and board 2 months £10, and another month due in a day or two. Anatomical lectures £2, frames £3. I owe a good deal of money to my tailor, and frame maker.

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\* See page 13, line 5.



I paid £2 12s. 6d. for something for Mr. Ewen. He will keep a guinea I owe on the Concert, the rest he will most likely pay you, but do not call for it unless much pressed.

I saw John Boyn on Sunday, we went to Mr. Cox's with J. Booth, Gibbon, and several more of my friends. W. Skinner (the bishop's son) and many of my friends have dined with him repeatedly. . . .

Dear Sir,

London, 25th January 1802.

. . . From all quarters, directly and indirectly I am induced almost to believe that the style I now paint in has been much wanted.

If I tread in the right path I am very fortunate, but I feel how dangerous it is to trust too much to these opinions—inducing a relaxation of the necessary application and study. Many say that I shall certainly take the lead in Miniature—some that I may now; but my own conviction tells me how much I have to do yet, and those in whose opinion I must confide and who are most moderate, say that it depends upon the continuance of my industry to acquire the summit of modern excellence in Miniature. At the same time they give me to understand that I shall not have done much, even then, and that I must go much further.

Into whatever channel my good or bad fortune may throw me, I was from the beginning resolved upon this, that neither flattery nor disapprobation, confidence nor despair should ever tend to relax my assiduity.

I know the course I ought to steer as pointed out by the experience of my predecessors in the art, and as universally recommended to all; and if I pursue that closely I cannot err far. The study of the human figure is the foundation of the art. This I am determined to lay deeply—if assiduity can produce it—want of genius I cannot help, but the deficiency may be made up by application.

I write so much of myself to you, Sir, that notwithstanding the intimacy (may I flatter myself) which subsists between us, I must beg your excuse. I effervesce in the art, and were I to write so to others, I should certainly be accused, of the most arrant egotism, but I have met with approbation from channels, so circuitous that I am sometimes tempted to think that I am spoken of favourably in my absence, and believe me, I should be ashamed to write even to you the half of what has come to my ears. . . .

I remain, dear Sir,

Yours gratefully,

John Ewen, Esquire,  
Aberdeen.

A. ROBERTSON.

## Memo.—Letter to Sandy, February 8th, 1802.

Coxe very kind, large miniature of him approved—invited himself to dine 4 or 5 times.

If a man is independent, he is respected by the world—anatomical class at 8—*very* bad cold—Dr. said I did not know what I was doing, at home all day, and out at night—I coached sometimes—only missed one lecture—went to see Coxe's house, a little palace—I dissect at 9 A.M. paint at 12—dine at 4—Academy at 6 and lecture at 8 P.M. As to music, scarcely a duet since I came here, must make a professional acquaintance or two, amateurs no where—not the age of music—shall go to concerts.

March 22nd.—Admitted to life Academy.

Memo.—Letter to Arch<sup>d</sup>, April 1st, 1802.

A recapitulation of my progress in Academy.

While all were busy preparing to be admitted to the life, etc., I drew at leisure—took no notice. People asked why I did not shew and draw downstairs—I am happy that I stuck to my plan to form my taste from antique—then draw from life—for if we draw from a bad model, the taste is corrupt and takes much longer to unlearn what has been done—Guest's enthusiasm gone—says he will hang himself before I shall excel him. . . . At this time many students who never came near the Academy, make their appearance and bustle to get in and paint in summer season. Meanwhile I only made slight sketches, and before the council I shewed some drawings to Wilton, to pick out the best. At this time my portfolio was robbed . . . a man ought to have a sacred care of his studies, they are models to refer to—his stock. I was so fortunate as to be admitted and 2 more—1 modeller—it was a question if any but mine should be admitted. Wilton happy to see me get on—instead of grumbling as usual, he approved of my drawing from the life—when I look back, how far I have left behind my humble hopes when I came to London, I ought to be thankful. I am now in full cry after the art—the stream tide of my glory rushes on and has many years to make yet. All who began with me are still in antique Academy, which closed 20th. Life open a week or two more. A new model Hercules Farnese in Miniature 4 and a half feet—Academicians astonished, several have drawn him. Cosway draws upper part well. They are in general very deficient. If I have done so much in 6 months, what may 10 years do!—for while in London, I shall never relax. Thus I have gained every point and carried all before me. I have no fear of medal, from what I see, tho' many good draftsmen make their appearance at the competition, but still I am improving. In anatomy I yield to none. This is the most useful thing in drawing from life, for action is so momentary.

Chandler said what use had I for so much anatomy. People say the same of lectures and dissections, spending 2 months? I answer, look at my success, while others have failed.

It is arrangement, arising from plain, common sense, and not genius to which I am indebted. By considering the subject, and laying down plans, so that one study may lead to and assist another.

There is a busy idleness. When a man has all the wish to get on, he works night and day, and fancies he does much when he does nothing, 'twere well if people would descend from regions of fancy, and use common sense. Some do much and seem idle, others do nothing and seem busy. The first arranges, he thinks, then acts—the other *vice versâ*.

My contemporaries say I have got on by method—do not admit genius—they will attend Brooke's—9 P.M. horse and dog three times a week—he is a worthy fellow.

In life, acquire sketching—select beautiful and leave the rest—I shall have to put a figure together by and by. . . . I hope nothing will happen to frustrate my hopes of fame and fortune now within my grasp.

Visitors at Academy—Fuseli—Northcote—Opie—Beechy—Shee.

Now I shall proceed to my progress in painting, which would have been two months further advanced but for dissecting, which I do not regret. Style of Govartius approved, every other style so filled up that some new must be invented. I have done Coxe in the same style and myself in tartan Jacket that I may be known to Scotch people. Shee approved, for Scotch are different from Irish. Coxe says I must wear that dress when I paint, that I am Scotch was a recommendation to him.

I have wished long to be introduced to West. I introduced myself at middle of day. I should have gone in the morning at 10. He was painting. I apologised. "Are these some things you have brought to shew me?" I put Govartius in his hand, while I apologised, he said, "No man who can shew me such works will ever want any other introduction." He admired it, and said, "You have felt this, and given it the spirit of the original,"—thought I had used white, and if I could paint so from nature, would carry all before me—liked Coxe's head—well drawn, solemnity in it. Took pencil himself and corrected something. I shewed him my own—approved much, supposed that fortune was not such an object as fame to one who entered so much into the spirit of the art; but, "if fortune is an object, the novelty will ensure it." He says my pictures "have none of the trifling insignificance of miniatures, so large as to admit all the character and minute marking of portrait"—therefore the size useful for engraving, for in reducing portraits, it was often at the expense of likeness and character—and "Sir, if you are industrious, you must become a second Cooper." What language can equal this? He makes a stride over the moderns, to talk of Shelley would have been too much, and Cosway presumption—but thus to set me down by the side of Cooper! I felt



something indescribable—I blushed at what I ought to exult in. I used not to believe artists, but this from West, without any recommendation but my works, I could attribute to no other cause. I was quite unprepared for so much, and without thinking, said I was “afraid he said more than my picture deserved.” He was displeased, and said he believed no man had ever heard him say what he did not think.

I apologized and after some more conversation he liked the style and said he would *sit to me*. He asked me why I did not call before, he would have been happy to have seen such works.

I said I had waited for Mr. Murray to introduce me. He asked many questions.

He had heard of you. I asked about the frames for my miniatures. He told me to give myself no trouble about them, they would add no value to *my* pictures, which carried their value in themselves. The rule for miniatures is one inch. Think of all this from the *greatest man in the world*. I could scarcely believe my senses. I am happy to find that the world entertains a better opinion of my works than myself. Had I dared to hope that after my whole life I should rise above mediocrity, I should have thought myself the most presumptuous being. I came here not to settle, your letters wisely guarded me against that idea, which then appeared full of danger and ruin. Now let me look back upon my almost unparalleled success.

What obstacles have I surmounted. I have left far behind those plans and hopes which I had pointed out, and you recommended. It is like magic—delirium—but do not suppose that I am carried away, for I feel I am not one of those whose opinion of their works is higher than the world's. I write to you, a relation of facts, which I should be ashamed to write to any but a brother. Nobody would believe me—it is so much like romance that I who only a few months ago was drudging away at Aberdeen—a slave to the caprice of every old woman who should employ me and do a satin piece for 2/6! . . . .

When Shee and Hamilton, etc. praised my works I thought it civility to those who introduced me, and words, of course. I was cautious in believing that my works were worthy of it. I see an immense gulf between me and perfection, altho' it is a pleasure to find that I have left my contemporaries out of sight. Notwithstanding all this, I have laid down an *unshaken* resolution; and nothing shall turn me aside, nothing that can be said by West or any other man shall ever shut my eyes. West has exhausted language in my praise, and I am thankful that I am not blinded by it, and that I still see the wide tract over which I have to travel. No words or language now can have any bad effect, after this, to deceive me that I am further advanced than I really am. I cannot help being pleased and encouraged to continue my exertions which I cannot increase; for *I am as industrious as possible*.

My disposition is, not to be carried away by vanity, but to give my ardour more deep root.

I shall have Mr. West's head engraved.

Coxe raves about all this—he is proud of having discovered genius in the bud, which should be afterwards confirmed, when more matured, by the opinion of the greatest artist living, and in so short a time. He wrote to West, requesting him, when he has leisure after the exhibition, he will appoint a day to meet me and Shee, and said many handsome things of me. He wants me to take a house, and dash immediately—success certain. He does not know how cautious I am. Altho' young, I have seen more of the world than run my head into a noose, or against a wall.

Meanwhile, I suspend until the exhibition and see what the world thinks of them. . . .

Wilton says I must strike terror into them.

Guest does not talk so highly, says I may depend there will not be such miniatures in the exhibition and that by plans and method I have planned myself into notice—he means to plan out for himself.

I am thinking of publishing portraits of Scottish characters of the reign of George 3rd, who by learning, courage, piety, etc. have done honour to their country. The Scotch were never so national as now. This is the result of reflection. I should have many subscriptions in London, my connexion here wider and wider.

. . . I wait for your judgment. . . . Meanwhile I shall go on with a plan not less popular.

In addition to the medals, and cup, voted by the Highland Society, I mean to publish portraits of the officers who were in the field of 20th March, accompanied by a history of the regiment (42nd) from its origin—now is the time, when the nation is in a fever of admiration, and I wait for the patronage of Highland Societies of Scotland and England, I have sent you a copy of letter to former, which met on 21st March. I was introduced to Mr. MacKenzie vice president, (Duke of Athol is president) and he is enthusiastic in its favour—gave me a letter to MacRae, Secretary. I went before the dinner to shew my pictures. Saw 12 of the 42nd officers—fine-looking fellows in full uniform—2 acquaintances—I am to be proposed as a member—I could trace my origin from Struan.\* Made a sketch for medal at desire of Secretary, merely to shew that I can do it, and I was tolerably successful considering the time—if approved, I shall be employed to make the design for the medal and the cup representing the battle. They thought the engraver's design tame—I *tipt them a flash*.

The regiment goes to Edinburgh Castle.

If I succeed in getting the patronage of these societies I shall advertise, and if subscriptions come forward, I shall go to Scotland 1st September when

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\* Note A.

the painting season of Academy is over, and vacation commences—Autumn is a dull painting season, and my return will be guided by circumstances. . . .

April 17th.—This day presented design to Committee (Highland Society) mine approved of, altho' only an outline, while others had all advantages—had seen standard, and other designs. Some were coloured, with all trick of light and shade, and one painted in oils—Duke of Athol (President) in the chair—took my address and will wait upon me. Colonel Robertson a clanish man—head of clan—took address.

8 days ago pictures given in for exhibition, Coxe—self—Mary—Mr. Rhind—Gibbon, and female head—everybody anxious except me—in the midst of my success. I am not sanguine—made up my mind not to be disappointed—my hopes are humble, for my good fortune far exceeds—a student is happy if ONE is admitted.

When several called to-day, they were astonished to find that I had not inquired about mine, we adjourned. . . . All mine are received—they said the devil was in me or my pictures—all Guest's refused, they do not like his false masterly dash of a style. . . .

Dear Father,

London, May 1802.

. . . I had a letter from Sandy the other day. He had just received the small copy of Govartius which I had sent him. He said it *astonished* him. I am very happy that it has gone safe. My pictures *all* have the *best places* in the exhibition, especially my two large ones, which are in the very centre of the whole and most conspicuous. Mr. West was very angry that I had put anything else in the exhibition than the two large ones. He said that by my small miniatures I sunk as low as I rose above all the others with my large ones. The council could not believe them to be by the same hand. The small ones seemed to be done by one who could never arrive at anything *whatever* in the art—the others seemed the hand of a master. The truth is, I did them before I knew Mr. Coxe, and thought them at the time very fine. The others I did after having copied Titian and Vandyke. Mr. West said I was only equal to 5 in the one, while in the other I was equal to 100 in the scale of painting. I introduced myself to Cosway, the miniature painter (who is at the top of the profession and a most pompous man) merely as a student of the Academy. He, like Mr. West, received me at first distantly, but when I shewed my great head, he was much gratified, and asked how it was done, and how I had contrived to make such a copy of such a picture. I said it was water colours—"Indeed, upon Vellum?"—"No, upon ivory, a plain, common miniature." He could scarcely believe altho' he has painted in miniature for 30 years, he did not know it. I was not surprised at Mr. West's mistaking it, but that Cosway himself should be deceived is unaccountable. He asked why I



did not exhibit it? I said Mr. West told me that copies would not be admitted—he said that was not so, for Mr. Bone's enamel pictures were nothing but copies, and it was all a farce their being admitted on account of the difficulty of acquiring the art of enamelling—he had enamelled himself he said—"but could you not say that it was painted in a new style, and did not choose to say how?" "I did not know it"—"had you come to me, I would have taken it myself and insisted upon it." This was a great compliment to me, and from a man who has long been above exhibiting his pictures. He is the vainest creature in the world, but to me he behaved in a most liberal manner. He was at such pains to shew me everything excellent, that I could not get away without insisting upon it.

The same day I had a recommendation to Lawrence but his distance was such that it formed a complete contrast—I shall never more take a letter to any man, it does more injury than good. It imposes, as it were, a task upon them, and they think a man stands in no need of assistance when he appears to have friends and recommendations, no, no, my pictures are my friends, *they* have never deceived me. . . . I congratulate myself, as every miniature painter does, that Mr. Bone's enamel pictures are not among the miniature pictures, they are so brilliant that they kill and destroy everything that comes near them.

I said to Mr. Cosway I was glad they were out of the way—"pooh, pooh!"—said he—"Mr. Bone's pictures are very fine and brilliant, but they are not nature, they are but china, let him do what he will, and as hard—they have not the softness of flesh—were this head to appear among them, the soft fleshiness of it would kill his" . . . you will send me by the first ship, my box to hold my miniatures, 2 or 3 pairs of Mockasons and the tartan jacket which MacDonald will make as soon as he can—he made my last—he lives opposite G. MacKenzie's new shop. . . .

Mr. William Robertson,  
Aberdeen.

Dear Father,

London, May 1802.

. . . . I am sorry that I have no money to send you. I have painted several pictures lately, but I had so much to pay, that it is all gone. I have, however, got one or two more to do, and hope to get the money soon. Colonel Pierrepont has given me a letter to the Marquis of Exeter who has one of the finest collections in England—he has said that it shall be at my service—but it is some 70 miles from London—I shall wait upon him in a few days. . . . The Duke of Kent is going to Gibraltar so I am disappointed in painting him. I believe the Duchess of Gordon and Lady G. will both sit to me. . . . I received the fish, you need not mind the whiskey till

we have more money. . . I have two months' board and lodging due; I owe money to my tailor, frame maker, etc., but I have a good many pictures in hand, which will soon, I hope, enable me to send you more. . .

I am very busy just now, otherwise I should write to Mr. Rhind, but shall soon, tell him that he is in the exhibition. Give my compliments to Captain Leith of Barra, and tell him that I am collecting accounts of the origin and history of the 42nd Regiment, and that I must follow them thro' all their campaigns, and all their transactions. I must pick up every anecdote and history of individuals of the Regiment, indeed every thing worth notice. Tell him that I depend much upon him, and that if he still retains the memory of former days, he will sit down and commit to paper, for the honour of the 42nd, everything he can recollect, good or bad. I shall write him soon, in the mean time, as fast as he can recollect facts, let him write them down and give you to send me and not to mind any arrangement because I must arrange myself all the communications I shall receive—but I depend chiefly on him—tell him to begin at the very origin. . . .

I remain, yours affectionately,

A. ROBERTSON.

Mr. William Robertson,  
Aberdeen.

#### Memo.—Letter to Sandy, May 12th, 1802.

Happy that you have got Govartius and are satisfied with my progress. I should be miserable otherwise. I continue successful.

At first, being attracted to the best pictures, I thought this exhibition superior to the last, but now do not think so. Many of the best painters do not exhibit. Beechy, Shee, Lawrence and Turner, fine. Shelley fine, but not equal to last year.

My pictures have the best lights. Coxe, and my head, in the very centre. Shelley is under.

Having been led to suppose that my pictures would be the best, I was mortified to find they were not so fine as I expected, but I now see my errors, and must improve against next exhibition, when I may really expect to do something. However, they are far above mediocrity, and above what were my hopes when I came to London, having to contend with 1,500 artists of superior opportunities—for I had no right to expect to equal the best.

I find that in general, recommendations do more harm than good, and I am resolved to receive no more, but to trust to my own pictures and merit. Every man who possesses humanity is the friend of the unprotected (but if he finds that a young man has friends, and recommendations, he thinks he stands

less in need of assistance, and he will do more of his own accord, by following the dictates of his own inclinations than when it is imposed as a duty by the recommendation of a friend).

I called on Lawrence, recommended by his friend, he at last appeared and bowed, and bowed and bowed again—he would be *very* happy to do anything in his power and bowed—wishing to copy one of his heads in miniature, he brought out a bad picture—one sitting. I bowed, and bowed, as much as he could do for his soul, said I would wait till it was finished, and bowed off.

I next saw West—he was very angry—“What, in the name of wonder, could I mean by putting those small pictures in the exhibition?”

“I knew his opinion of them, not 5 while the others would rise to 100. The council thought the small ones were done by one who could never arrive at anything whatever in the art, while the large ones were the hand of a master.”

I said that when I did them, I thought them very fine—he said that—“by them I sunk as low beneath the rest, as in the large ones, I rose above them.”

He will begin to sit in a few weeks and appropriate the Sunday mornings. He sat down for me to look at his head.

Mr. Wilton has always stood up for the interests of the students like a father, in this instance he had been very attentive. I expressed to Mr. West my thanks to Mr. Wilton for having given my pictures so distinguished a place, but was afraid they were more conspicuous than meritorious—“no such thing”—said Mr. West—“Mr. Wilton is very stiff and inflexible, depend upon it he will never put down merit, to raise you, or any other, nothing but the merit of your pictures placed them there.” Coxé saw Mr. West lately, who said that was a very fine portrait of him in the exhibition and that I was “an extraordinary young man.” Thus Mr. West’s opinion confirming the expectations of Raeburn, Hamilton, etc. I introduced myself to Cosway—apologised—short time in London—student at Academy, etc.—put Govartius into his hand—“but how is it done?”—“in water”—“upon vellum?” “No, a common thing upon ivory,”—“indeed—I see you have used white in linen.” “No.” “Bless me, look there, is not that white?” “No, not even the ivory, which is kept down.”

“Why did not Mr. Angerstein buy this picture? I am surprised that any man who possesses the original would part with such a copy.” “Had Mr. Angerstein expressed a wish to possess it—it should have been at his service.” “Well, to be sure, Mr. Angerstein knows as much about it as a cat, why did you not put such a head in the exhibition?”

“Mr. West said it was against a law of the Academy to admit copies.” “It is not true, why should not yours be admitted, as well as Mr. Bone’s enamels? Had you come to me, I should have insisted on its admission.



It's all a farce pretending the difficulty of acquiring the art of enamel painting. I did not know this to be a miniature on ivory, could you not say that you did not choose to divulge how it was done."

"I am happy that Bone's enamels are placed out of the way." "Pooh, pooh! they are not flesh, all that he can do they are still china and as hard—were this head to appear among his enamels, the soft fleshiness of it would kill his."

In short, Cosway was most liberal, in so much that I could not intrude longer upon his time altho' I could scarcely get away, he asked to see my small miniatures which he liked and pointed out some things—"but how do you get such a black?"—"indian ink." I promised to give him some.

I shall next wait upon Humphrey, thus you see I rise—if artists are shy, I point my great gun, my pioneer, which clears the way.

I have had some business in miniature lately—my eyes begin to be affected. I shall now paint in oils and see collections of pictures—sketch from them and collect subjects. . . . I am to paint R. J. Livingston's sister's picture and her husband, Dr. Mallet, and her mother, from Paris. . . .

Dear Sir,

London, 30th May 1802.

. . . . Since I last wrote you I have been introduced to the Marquis of Exeter by Colonel Pierrepont. His choice collection of pictures at Burleigh House is the most extensive in the kingdom. He received me in the kindest manner, Colonel P. having said a great deal for me—I shewed him some of my pictures, and of course, the copy I made of Vandyck's famous Govartius. After he had seen and examined it and I had told him my course of study, and the difficulty I had to procure even that *one* picture, with the little probability of getting more, he offered me the use of his whole collection and invited me to Burleigh House this summer, when, and how long, I shall find convenient, or think his collection worthy of attention. He took me out in his chariot to shew my paintings to some of his friends, and I have every reason to hope that I shall obtain every patronage in his power to bestow. The smallest opening among the nobility is sufficient for a young artist, if he has any merit, to push forward to fame and fortune, but the sanction of a man so long looked up to as the most dignified character, for his amiable manners, and exquisite taste in the arts, is such, that I do not know what good fortune I may not expect from this fortunate circumstance. I shall no doubt prevail upon his Lordship to sit and the Marchioness (late the amiable Duchess of Hamilton) who has always been remarkable for her benevolence and refined taste will, I hope imitate her Lord's example. I shall, as I have always endeavoured to do, make the best use of my good fortune, and if possible, prove myself not unworthy of their favour.

I have fixed the 1st September to go to his house, as at that time there is a vacation at the Academy. I do not know how long I may remain there, my stay will be regulated by circumstances. Perhaps I may form some connections to extend my patronage. All I now hope for, is that I may have the good fortune to get some of the nobility, and people of consequence, to sit to me against next exhibition, to introduce me to the world.

I wish very much, before next winter to spend a few months at Aberdeen, but that must depend upon circumstances.

I am, dear Sir,

John Ewen, Esquire,  
Aberdeen.

Yours ever,

ANDREW ROBERTSON.

Memo.—Letter to Sandy, June 10th, 1802.

Have seen Mr. Livingston and Mr. Murray whom I found pleasant . . . . were surprised at my Govartius, young R. West could not say if it was water, oil, or crayons, said it was such as to be admitted among cabinet pictures. . . .

(Introduced to Lord Exeter by Colonel Pierrepont. Has invited me to Burleigh House 80 miles north and offered me the use of his very extensive collection . . . . such a patron will introduce me to the world. I shall try to deserve his kindness—if they, and 3 or 4 more nobility would sit against next year, I have no fear of getting on.) . . .

West to sit on Sunday. . . .

London, 12th June 1802.

(Saturday.)

Dear Katey,

. . . . By my last letter from New York I understand that Archy and Sandy have made a new arrangement of their business. Archy is to paint and Sandy is to teach. Therefore their partnership is no longer necessary. Sandy will be much more comfortable than before, for Archy lives in so domestic a style, has no company, and Sandy could never use the liberty to ask his friends to see him in the way he could wish. He removes to No. 17, Day Street. I believe Charles and he will live together, being both unmarried, their society will be more similar.\* In consequence of this Sandy will be at a good deal of expense for furniture, etc. and I am afraid will not have it so much in his power to assist us. However, we must do our best. I am afraid I shall not have much business in the summer, and it is a material point for me to be in London until the 1st September (when I shall go to

\* Note D.

Lord Exeter's, who invited me to stay in his house and make use of his gallery of pictures. I cannot go before that time) as it is the best season for academical study from the life. . . . Archy has written me that it will not be in his power to send me any further assistance. I think he has sent me twice, £10. Sandy will do what he can, but I do not expect he will have it in his power.

The exhibition closed this day and the Academy will open in a week.

Mr. West was to have sat to-morrow morning, but being engaged, it is put off for a week.

Mr. Shee says I have come up to my contemporaries already. He told me this morning that at the council when they examined the pictures before the exhibition, when there is no time for anything, all is bustle—my pictures were handed round and he says if I had been behind the curtain to have heard what was said, I should be vain. . . .

I remain, your affectionate Brother,

Miss K. Robertson,

ANDREW ROBERTSON.

Marshall Street, Aberdeen.

I have just 13/- remaining of a guinea Booth lent me. . . .

London, 16th July 1802.

Dear Katey,

(Monday.)

. . . Mr. West has sat to me three Sundays, and the 2nd, I was with him from 10 in the morning, to 12 at night. He sat yesterday. He had been 10 days at Windsor where he always has access to the King's private ear, who respects him very highly. I have some reason to suppose (quietly) that if I succeed in his picture as in the others, he will shew it to the King. I do not despair of arriving at still greater honour.

Whatever Mr. West can do, I may command.

I call upon him every day or two. He will sit to me as much as I please. He seems very anxious that I shall succeed in making such a head as will do me credit. I must go on here until 1st September when I shall go to Burleigh House 1 mile of Stamford, a very genteel and populous town, and if I see much business offer there, I shall remain in the town until winter, but while I remain at Burleigh House I cannot accept of the *least* business. . . . my stay in his house will be entirely determined by what pictures I shall study from, and other circumstances. In case these things fail, I shall spend some time in Aberdeen before winter.

I got all the things safe—tell Mr. MacDonald the coat fitted me perfectly.

You might have put in a few haddocks.



I wish you to look over all the American letters, and send me a list of all the money sent us—the date of the bills, and whether Archy or Sandy—and how much they both owed when they went to New York. . . .

Dear Sir,

London, 23rd July 1802.

. . . I am happy to say that I increase in favour with Mr. West, he sat to me nearly a month ago. He devotes the whole of his Sundays to me and upon that day, his palette is almost entirely laid aside to accommodate me. He has sat to me every Sunday since, except once, when he was at Windsor with the King, who is always open to him, and entertains the highest respect for him. I have, from several circumstances, strong reason to suppose that if my picture of Mr. West shall turn out as well as those I have done, of which I have no doubt, he means to show it to his Majesty. He seems perfectly satisfied with it, so far, and is as keen upon it as I am. I continue to make the best use of my time and to study close at the Academy until the 1st September when I shall go to Burleigh House, where it is likely I may be detained some time, after I have studied these pictures I shall find useful, I hope to form some good connections among the nobility there, and if possible I shall before winter come to Aberdeen for a few weeks, as after another exhibition, I shall make an effort to go to Paris for a year and to see Italy, but in my department of the art, Paris affords the widest field in the Louvre, from whence I should hope to bring copies in miniature in my new large style of such capital pictures as will (if I am as successful as before) establish me in London, and make an exhibition, which I hope will be thought worthy of the world's approbation, for until I do something of that kind, or have very general introductions among the rich nobility, I cannot expect employment in this new style, it will be so expensive and I must trudge on with the mob of common miniature painters in their common beaten track—these large heads take so much time, that I could not do one of them under 20 or 30 guineas and I hope before many years, if I get employment at all, to arrive at 40 or 50. . . .

I think I wrote you that my pictures had the most conspicuous place at the exhibition, in the very centre and I understand from those people (workmen) who were employed in putting them up, they were the very first miniatures that were hung up, thus you see, Sir, that I am so absorbed in vanity and become such an egotist, that I find all my letters to you treat only of myself. I insensibly run into that subject partly from vanity, but I think chiefly because I believe you take an interest in my little concerns. . . .

I have something very particular in view with regard to your miniature, but I am not satisfied with it, and should like to have you in my new style.

Mr. Coxe continues his good offices and kind attentions.

Mr. Andrew Wilson my old fellow student at Edinburgh is lately returned from Italy and France. We met at Mr. West's, he came in one Sunday when he was sitting to me. We were there at his house from 10 in the morning to 12 at night. He (Mr. West) took his palette and lectured upon colours to us two, for more than two hours, disclosing the result of his experience. . . .

I remain, dear Sir,

Yours ever,

John Ewen, Esquire. . . . . A. ROBERTSON.

Memo.—Letter to Archy, July 23rd, 1802.

. . . It was during the first six months after I left Aberdeen that I did everything. Painted Danae, Govartius, etc. As my funds failed, I looked out more for business than for study. I did not study with that light heart with which I flew thro' every difficulty. I might become independent by going back to Aberdeen, but had I not better follow up my good fortune here? . . . the average expense of the family, since it devolved upon me has been not less than £200 a year—at first, much less indeed, and then I have seen as much misery as most people—not a morsel in the mouths of one of us for a whole day—then at night perhaps by selling something, as much meal and a little milk was obtained as to make a dish of pottage—forming to us perhaps the most luxurious dish we ever sat down to—*there* was no sauce, no garnish necessary to excite appetite—hunger—absolute want, supplied every deficiency, and rendered the pleasure of eating greater than we have, or I hope ever shall experience again, from the nicest dainties. Then, I remember, would my mother say, she was not hungry—being then a boy, without judgment and hungry, neither I, nor any of the family perceived that she would not eat until she saw her family satisfied. You are a father and I dare say can feel this—and many a time, altho' I did not perceive it, have we eaten what would have satisfied her cravings. She suffered much, poor woman, then and before, and she has had a hard struggle for us, from the prime of her life. You know more of her previous hardships than I, who was then an infant. Here let me beg you will pause and drop a tear over it as I do now and often have done. Poor thing, her sufferings in her decline of life, have ruined her health and for some years, all our care has scarcely been sufficient to preserve her mind entire and now that we have all left her, she is worse, her objects are accomplished, her family is grown up and three of us are rising very high . . . she has now only one wish, to see us all collected, and give us her blessing before she sinks to rest for ever—and I much fear that is not far off—surely *we* may make her few remaining days comfortable, and at last lay her now grey hairs quietly in her bed of rest—or if we had the power and would not, should we not deserve . . . but this is too much . . .

during this time of hardship we ran in debt, which I was enabled in some degree to pay, when the scarcity of 1796 came and we sank again—by industry, our debts had again disappeared, when another scarcity came, so long as to shake the most opulent. At last, when I left Aberdeen, I had paid all tho' in the midst of scarcity, by industry, care and professional improvement. Besides this, I made those to whom we owe existence comfortable. This I might have saved and been rich, had I been wiser, but would I have been happier—No! Not all the mines of Peru could purchase one of the tears I have just dropped, and as Sandy has contributed one sixth, if he enjoys only that share of the pleasure I now feel, he is happy, and regrets not the trash that has been spent in so good a cause. . . .

Before you went to America, you did all you could, formed one with the family, and while in Edinburgh, and also in London, but I cannot account for the change now. It is natural enough after you were married to take care of your family, but you should not forget your parents who have an equal claim. I own that had you not been an artist, Sandy would have been a poor lawyer and I a mechanic from Gordon's Hospital. You have been very good with your advice. Your judgment is sound, for which I respect you as a man. As a brother I feel the same for you and Sandy. The latter I admire as possessing all the fine feelings of the soul, give me these and be he savage, African or Turk I will hug him. . . . Mr. West sits every Sunday—last time from 10 to 5—people will only sit an hour, he knows the necessity of it, for a good picture. People sat to Vandyke for days and weeks and Mr. West will do so. . . .

Dear Father,

London, 10th August 1802.

. . . I go to Lord Exeter's 1st September. I do not know how my funds will stand, or how I shall clear everything before I go, and I must have money in my pocket for incidental expenses.

I am afraid we shall have a hard year, as I suppose we need not expect much from America. I do not know how long I shall be at Lord Exeter's . . . before I return to town in winter, I shall try to be in Aberdeen for a few weeks to make a little money.

In consequence of Mr. West having sat to me, and thought me worthy of encouragement, Mr. Angerstein having heard of it, and that I had made so good use of that one picture he gave me leave to copy, has desired it to be announced to me that his whole collection is at my service.

This is the grandest object I have attained, but I shall not be able to study from them until I return. If one picture did so much for me, what will not the whole collection do? . . .



Lord Exeter's collection is much more numerous, and more extensive, and choice. Mr. A.'s are few but these are the great and first pictures in the nation and most of them cost thousands.

I do not know how I shall be able to accomplish and take advantage of my uncommon good fortune, but I must make a push for it, as so much depends upon it. . . .

I am yours affectionately,

Mr. William Robertson, A. ROBERTSON.  
Marshall Street, Aberdeen.

Dear Sir,

London, 10th August 1802.

. . . I have almost finished Mr. West's picture, with which he is highly pleased, he goes to Paris in a few days and before he returns, I am afraid I shall have left London . . . (In consequence of Mr. West's approbation of my works and his having thought me worthy of encouragement, so far as to sit to me, Mr. Angerstein has desired it to be intimated to me that in consequence of my having made such good use of his former permission to copy one picture, his whole collection is at my service. This I look upon as the most fortunate thing I have met with in London for even as yet I have only had permission to copy two pictures. I promise myself much improvement by this, but I shall not be able to avail myself of it until I return to town). . . .

I remain, dear Sir,

Yours truly,

John Ewen, Esquire,  
Aberdeen.

ANDREW ROBERTSON.

Memo.—Letter to Sandy, August 1802.

. . . At first ashamed in Academy . . . my improvement however, rapid, at which they stared, until now I take the lead. One evening the students as they came in, told me successively, how, in my absence the night before, my work had been praised and how far beyond my hopes a year ago—my then contemporaries—none of whom are in the Life Academy—say I am the luckiest man in England. Guest, a great mind—if he would stoop to draw, he might be a second M. Angelo. I wish I had a share of his ideas, but perhaps it is with that, as with drawing the figure, because I cannot do it at once I set down that I have no genius; but were I to travel, and collect materials, I might also find that in composition I can do more than I am aware of. An historical painter, when he can command his materials, and can imitate the human figure, hair, drapery, landscape, cattle and still life, with a knowledge

of clear obscure and composition, must travel and glean every thing for this purpose to elevate his ideas. Mr. Guest has done so, but too early in life. As to me, I am thankful for a year's study in London. In my *practice*, I begin prudently with the lowest, and if I am fortunate, I shall aim at a higher, in *study*, I begin with the highest and if I find I want genius come down to a lower I must try to hit the medium. When at Aberdeen, my hopes were London—now they are Paris, and the Louvre—lucky for man, as one want is gratified, another arises, which keeps him always active, without which he would sink, being contented, he would be so with less, and less. . . .

I shall strain every nerve to be in Paris after next Exhibition, where I can live at half the expense of London. (I wait for Lord Exeter's letter anxiously, I do not know how I shall raise funds. Mr. Angerstein having heard of my success and that Mr. West thought me so worthy of encouragement is to sit himself and has offered me his collection to study. This came through P. Warren.) I called upon West to let him know the first beneficial effects of his patronage and took my Academy studies in painting to shew him. He shook his head at the first, said they were very bad—as I shewed him others, he said, "Bless me, what a rapid improvement, go on with your studies Mr. R."

West, Fuseli, Opie, Daniel, Garrey, etc. are in Paris.

When I leave Lord Exeter's, I must go to Aberdeen, and drop the plan of study I have laid down.

You cannot assist me, and the greatest part of what you have sent for the last 6 or 8 months has been sent to the family, either by bills, pictures payable at Aberdeen or by my accounts there.

I must leave this indebted to several, and to my tailor. I have gone shabby this summer, to be decent at Lord Exeter's. I must do business at Aberdeen, live sparingly, and clear their difficulties.

I shall leave London the end of October, and paint portrait, miniature, etc. anything for money, but I shall be guided by circumstances, and if anything better occurs, I shall seize it.

Dear Sir,

London, August 1802.

Since I had the honour to be introduced to Lord Exeter through your kindness, I have not been so fortunate as to see you. Hoping to find you at your lodgings, I did not write to you, but when I called, you were unluckily out of town. I wish to express to you the uncommon civility shewn me by Lord Exeter, who was so much pleased with some of my little things as to take me in his chariot to show them to Miss Moore. He was so good as to offer me the use of some of his pictures at Burleigh House, and the 1st September was fixed for me to go there. I took the liberty to write to his Lordship, a few lines, to say that I should be happy to accept his kind

indulgence. He was so kind as answer my letter *immediately*, by which I was sorry to hear that his health was impaired, and that, as you already knew, he was under the necessity of going to Tenby for the sea bath; but that as soon as he returns home, he will let me know. This is so much trouble to his Lordship, that I am ashamed to have laid you under so great an obligation to his Lordship, for which all I proffer you is my poor thanks. When it shall be convenient for his Lordship that I shall study there—if it is any pleasure to you to see your trouble turned to advantageous improvement, if industry will produce it, I hope I shall be able to shew you the good effects of what you have done, when I thank you in person. I mean to go to Aberdeen in a few weeks, to spend the remainder of the year there, and at Edinburgh. If, in the meantime Lord Exeter shall find it convenient for me to go to Burleigh House, his letter will be forwarded to me, and I shall always be ready, at a moment's warning to avail myself of his goodness—if I can do anything for you in Scotland you know you may command me. . . .

Colonel Pierrepont.

Sir,

London, August 1802.

In consequence of your generous permission to study from your celebrated pictures, as communicated to me by Mr. Warren, I did myself the honour to wait upon you, but found that you had just gone in the country. I wished to express my gratitude to you, personally, as well for the indulgence formerly granted to me in copying the Govartius of Vandyke as for this present extension of your liberality. When I had the honour to see you before, I could not sufficiently express my thanks to you, for I did not then anticipate the numerous benefits which afterwards accrued to me from copying that picture.

I did not then know that it would gain me so much approbation, that it would become my passport, and introduction, to every artist and amateur, and that finally, without any other introduction to Mr. West, he should so far approve of my poor pencil as to think it not beneath him to sit to me, and to sacrifice a very considerable portion of his precious time, for that purpose. I have painted his portrait in the same style as I copied Govartius; and if it is not intruding too much upon your goodness, I should be very proud to have the honour of showing it to you when you return to town. I did not before know the extent of the advantages which I should derive from copying the Govartius, so it is impossible for me to conceive the extent of the benefits which must result from your extended patronage and liberality. It is my anticipation of these and my own feelings which prompt me to express my gratitude to you at present, but I hope the time will come when I shall have it in my power to say . . . you have done this—accept my thanks. . As to



the liberal mind the greatest satisfaction is to see that his patronage has not been thrown away or abused—if industrious application and love of the art can produce that effect, I flatter myself that I shall attain that summit of my hopes, if not of my wishes, which are that I may arrive as high in my profession, in consequence of your goodness, as to show those who possess galleries, how much might be expected from the rising art of this country, were they to follow your liberal example.

The little I have done in the 12 months I have studied in London, has been in consequence of copying the only two pictures I have had access to, which are a head of Titian in the collection of Mr. Coxe, and your much famed Vandyke; and although I was as low in the art as possible when I came to London, yet in consequence of having copied these, the pictures which I sent to the exhibition were so much approved of as to be set aside and handed round the table, with some flattering encomiums, as several of the Royal Academicians informed me, and they were honoured by being placed in the principal situation in the centre of the miniatures.

I am sensible that I have intruded my private concerns too much upon your goodness.

I have only to beg the favour that you will, if you think proper, be so good as authorize me to be admitted by the servants to the gallery.

I am, Sir,

With the greatest respect,

Your most humble and grateful servant,

ANDREW ROBERTSON.

John Julius Angerstein, Esquire.

Dear Sir,

London, 11th September 1802.

. . . . . You will see by the papers that great numbers of the English artists are in Paris—West—Opie—Fuseli, etc., where they will find much gratification from the old masters' works to make up for the defect in the Modern French school.

As to myself, I go on industriously in prosecuting my improvement in the art. I have made more rapid improvement within these two months at the Academy than at any former period.

I wait for Mr. West's return to finish his portrait. Mr. Angerstein, hearing of his particular attention and approbation of my works, has laid open his whole collection to me, while he is in the country, and no person whatever is to be admitted in his absence, high or low except myself, and any person Mr. Lawrence may permit. Lawrence is a particular favourite of Angerstein. I have not yet begun, as I am now busy making another study from Mr.

Coxe's famous head by Titian, which I had formerly painted, but unfortunately lost. He has entrusted it to my lodging. . . .

I am, dear Sir,

Your humble servant,

John Ewen, Esquire,  
Aberdeen.

ANDREW ROBERTSON.

Memo.—Letter to Sandy, September 18th, 1802.

. . . . I expect some pictures to enable me to get away . . . hope to have a run in Scotland and to be able to pay family debts. My fame here, has spread there and will be useful, and I want practice from nature. Young artists, before they get a flow of practice, must glean in summer and autumn in the country, their winter stock for town. Lord Exeter is ill at Tenby, I shall therefore go on with my plans. Wrote Mr. Angerstein, who answered immediately to be admitted when I please. I do not know if he means that I shall paint, but I shall have a day or two of Govartius. Danae has been an enormous undertaking. I have got through it at last. It is said to be the best of all. It has hurt my eyes. I must take care of them. I shall make a tour of the Academy before I go to Aberdeen, when I have got frames. 42nd Regiment have dropped the plan. I have sent you a bundle of experiments which I did when I came here, uncertain if I should not follow landscape . . . Walmsley bridge—lights washed off. Turner uses it much. . . very narrow minded. His style is to rub, sponge, and wash off lights, draws on thick vellum. . . Colman ditto. Girton upon firm cartridge. . . I spent two sittings merely in drawing Mr. West's head. I only begin to find how difficult it is to draw a head. Vandyke and Rembrandt only could draw a head finely. There are not now 6 who can do it. West's head is correct in proportion by the compasses. I applied paralleled threads and found all wrong, notwithstanding my care and his. This shows that the eye may be incorrect, bad drawing often in nature, both sides unlike, the medium must be taken, looking at the other side in a glass. Attend to the rule of laying down lines—mouth always under, eyes between.

If the head is thrown up, the mouth is prominent or retreats. Never deviate from nature, but bring it into drawing if both sides are unlike; but copy the character of the features exactly. Not only every point must correspond on both sides, but every most minute error.

To prove how few heads are well drawn, take threads, place parallel and compare them—the head should be laid in by twilight.

I now only use black, blue, and Indian Red. I do my shadows with black, my half tints with blue and the whole with Indian Red, and if necessary to

warm any place, a little light red. I warm the shadows with either. If a painter attempt to reduce all his sitters' pictures to a fixed idea in his mind he must make all alike, which is contemptible. He sacrifices character to beauty, and character is the sole object of portrait—witness Westall—he deviates from nature and sinks into contempt with the true artist. Depend that whatever is an exact copy of nature, will and must contain something valuable, however unpicturesque it may have appeared at first, before represented. For example, try a flower, a rough stick, a branch, etc., hang it up before a white ground, do it so as you can hardly tell the one from the other. Thus a man's taste will be corrected. The same principle will hold as to a head, figure, or landscape. Often what is least picturesque to the eye, becomes full of character when on paper. Draw, and copy the colouring of rocks, stumps, foregrounds, plants, etc., and when you introduce them in a landscape, you will be astonished at the originality of them. Clouds, if sketched as they pass, will always carry something to distinguish them from ideal conceptions.

Salvator Rosa, and Poussin, (as I think) first conceived the general subject, and then made up the parts from the sketch book. As to colouring let a man look at the camera—as to touch I am not pinned to any fixed one. . . . Were I to study landscape, I would finish studies in the field. I would have a box for that purpose. It is not sketching, but finishing from nature that makes the great artist—and not only the sublime, but the meanest things in the foreground. I used to dislike the crooked branches and trees of Salvator Rosa, and Poussin, and if I had copied one of their subjects, I should have left out what I now admire as nature, for if they do not give beauty, they give character. It is fair to make use of their studies from nature and of all men's—for if we were on the spot, we could do it as well as they. You will have a great store in Murray's prints.

Compare a flower done from nature, with one similar in London style and you will see the difference, and fear not depth of tone.

I have postponed writing this, but now have Mr. West's opinion in concurrence. I shewed him your drawings, he was quite delighted, they reminded him of the country. I left them with him. He says there is much beauty in your execution, but less nature. He would recommend the camera obscura to any artist, whether portrait, history, or landscape. I gave him the two pairs of your views on the Hudson river. The river appears by no means so immense as it really is—ships, etc., too large. If there is no subject, a tree comes in well, but if there is sublimity of subject, no occasion for much foreground. Objects are great or small, only by comparison. If you wish for grandeur and sublimity, give a dwarfish foreground. He thinks before they are engraved 'twere well to let some one look at them. I am sure he will readily do it if you send them to him. At any rate you must write him a letter of thanks for me. He complimented me on some of my experiments last year, when I was doubtful which branch to follow. He liked Archy's



apotheosis of Washington—said if he had more practice he might have done something. Antique Academy at New York. Murray suggested it to Livingston, the American Minister at Paris. It is come so far that the casts are ordered.

Murray has the finest taste, he has much credit in the proposal, and will raise £2,000 in New York, to support and defray the expense.

If Mr. West were 20 years younger, he would go to America and establish the art. He advises me to go to Paris, to the Louvre, for a year.

I must try after another exhibition, the expense not one third of what it is here.

In hanging pictures, Mr. West says, first pick out the prime pictures as centres, then hang the rest to best advantage. Mr. West lectured to Wilson and me on oil colours for two hours. I try the same on ivory, at Academy very awkward at first, but my improvement now so rapid as to astonish the rest. Bourgeois and Fuseli visitors. They and Banks, etc. observed my "eye correct." Beechy next visitor. . . .

Dear Father,

London, 20th September 1802.

. . . . I have not heard from America lately, I do not know how we shall get through for money. My expenses here have been heavy, and I have many things to pay. Frames for Mr. West, Mr. Coxe, and my own picture, with one for another copy of Mr. Coxe's Danae (the best picture I have done), will cost me £10. My colourman, tailor, lodgings, etc., and many other things I want, and I am afraid must want, but I have some pictures in view. . . .

Yours affectionately,

Mr. William Robertson.

A. ROBERTSON.

Dear Katey,

London, 27th September 1802.

. . . . I should enclose you a note or two, but at present I have scarcely a shilling.

I expect something soon, to go on in the meantime, and as soon as I can, I shall send you something. I see that in the present situation of affairs I ought to come to Aberdeen, but that is impossible just now. I must wait Mr. West's return from Paris to finish his picture, and several other objects I have now in view. Another thing, it will take a great deal of money to pay what I owe here, besides the stock of materials which I must lay in before I should come. . . .

Memo.—Letter to Charles Rhind, September 28th, 1802.

. . . . Going to Scotland . . . study hair and drapery. . . .  
Mr. West's picture will save me trouble in Scotland in convincing people that  
I have made good use of my time. . . I have written you an idea of Gow's  
real playing. . . .

Dear Katey, London, 19th October 1802.

. . . I do not know when I shall be in Aberdeen, if possible, I  
shall leave this in a fortnight or little more, it depends chiefly upon Mr. West's  
sitting to finish his picture, but he is so busy after his arrival from Paris that  
I do not exactly know how it may be. . . .

Dear Father, London, November 10th, 1802.

. . . I have little to do with music now, and as to the Musical  
Society I have done with it. I shall not be long enough in Aberdeen to do  
anything with it.

I shall not be able to leave this until 1st December, as something has  
occurred to step in. If I had got away 1st November as I intended, I might  
have returned to London 1st January, but now I shall not be able to return to  
London till the end of January. I could wish, and must be here for the  
Queen's birthday, to prepare my pictures for the exhibition. I shall not be  
much more than a month in Aberdeen—so that those who want pictures must  
be ready, as I never will advertise.

I paid £10 for my frames, and got them to day, and I shall immediately  
begin to introduce myself to every member of the Academy, to make myself as  
much known as possible. The time may come when I shall be a member  
myself. . . .

Mr. William Robertson.

Yours, etc.,

A. ROBERTSON.

Dear Sir, 20, Cecil Street, London, 11th November 1802.

Of late I have been so much occupied that I have not had in my power  
to write to you, and I expected, indeed, that by this time I should have had  
the pleasure to see you; but after having been detained so long, something  
has occurred to prevent my leaving London until 1st December, for which I  
am very sorry, as it will make my stay in Aberdeen so short. . . . I shall  
stop a while at Edinburgh, and shall have the pleasure to see my good old

friends Nasmyth and Raeburn, who I am sure will be happy to see my progress. . . .

I remain, dear Sir,

Yours faithfully,

A. ROBERTSON.

John Ewen, Esquire,  
Aberdeen.

Dear Father,

London, 22nd November 1802.

. . . I am sorry you are so badly off for money, more especially as the sum in my pocket amounts to 4/- but I expect in a few days I shall be paid for some pictures which I hope will enable me to get away—if not, I do not know how I shall do.

I have written to Mr. Boxill\* to pay you 3 guineas he owes me for pictures and which only necessity makes me ask him for and I told him so.

I shall have time to receive an answer from you, if you write the day after you get this. . . .

Yours ever,

A. R.

I shall come by Edinburgh, as I expect some money there.

Mr. William Robertson.

Dear Father,

London, November 24th, 1802.

The letter I wrote for Monday's post was too late and went yesterday.

The sum of money I had yesterday amounted to one shilling with which I made shift to dine. All this day I have not had a farthing. It is now 5 o'clock and I was just going to pawn my watch for some dinner, when a gentleman called and paid me £5 for a picture, and which came just in time for me to send you this £2 by post.

I had a letter from Charles to-day, who tells me to keep up my spirits. He is looking out for a draft, and moreover tells me Sandy and his determination that I shall go on, and in the spring I shall go to Paris to study in the Louvre. . . .

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\* This was my maternal uncle (at that time studying medicine in Aberdeen), my father married his only sister, youngest child of Samuel Boxill, of Waterford, Barbadoes. At this period, my mother was with her parents, she afterwards came to England with my uncle and his wife. When her father died, his widow settled in London.—E. R.



On Sunday Mr. West dines with Mr. Coxe, who is so proud of the honour, and having come through me. Mr. Coxe had no acquaintance of West, but in his business as an auctioneer—but for this, I should leave this on Sunday, next ship is Thursday. These Leith ships are all fine vessels.

I am, etc.,  
A. R.

Wednesday.

Memo.—Letter to Sandy, November 24th, 1802.

. . . . Casts in Academy were bad—bad indeed. Thrice painted over and shining, instead of flat colour. This the cause of bad drawing here. I asked West the reason why drawing is inferior here—if want of genius. He said, surely not, but he could not find the cause. I told him plainly what I felt when drawing from the Antique, and that they must be painted again, or get new casts. At last council 30, drawings shewn—only 4 admitted and 1 to life.

This strictness is very foolish, for the young men do all they can, and almost fight about places, bad as they are. The radical cause is want of good casts and a good room. This has *three* windows! I have not studied Antique since I got into life, having always had Paris in view, and now that I am promised assistance from you and Charles,\* I arrange accordingly.

Charles' conduct and goodness beyond everything. I hope I would do as much for him in similar circumstances, yet hard to say . . . that is my plan—make myself known in Edinburgh, paint at Aberdeen and study French—in the country pick up recommendations, if I can, from *grande*s—return to London as early as possible (to prepare for exhibition) at furthest Candlemas—and in May I go. Coxe accompanies me—nothing gives Coxe more delight than my connection with West, for he has a deal of vanity, that useful little vice which does so much good in the world. I was a rough diamond and he has all the merit of bringing me on.

November 28th, Sunday.—West sat again.

Sir George Beaumont there—"I am coaxing Mr. Robertson, Sir George, to pursue Miniature in a great style." . . . We adjourned to Coxe's to dine—unfortunately Shee was engaged. West was pleased with Coxe's pictures, paid him compliments on the encouragement he has given. "Mr. Coxe, I have heard from this worthy young man, whom I now hold by the hand, what you have done, and as representative of the arts, I thank you."

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\* This was Charles Rind, previously mentioned.

Great men buy old pictures. Millions laid out, but lost to art, for they are locked up. Coxe would do anything for me, but I shall keep clear of pecuniary obligations. . . .

Memo.—Letter to Sandy, November 29th, 1802.

. . . Still regular at Academy. Flaxman visitor—now Opie—strange rough fellow—offered to show him my head of West—he said he would be obliged to me, he had heard of it. Dined with Shee, next visitor. At general meeting resolved that painters in water colours are eligible—Raphael—Michael Angelo—cartoons—Vatican. Thus I am eligible, I did put down my name—asked West's opinion—"very right." I shall have more chance next year, as there will be more vacancies besides these 4.

In a few days I shall have my frames and call upon artists—a little stage effect useful, even Academicians gulled, for it was the size of my pictures made them noticed.

West appeared indifferent after he came from France, but now as keen as ever, since he saw it in the frame. Sat yesterday and will again next Sunday.

I shall stop a few days at Edinburgh and Lathrisk.\*

My stay in Scotland must be short, as I must finish Mr. Coxe and Warren for Exhibition. I hope that Angerstein will sit—must paint a few female heads to exhibit—none but Cosway and Lawrence can do them. . . . I should wish, if possible, to go to Paris after Exhibition, but I wait your opinion and Charles', who have done so much, I cannot ask more; but if you can support the family for six months after the Exhibition I shall do for myself, as I can live frugally and retired, at small expense. If I gain this I am sure of success in London, and if not, still I may do, but every step now saves me a mile afterwards, and if all fails, I have Aberdeen and Edinburgh in reserve.

West went privately to Paris—deputation of Central Museum of Arts waited on him—feast—poem and eulogium—compliment on art in England—union of art in both countries—peace and war—elected in National Institute. Galleries being shut for 10 days, Bonaparte ordered them to be open for him and friends—was two hours with him in Louvre. French artists excel us in drawing, but in painting, mere infants. Their drawing Academy far superior to ours. Louvre open to students twice a week, and to foreign students every day; West promised me letters. Isabé's miniatures fine—French painting like marble. English all general effect and colouring—on

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\* The residence of David Johnston, who married my grandfather's half sister.

the whole the English far before them, in portrait unrivalled. Each possesses what the other wants—their little works good, but great ones as if done with small pencils. . . .

London, Wednesday Evening,  
8th December 1802.

Dear Father,

. . . . I have called upon a great many more of the principal artists, who received me in the same manner as West and the others. I have been sadly off for money—waiting for the draft from Sandy—for I *would not* ask Mr. Coxe for money—the only person to whom I could apply. However, as the time is running on so fast, and I shall want all my time after I return from Aberdeen to paint my Exhibition pictures, I was obliged to apply to him, and this morning, when I breakfasted with him, he asked me if I wanted any money. I said I did want £20, for I was disappointed in not receiving letters from America—he gave me the money, which is scarcely sufficient. My lodging bill came to £12—when I came home I found letters from New York, and a draft. . . . The ship sails to-morrow, at one, and as I have to go a great distance to call on Mr. West, etc.—I shall have much to do to get through.

I shall write you my movements when I come to Edinburgh—till then, adieu.

Your affectionate Son,  
A. ROBERTSON.

Mr. William Robertson,  
Marshall Street, Aberdeen.

[Entry in professional book at close of 1802 states:—"£181 12s. 0d. received for pictures painted this year in London, 33 in number."]

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## Extracts from Letters written in 1803.

Memo.—Letter to Sandy. Aberdeen, January 1st, 1803.

Journey and arrival here — proceedings at Edinburgh — Nasmyth — Raeburn, etc.

February 1st.—Memo.—Letter to Sandy. Aberdeen. . . . My reception from artists in London before I left it. Opie—civil. Thomson, a fine fellow. Phillips was pupil of West—had seen my things before—begged my address. Smirke, genteel and respectable man—had long admired Danae. Farrington, kind—a landscape painter, not eminent. Westall, not uncivil. Turner said little—had no pictures—gone as fast as he paints them—commissions for 20 years—narrow-minded, nostrum sort of fellow. Heath and I good friends—lives in style.

Sincut, hearty fellow—fortune in India, has a great price—mistook my pictures for oils. Howard a mild, pleasant genteel fellow. Northcote, as usual, kind and sensible. Garrard I have seen at Mr. Coxe's, whose bust he has made, and one of West's this year—these will be exhibited.

Bone, a worthy, kind, liberal and affectionate man, took my hand, sorry he had missed me the day before, and was obliged to me for calling again before I left London. He makes no secret of his enamelling, which cost him almost the whole of his industrious life. Cosway advised me to give up ivory, but to paint on vellum.

Sir William Beechy received me well, same as West, had painted same size, and from experience he said I must succeed, but if I could produce that tone in oils, which I need not hope for, I should be immortal.

My heads fine, but lost by the background. He would in five minutes give twice the value to my heads by altering the background, but experience will teach me that. Lady Beechy much pleased. He would have been glad to have known me before, hoped I would call soon again. Was there anything he could do for me? I had got his advice which was what I looked for, and there was nothing I could ask, but that some time hence he would be so good as allow one of my pictures to hang in his room. "Most certainly," and any accommodation in his power I may depend upon.

Humphrey, in repute at 25—zenith at 30—his eyes failed and at 40 gave up miniature—crayons till 50 and now has given up—one of the council last year. Called on him, sent up my name—my business asked—"A student of Royal Academy to shew a few pictures"—was just going out. I soon saw he was a pompous man. As soon as he saw one of my pictures, he asked if I did not live in Cecil Street. He laid down the picture, took off his hat and gloves, took my hand, and said, "Bless me, Sir, I beg ten thousand pardons, sit down, I have long wished to see you, why did you not say you were Mr. Robertson of Cecil Street. There are so many Robertsons,

pray sit down. I am delighted with your pictures in the Exhibition, fine foundation, true path." I had not opportunity to answer him—"long wished to see you, I often set out to call on you."

"You did me too much honour."

"Honour, no, no; I did myself honour, and I beg you will look upon it in no other light. But the distance is so great, and ever since I got a fall from my horse I have been nervous," etc. (here I had a history of his fall). I observed the long time my pictures took. "No matter, there never was a fine picture produced without time; they cannot be stamped off." I observed the long time the background took, and he had experience of that.

"How do you mean, Sir. Not that these are in water colours?"

"Yes."

"Impossible." He then looked with stronger glasses. This appears to me the strangest thing in life that any person can possibly mistake these for oils. Look at the Govartius I sent you, it is exactly in the style, and say how common sense can possibly call that oils.

H.—"Then I can be of service, call often, and anything I can communicate you shall know."

"That is too much trouble; I thank you."

H.—"I tell you, Mr. Robertson it is not, but pleasure to me. I have wished to find such a young man, every member of the council heard what I said of your works and I concluded by saying that I had some claims in India, and if I recovered these, I should have all my friends painted by this young man. I was not singular in my opinions. West and the whole joined me. I insisted that these miniatures should have the best place and Mr. West, and I, affixed them with our own hands—in fine—Mr. Robertson *you shall receive every encouragement which language can express.*"

He pointed out a line of study. I told him it was the greatest satisfaction to find that the plan I had adopted was exactly that which he had pointed out, only that I had spent too much time upon anatomy. "By no means, Sir, it is a foundation upon which you may afterwards build any structure."

I then begged he would allow me to bring my portfolio and Academy studies to shew him, since he seemed to take such an interest in my welfare.

"By no means, I will call."

I said I was going to Scotland, and would come next morning, but I should like to have his opinion before I go. In the course of conversation, I said that Sir William Beechy gave me strong reason to hope for success.

"Success, indeed! It was his business, as it shall be mine to give you the strongest support that language can convey."

I called next morning and took Mr. Wilson with me, who knew him. He had considered my case since yesterday, and I had left little for him to say upon the general plan, but to recommend temperance, virtue, and industry. He recommends chalk or pencil heads the same size as my pictures. It was the best practice and I might, from these, select subjects for pictures, and as they were soon done, they brought in money.

I went to Mr. West to relate my interview. He was happy. I asked if Hans Holbein painted the same size as my pictures, as Mr. Humphrey observed they were like his. He said "No, Mr. Humphrey means their correctness." I had upon a former occasion thanked Mr. Wilton for giving my pictures so good a place, and I had said to Mr. West how good it was in him, but he was always attentive to the students. He said that did not operate, for it was only their merit which placed them there. I *now* find it was *Mr. West and Mr. Humphrey* who *hung* them—not Wilton.

Hoppner glad to see me, Mr. West's picture ridiculously like, carried it to Mrs. Hoppner—"did you ever see such a likeness?" I shewed him some of those I did immediately before I did my large pictures. He said he would from them have been so rash as say I never should arrive at anything in the art.

However the exhibition must make me known.

He wished me every success. . . .

Memo.

Dear Archy, Aberdeen, February 1803.  
 . . . I have been well employed here, but leave shortly to prepare for exhibition. . . .

Memo.

Dear Sandy, Aberdeen, 26th February 1803.  
 . . . I leave this in a few days—have had a great run, but paid family debts. I am sorry for your conduct in refusing Archy a sight of my things. I am determined to persist in my endeavour to reconcile you. . . .

(Absent from London from December 9th, 1802, until March 16th, 1803.  
 Stopped at Edinburgh, arriving at Aberdeen December 28th.)

Dear Father, London, 16th March 1803.

I wrote you a few lines from the Humber on the 9th, when we were drawn in by bad weather. We left that on Saturday, and arrived here this morning.

I have taken lodgings in Cecil Street, No. 16. If any letters have come for me, you can send them forward. . . .

I am, yours affectionately,

Mr. William Robertson.

A. ROBERTSON.



Dear Sandy,

London, 2nd April 1803.

. . . Mr. West sits to-morrow, and I dine with Wilton . . .  
 says I must exhibit nothing but my large miniatures. I have no competitors.  
 . . . Lord Huntly is to sit. Duke of Gordon—Lady Madelina St. John—  
 Lady Georgina desired me to call. . . . I brought miniatures from  
 Aberdeen to finish. . . . Taylor, Vaughan—the Prince—Henry Crocket  
 recommended Cosway, next to him, myself. . . .

Dear Father,

London, 3rd April 1803.

I received the box last night and everything safe, only as usual you had  
 nailed it up as if it was never intended to be opened. . . .

I am now so busy preparing for the Exhibition that I have scarcely time to  
 write you, and after all I am afraid I shall not have anything finished in time.  
 I shall have Mr. West's and Mr. Warren's at any rate. I have only a few  
 days now, I am doing all I can to finish a female head, the finest thing I  
 ever did. . . . As to little Sandy attending David Marshall he may just  
 follow his own inclination. I think, however, that his time would be better  
 employed in studying anatomy and drawing hands, feet and heads from the  
 plaster and then whole figures, or in drawing anything he likes, chiefly  
 attending to outline, for that is the whole difficulty. He may, when he finds  
 inclination, outline landscapes from nature, a house, a tree, or a branch which  
 he can bring home with him and try to make it the same colour as in nature  
 (if he does colour them) whether it be a rock, a stone, a stick, or anything  
 earthly, let him try to make it the same colour, that if he applies the one to  
 the other, they are just alike. . . . Mr. West received me most kindly,  
 so did my good friend Mr. Coxe, who has presented me with a most elegant  
 painting desk, or rather table. . . .

I am, yours affectionately,

Mr. William Robertson.

A. ROBERTSON.

Dear Father,

London, 9th April 1803.

I have just finished, and sent in, my Exhibition pictures. Mr. West—  
 Mr. Warren and a Lady. The last was not altogether done. I have applied  
 to the Council to get it out for a day or two, but I am sure they will not  
 consent. . . . My hurry was so great that I had not time to do anything to  
 Miss Lumsden's picture. It only wants a little, but the time was too short.  
 Mr. West was quite pleased with it and astonished at such a picture from  
 me. Ask Mrs. Lumsden the age, etc. which is to be written on the back  
 of the picture and tell her that Colonel Lumsden and Mr. Neale thought it  
 very like. . . .

I am, yours, etc.,

A. ROBERTSON.

Dear Sandy, London, 25th April 1803.

Sent my pictures to Exhibition. Mr. West, Mr. Warren and a female head, with a letter to council requesting to have it out for a day or two, but received no answer. Copley's picture has made such a piece of work, I could not expect to get it out. I, however, prepared for the worst, and got it deposited in Wilton's apartments where I painted for a day or two, and dined with him, and now it is very well. I am sure of a good place, but I am afraid they will not be admitted among the Miniatures, the frames are so large. Guest has Wilton's picture. The council asked Wilton where he would have it hung.

I have shewn West my full length of Miss Lumsden. The highest approbation of the fancy and taste. Advised me to go on, but thought it as well not to exhibit it, as I should have so many and great rivals that I could not expect to rank so high as in my miniatures where I shall stand unrivalled. I am much flattered upon this whole length, some say I have copied Lawrence, others Shee, and that they should mistake it for his. The resemblance of style to Lawrence, is not any particular picture, but the air, grace, and general feeling of the whole.

West's "Ishmael" in an awkward scrape. All the council had to do was to say that Mr. West's pictures have for some years been admitted to a second Exhibition, but that this year they have thought proper to enforce the rule of the Exhibition. They say it will this year excel former years. Met some young French artists at Mr. West's, *Huet* paints miniature in water colour—on alabaster, very superior indeed.

I shall go on with my plans whether war or peace. I shall go to Paris when I get my pictures out of the Exhibition. I have as much business as defrays my expenses here, and hope I shall be able to pay what I owe here £20. . . . While I was at Aberdeen I made a good deal of money, but had so much to do with family debts, £53, besides many little things and supporting the family. . . .

I have not been in the way of making money since I came back, and was yesterday reduced to 1/6—when Doctor Martin paid me for his two pictures, now we are all right. . . .

My connections extend every day. I have no doubt but I could now get into a regular flow of business. My pictures this year will do for me, and I shall immediately commence my preparations for next exhibition and try to cut a dash. . . .

Memo.—Letter to Charles Rhind, 25th April 1803.

Spent my time pleasantly at Aberdeen. So many invitations and every kind of attention. But I was a sober citizen. I supped every Sunday at

Doctor Skene's. I went to assemblies. All hands held out to welcome me, and the ladies. I treated with contempt many sneaking animals who used to assume unbecoming airs. I afterwards got into disgrace with ladies, not finding one to my mind to paint. After supper, I sang the Dandy. They were in a roar and when Doctor Robertson retired, *I was called to the chair.* . . . .

Dear Sir,

London, 30th April 1803.

I need not express my feelings upon the melancholy subject of your last letter to me. The virtues of Doctor Skene have left an indelible impression on the hearts of his friends, the loss of his talents will be long felt by the public, and his family has lost in him an affectionate father, a friend, and companion. You may easily suppose that one of the first effects of the afflicting intelligence was a congratulation that I am the humble instrument of affording to his affectionate family one of the greatest consolations perhaps that human nature is capable of, in restoring him still alive to them in a measure, and since it is the general opinion that my picture of him is so like, it is a subject of congratulation to all of us.

By the advice of Mr. West I have not exhibited any pictures but my large miniatures, as he was so good as say that in that line I rose superior to all the miniature painters and by exhibiting smaller miniatures I assimilated myself to the common herd, and as he was the best judge, I was perfectly disposed to adopt his opinion, the only thing I have now to determine upon is what artist I shall employ to engrave Doctor Skene's and your portrait. As I said to you before, I am afraid to employ Heath or any first artist, because they employ themselves entirely in doing the principal parts of their great works, leaving their assistants and pupils to do the rest, and little works they perhaps never touch. I shall be very cautious to have them engraved in the best manner that such small heads can be done in London. They must be engraved the same size as the pictures, because if they are enlarged, there must first be a drawing made of the same size as the plate, and from that it is engraved.

This process would certainly diminish the likeness. I shall, however, enlarge the engraving by taking in a little more of the figure.

By the Rules of the Exhibition no miniature is permitted to have a frame more than one inch in breadth. Last year, wishing to have my miniatures hung among the rest, I conformed to the rule, and my pictures were accordingly placed in the very centre of the miniatures. But this year conceiving the large frames in which I have my pictures, essential, to give them their proper effect, I sent them with the same frames which I had at Aberdeen, not expecting mine to have a place among the other miniatures.



But I have the satisfaction to say that they have done them every honour, and hung them as last year, in the principal place and centre of the miniatures, where they make a conspicuous figure, and are the first things that strike the eye on entering the room.

Yesterday the King visited the Exhibition, and I had permission from the keeper of the Academy to see them from his apartments. I placed myself at a window, with some ladies, which opens into the great staircase, so that there was nothing but the glass between us. After the King went into the room where my pictures are, I heard him take notice of them. There was silence for some time. I heard Mr. West's voice, but could not hear what he said, although he spoke for a considerable time, but I heard the King say, a little after Mr. West had begun to speak—"Roberts?—aye, Robertson"—Mr. West proceeded, then the King said—"Scotchman?" and a little after—"beginner"—this was all I could hear. However, it was enough to afford me no small degree of satisfaction.

Mr. West always accompanies their Majesties over the pictures, and sometimes the Queen had his arm. In going up the stair to the great room, Mr. West happened to perceive me in the window. As he passed, we exchanged bows, or rather nods. He turned to the King and told him I was the young man who had painted the miniatures. His Majesty stopped, and looked me full in the face. I immediately bowed, and when I looked up, he was still staring at me, so that I was obliged to bow again, and then I found that the Queen who had the King's arm farthest from me, was looking at me over his shoulder, and as he began to go on, he made me a slight inclination of the head. The window was stuck full of ladies who were stared quite out of countenance, and my head was at the bottom. There was not twelve inches from the King's nose to mine. All the princesses looked as they came up, to see what they had stopped for, so that I had to run the gauntlet through the whole.

I was gratified with a most complete view of the whole family, and I hope my good fortune in being there so opportunely may be of future advantage to me.

After Mr. West had seen them to their carriages I went down to meet him. He took my hand and said I had done myself honour, for that the King took particular notice of my pictures, and he took the opportunity to mention me to his Majesty. The King was in the highest spirits imaginable, as brisk as a bee, and talked incessantly. . . . I shall leave England as soon as I get my pictures out of the Exhibition.

Mr. West has been attacked lately in a very gross manner by the newspapers, as you have seen. The truth is, that for several years his pictures have been admitted to a second exhibition, and in his gallery these pictures are to be seen, which being re-painted, and materially changed in their composition, have been received with the word "re-touched," such a year,

written upon them, so that the falsehood of having obliterated the date is too obvious—for it was not necessary—nor did he send it as an entirely new composition. There are three figures in it, and the principal one is totally new, and the picture in a great measure painted over. The council having thought proper to reject it, and that through party, gave rise to many calumnies against Mr. West, and the weak manner in which the Academy had answered it has tended rather to confirm the original attack.

I remain, dear Sir,

Yours ever,

John Ewen, Esquire, . . . . . A. ROBERTSON.  
Aberdeen.

Dear Katey, . . . . . London, 7th May 1803.

. . . I had letters from Charles and Sandy lately, enclosing a bill to help me to France. It was a great exertion to Sandy, considering all things, and also to Charles.

I shall still go although there should be war. I have interest to procure passports, and Bonaparte gives every indulgence to English students. It would be his glory to withdraw the artists from England to France. . . .

My pictures are hung in a most conspicuous place, the same as last year, in the centre, just so high as to be seen over the people's heads. . . . I wrote Mr. Ewen a week ago, mentioning that I was, by a particular instance of fortunate accident introduced personally, (in some measure), to the King, upon the stair of the Academy. I suppose he has shewn you that letter, therefore I need not enlarge upon it. His Majesty took particular notice of my works, and spoke of them in terms of approbation. This is the most fortunate thing possible for me previous to my going to France, for when I return, I may with propriety get West to ask him to sit, as I shall have a great display for next Exhibition. There seems like a fate attends me, and my progress, as every little accident turns to my advantage. I am one of the few who are always to be found where I should be, while others, more deservng, are always where they should not be. . . . I pay a guinea a week for a second floor, which answers my purpose well enough. . . .

I remain,

Your affectionate Brother,

Miss Katey Robertson. . . . . A. ROBERTSON.

Dear Sir,

London, 1st June 1803. .

. . . . . There is always such an ocean of pictures in the Exhibition that few can be so fortunate as render themselves conspicuous. One gains more advantage by the opportunity of comparing with the works of others, than by receiving employment, through that channel I have been more fortunate.

The Bishop of Durham desired that I might be found out. I waited upon him, and have had the honour to paint his Lordship. This will I hope turn to my advantage, as his situation renders him so conspicuous. He is by far the richest prelate in England, £20,000 a year, and he lives in great splendour, connected particularly with Pitt, and all the grandees. I believe I shall succeed as well in his, as in Mr. West's picture, which I understand is highly talked of. Mr. West told me himself that I have no idea how it is talked of, and approved, both by artists and others. Mr. Rose of the Treasury, who went out, and must come in with Pitt, has requested me to paint a picture for him. Several others have called, and I believe I shall get into the most respectable connexions without any further trouble, and I mean now to leave the world to itself, sit at home, and mind my business. My employment will be entirely in my new style of miniature. Those who are afraid of the expense which must attend so large a miniature, are contented with the style of yours, and Dr. Skene's pictures, and I shall always prefer that to oval miniatures, which are, at best, but *toys*. I should like to aspire to paint *pictures*, and in the exhibition this year, oval miniatures have disappeared, as they are not so much worn. Most of them are square.

This war is really a terrible disappointment to me, having made all my arrangements, and made up my mind. But I think I shall have interest both with Bonaparte, and this government, to have permission to reside in Paris, by and by.

As to this late frenzy of Bonaparte, I am not yet deterred from my purpose, this must soon blow over, and the English in France be liberated. I shall relinquish the idea for a little, and as soon as the two nations shall subside, either into settled war, or peace, I shall commence my applications. I shall put every iron in the fire.

I am, dear Sir,

Yours most truly,

John Ewen, Esquire,  
Aberdeen.

A. ROBERTSON.

Dear Sir,

London, 3rd June 1803.

. . . . . Dr. Tait has just called upon me, and left me with a promise to breakfast with me in a day or two. He is most agreeable in his manners.



. . . He was much pleased with my pictures, especially that of the Bishop of Durham. . . .

I remain, dear Sir,

Yours truly,

A. ROBERTSON.

John Ewen, Esquire,  
Aberdeen.

Dear Sandy,

London, 30th June 1803.

. . . . The Bishop of Durham sent for me. He had seen my two pictures last year, and when he saw Mr. West's, he resolved to sit, the more so that he heard I was a young man. He pressed me to fix a price. I said it was impossible, from the immense work in them, and that I could not fix a price, it would be so high that I should be ashamed of it, etc. My object was to paint a few respectable people in that style for the Exhibition, to raise my name. He said I might begin, but how often must he sit? I explained to him the impossibility of a good picture without plenty of sitting. This put him to a sad non plus, especially when he heard that Mr. West sat fifteen days. But if it was only to be had on these terms, he must submit, although his public duty, correspondence, and official situation, left him no time. I have painted it, and it is almost finished, and at least as good a picture as Mr. West. I think I have made him my friend. I dined with him and never saw such style but at Gordon Castle. Service of plate, crowds of servants, etc. . . . He has £20,000 a year, more by £8,000 than the Archbishops. His county is the only Palatinate in the kingdom. Of course he is prince, (for he receives people on a throne) supreme judge, and Lord Lieutenant. I, as well as others, am astonished at my impudence, speaking so to a Bishop, and the Bishop of Durham, however, it is my way, I must be at my own ease. I accost every man according to his rank. He is entitled to that, but further is unnecessary. It is astonishing the deference paid to him. One of those whom I thought his dependants, had his chariot and two splendid footmen at the door. He seems disposed to patronize me, and as he always has some young men under his patronage in the art, and is one of the greatest patrons of modern art, I may expect much from his connexion. . . .

He has sat to Reynolds, Romney, Lawrence, Hoppner, and now to me. Mrs. Barrington is not pleased with any of them, but mine delights her. His brother is Lord Barrington, another was the Admiral, another the Judge. . . . Rose, of the Treasury, called. He wants his wife done when she comes to town.

I have not seen the Gordon family—Lady Madelina chiefly in the country. The Duke called on me while I was calling on him, and left his

card. Pressed the gentlemen who was with him to come up and see Mr. West's picture. It was in the exhibition, but they were pleased with the others. I wrote to him, next day, stating his Majesty's approbation, and my introduction to him. and the Bishop of Durham. He, and Lord Huntly leave town in a few days for Scotland. If I do not see them I shall write to solicit their influence to get me the Duchess of Bedford to paint.

I mean to try and paint my pictures in oils, for this style is so tedious, they may bring me fame, but never fortune.

The Academy is open, I shall go on as before. I have begun a copy of Titian's famous Venus, Mars, and Cupid, for Mr. Coxe. It will be a six weeks' job, but I shall exert myself. It is larger than any other.

I have not yet begun Cooper, he will come better next year, he wishes to be in Richard, but I must see him play it. He has only played once since I came, in Othello, at his benefit.

He will be great. Would his head sell in America? If so, I should engrave it.

As to my going to France, I am at a loss, but I must not give it up, I am glad I was not there now that the English are all prisoners of war. Since writing the above, I have seen the Duke of Gordon and Lord Huntly. Lord Huntly is to sit to me when I go to Aberdeen. The Duchess of Bedford has promised to sit for Lord Huntly to any one he shall choose.

I am full of enthusiasm, and float on the atmosphere of art—and even every misfortune seems to turn to my advantage.

Dear Father,

London, 30th July 1803.

I made a proposal to form the Artists of London into a Volunteer Corps. Proposed it to West a week ago. Raised a subscription, and he proposed it to the Royal Academy. The Artists are all alive about it, and crowd to me with their names. The Academy last night voted £500. Some think we shall have £1,500 or £2,000.

Somerset House, the Royal Academy, will be the depôt of arms, and rendezvous. The Government clerks, etc. form another strong body there, and as it is inaccessible on all sides, it will be a great point of defence. I suspect I shall have the organization of the whole, I have written to Mr. Ewen about it.

I am, etc.,

Yours,

A. ROBERTSON.

Mr. William Robertson,  
Marshall Street, Aberdeen.

Dear Father, . . . . . London, August 19th, 1803.

. . . . . I have at last brought about the Artists as Volunteers. We had a general meeting, and a Committee was appointed. I was the third member proposed, and elected before many Royal Academicians. The engravers had a meeting, and they can depend upon 100 already. . . I am regarded as the primum mobile of the thing . . . it is all over London. I have lost a great deal of time, and I fear shall lose more.

I remain,

Yours, etc.,

A. ROBERTSON.

Memò.—Letter to Sandy, 22nd August 1803.

. . . . . Uproar among artists about my plan of Volunteers. Sounded the minds of artists, and proposed to West and Shee. Received with enthusiasm. Drew up a paper. Took up names—engravers had a meeting. In a few days had fifty recruits. Wrote a letter to Academy. Received with acclamation. Then general meetings of Academy. Voted £500. Arranged a plan proposed by Shee. However, after all they desponded, and dropt it. Three engravers called on me. We resolved to carry it on still. Printed circular letters, calling on those who signed their names. I refused the Chair; also Shee, Opie, and Smirke.

Green in chair. I opened business. Good deal of spouting from Shee, and me. Entered into resolutions, appointed Committee, of which I was third member—Smirke, Shee, Thornton, etc., eleven in all. Opened books at Academy, and British School—130—besides 100 ready to come forward. Offered services yesterday. My plan adopted in Committee, and ordered to be printed. General meeting of the whole body of Artists in a few days. I must prepare a spout for the occasion. I have lost a good deal of time, but it will be to my advantage, and when drill commences, I shall be a great man there. Government heard of this, and approves as most useful—all claim merit of this—engravers—painters—and traced to me. . . . Since I wrote last still employed in copying Titian for Mr. Coxé. Finishing some pictures, and at Academy in evening. . . .

At a numerous and respectable meeting of Artists to form a Volunteer Association to co-operate in the defence of the Country, the following resolution was agreed to, viz. :—

“That a Corps of Artists shall be formed to offer its services to Government, under the Volunteer Act, and in any other way that a body of Artists, in particular, may be thought most useful.”

The provisional Committee request any gentleman disposed to unite with them for that purpose to subscribe his name and address hereunto, that he



may be invited to be present at a general meeting, when the plan and regulations of the Corps will be submitted for consideration.

Messrs. Valentine Green, Chairman.	Messrs. T. Baxter.
Edward Burck.	S. W. Reynolds.
R. Smirke.	W. Evans.
M. A. Shee.	M. I. Barenger.
J. Thornton.	J. Rosse.
W. Artaud.	T. Daniell.
Andrew Robertson.	C. Daniell.
R. Westmacott, Junior.	J. Hayes.
W. Berryman.	W. Godwin.
B. Combe.	W. Daniell.
T. Engleheart.	C. Nisbet.
R. B. Davis.	— Hillman.
W. Owen.	— Hillman.
I. T. Mitchell.	W. Bennet.
I. F. Terris.	C. Armstrong.
J. Milton.	P. S. Mann.
C. Warren.	A. Warren.
A. Raimback.	G. Shrøder.
R. Rhodes.	I. Debutt.
W. Holl.	G. Field.
J. Parker.	W. Ashford.
C. Rivers.	G. Arnold.
A. Cardon.	N. Freese.
T. Williamson.	I. T. Smith.
G. Bartolozzi.	W. Wood.
J. Milin.	R. Wynne.
A. W. Devis.	W. Silk.
I. F. Sartorius.	C. Muss.
M. Bovi.	H. Trisham.
R. Roffe.	F. Nicholson.
H. Meyer.	W. Chamberlain.
T. Noble.	J. Williams.
W. Newton.	J. W. Edy.
T. Davenport (107, New Bond Street).	E. Thomson.
F. Nash.	J. Bone.
W. Hopwood.	H. P. Bone.
T. Stewartson.	— Bone.
W. Witherington.	T. Clarke.
C. Pye.	T. Burgess.
	E. Pugh.

Messrs. H. Singleton.  
 E. Drew.  
 I. Temple.  
 J. Tomlinson.  
 — Lumley.  
 W. Bond.  
 S. Porter.  
 G. Harding.  
 J. Melville.  
 F. Bourgeois.  
 C. H. Dawson.  
 J. Baynes.  
 J. Kumerty.  
 I. G. Bubb.  
 T. Stevens.  
 A. Watt.  
 G. Kearsley.

Messrs. T. Kirkby.  
 J. Taylor.  
 J. E. Hardy.  
 T. Keasley (Norton Street).  
 J. A. Oliver.  
 — Say.  
 — Papworth.  
 W. Brooksby (Pump Court,  
 Temple, No. 1).  
 J. Burton.  
 T. Whitcombe.  
 T. Woodhouse.  
 R. Cooke.  
 C. Rossi.  
 H. Pickersgill.  
 — Berryman.

[The above paper, including names, written by Andrew Robertson.—*E. R.*]

### British School of Arts, August 22nd, 1803.

#### PROVISIONAL COMMITTEE.

Messrs. Val. Green, Chairman.  
 R. Smirke.  
 J. Thomson.  
 I. F. Terris.  
 C. Warren.

Messrs. M. A. Shee.  
 Andrew Robertson.  
 J. Milton.  
 A. Raimback.  
 A. W. Devis.

#### MINUTES.

##### *Resolved:—*

- 1st. That the Corps shall be distinguished by the name of . . . . .
- 2nd. That it shall consist of Painters, Sculptors, Architects, and Engravers.
- 3rd. That it shall offer its services to Government under the Volunteer Act (and in any other way that a corps of Artists may be thought most useful).
- 4th. That the Corps shall serve without pay, and provide its own clothing, and accoutrements, Government furnishing arms, etc.
- 5th. That the dress shall be . . . . .

6th. That the members shall subscribe one guinea annually, to be paid in advance to a fund for the purpose of defraying the necessary, and contingent, expenses of the Corps, and that such gentlemen as may not have it in their power to serve personally, but are desirous of giving their support to the Corps, shall be received as honorary Members, by subscribing a sum not less than five guineas annually.

7th. That the Civil Government of the Corps shall be vested in a Committee consisting of 15 members, exclusive of the field officers, and captains, who shall be permanent members. Three shall form a quorum, and they shall be invested with powers to conduct the internal business of the Corps, subservient to the regulations which shall be the standing laws of the Corps, and which cannot be altered, or infringed, but by a majority of the whole Corps at a general meeting. Every member of the Corps is eligible to the Committee. One third of their number shall vacate their seats every six months, and new members shall be appointed in their room. Every Committee shall appoint its own president, and may call to its assistance any member of the Corps who may be useful.

8th. That a Secretary shall be chosen annually by the Corps, who shall, at the expiration of every six months, lay before a General Meeting, for its inspection, and approbation, a statement of the business transacted by the Committee, which statement shall be signed by the Chairman.

9th. That such gentlemen as are desirous of serving in this Corps shall write their names, and address, in a book for that purpose, and every candidate shall be proposed, and seconded, by two members of the Corps. He shall then be balloted for in the Committee, and three dissentient voices shall exclude—a circumstance which . . .

21st. That every member of the Corps shall consider himself pledged upon his honour to attend on every occasion when the Corps is called out, and constantly look upon punctuality, and subordination, as part of the sacred obligation by which he has voluntarily bound himself to his king and country.

Any member speaking in the ranks shall be subject to a fine of 1/-.

#### ARMED ASSOCIATION OF ARTISTS.

In the present important crisis, when the liberty, and independence, of this country, nay, our very existence as a nation, is threatened by a most vindictive enemy, it becomes every man, capable of bearing arms, to unite in the common cause, and to resist that destruction which would involve the interests of all.

We, the undersigned artists, resident in London, feeling with our fellow citizens that glow of patriotism which will ever support the honour of our country, resist aggression, and repel invasion, agree to form ourselves into an armed association for the defence of our native land, of the liberty,



independence, and even existence of that country, which has long been the Asylum of Literature, and the Fine Arts.

A. W. Devis, Painter.  
 Andrew Robertson.  
 R. Ronpel.  
 G. Arnold, Painter.  
 I. S. Smith, Engraver.  
 J. S. Joseph, Painter.  
 H. Singleton, Painter.  
 E. D. Wainwright, Engraver.  
 J. Reuter, Painter.  
 E. Pugh.  
 R<sup>d</sup> Williamson, Engraver.  
 Cerelien de Bro.  
 John Schitkey, Painter.  
 Edward Bumford, Engraver.  
 William Owen, Painter.  
 S. W. Reynolds, Engraver.  
 W. Artaud, Painter.  
 J. Ward, Painter.  
 A. J. Oliver, Painter.  
 T. C. Lewis, Engraver.  
 Thomas Whitcombe, Painter.  
 F. Nicholson, Painter.

T. Stewartson, Painter.  
 James Baynes, Painter.  
 T. Kirby, Painter.  
 I. F. Terris, Painter.  
 J. Landseer, Engraver.  
 William Hopwood, Engraver.  
 W. H. Watts, Painter.  
 A. Watté, Painter.  
 Roderick Corlett, Painter.  
 J. Simpson, Painter.  
 J. Woodruff, Painter.  
 William Wood, Painter.  
 W. Pym, Painter.  
 — Ashford, Painter.  
 T. Field, Painter.  
 W. Orme, Painter.  
 W. Evans, Engraver.  
 H. Landseer, Engraver.  
 F. Sartorius, Painter.  
 I. F. Sartorius, Painter.  
 C. Pye, Junior, Engraver.

Dear Father,

London, 25th August 1803.

. . . . I have been obliged to pay my tailor off entirely—£27, as the amount was so old, and I have had nothing new since November—nine months ago! One guinea a week for lodging is £24, besides every other expense attending that, and living—painting materials—frames, etc., beside the innumerable other expenses attending living in London. I have only £10, and if I had not got several pictures to do, I should not have had that. Since I came back here, I have sent you £30. Have paid away £7, besides many other things, and you, conceiving that I must now have a mine of gold, write me to *send you large drafts immediately!!* Where do you suppose all the money is to come from? . . . Government has declined our offer as Volunteers, there being already too many . . . after we had lost so much time, and had 150 names, it is a great disappointment.

Yours, etc.,

Mr. William Robertson.

A. ROBERTSON.

Dear Father, London, 24th September 1803.

I can scarcely defray my expenses here, I am getting in debt. . . . You may say I may come to Aberdeen. What? Am I, at 27 years of age to go there to lose my time, and the opportunity I now have of getting forward in London. . . .

I have been taking an active lead in the Highland Volunteers. I was appointed adjutant, pro tempore, but resigned immediately, in consequence of some observations from people who were jealous of me. They are all vexed about it. I had the command of them twice in the field, and I have been requested on all sides to accept a commission. Lord Reay, and I, are quite hand and glove about it. They have been lost for want of some person to direct them, and as soon as I think it proper to come forward again, I shall make another thing of them. This will be of great use to me in getting business. I am to paint Lord Reay and several others.

Yours affectionately,

Mr. William Robertson,  
Aberdeen.

A. ROBERTSON.

Memo.—Letter to Sandy, 4th October 1803.

. . . . . Have been more occupied with war than painting. Artists' offer one day too late. . . . North Britons, and all my manœuvres there—offered situation of adjutant—declined—pressed to take it pro tempore—a few grumbled; I was high, and resigned. Was proposed as captain—declined at first, but elected Lieutenant yesterday. It will be disclosed to-day, and I must make a speech. Lord Reay on fire. I dine and breakfast with him often. . . . Arm in arm, etc. He is to sit, and I hope half the corps. I always keep sight of No. 1. . . .

Dear Sir, London, 13th October 1803.

. . . . . I am ashamed to say that I am now several letters in your debt, which is owing to the pressure of business, and other matters. . . . . You seem to know that I am a member of the Loyal North Britons. I was a private member for some time, and was sorry to find that they had nobody at their head at all acquainted with military tactics, in consequence of which they were, and even are yet, rather behind most other corps in discipline. At the beginning only six officers were appointed, and the corps was not yet formed into companies. At a general muster six weeks ago, I took the liberty to convince Lord Reay that to this was to be attributed our backwardness, and to the want of officers, the propriety of which he immediately saw. Nobody

appearing that evening capable of taking the command (the drill sergeant of the guards being on duty) Lord Reay asked me to do it. I did so, and for the first time put them through the two or three first manœuvres, with which they were pleased, and he desired me to intimate that the companies should be formed next meeting. After we dismissed, several of them requested my permission to propose me as an officer, and Lord Reay invited me to breakfast next morning, when he informed me of the difficulty he encountered in procuring an adjutant properly qualified, and as he had little doubt of my knowledge in that way, he made me an offer of the situation, which I declined, for although I have paid some attention to it in the closet, I want practice in the field, and that military air, and manner, the result of practice, which commands attention, and conveys instruction. He then begged me to give what advice and assistance I could in the meantime, as adjutant *pro tempore*, to which of course I agreed, upon his giving me a letter, authorising me rather to act as *Superintendent of the drill*, *pro tempore*. It was intimated to them at the next general meeting that I was to act as *Adjutant pro tempore* (although I did not wish the word adjutant to be used at all). The expressions of one or two individuals upon this occasion came to my ears, supposing that I was to become adjutant of the corps. I was too proud to act in any such capacity unless *every member* was sensible that he was under great obligation to me for the sacrifice I should make of my time, for my intentions were disinterested in the highest degree, having refused that situation for which many of the corps had applied, and I believe it was one of these disappointed who made the observation I allude to—objecting to my *voice*, conceiving that the only qualification to be attended to—intelligence, and system, being quite out of the question. They conceived me to be a man putting myself up for adjutant, and its emoluments. They soon, however, found me proud enough, and a very different man, for I immediately returned Lord Reay his letter, and joined the ranks, previous to which I took an opportunity to command the sergeants of the guards, while I had this authority, to alter certain points of instruction they made use of, differing from the regulations, and from each other, so that while I had the power, I might do all the good I could—upon finding also that they had never seen a battalion sized, and having no thought of it—that they had no system. I explained to them a regular system I had prepared (for to do it requires great consideration), I then resigned, and at the next muster, when the companies were to be formed I was in the ranks, and it was intimated to them that I had declined the honour. The sergeants proceeded with my plan for sizing which was quite optional for them to adopt or not, as they pleased. However, they were pleased to adopt it, but soon applied to Lord Reay to say they could not finish it so well without my directions. He called me out, and requested my assistance. I consented, provided they were apprised in the ranks that I was requested, and had *consented*. I accordingly, put them into companies, picking out the Grenadiers and Light



Infantry, and two such fine companies were scarcely ever seen, in fact I never saw such a corps of young men.

At the next muster we got our arms. I have since had occasion to act as flugelman, when you know I would be quite at home, since that time, every member of the corps has been more anxious than another to shew me how much they wished me again to take an active concern . . . and you must know I have carried on this matter with a very high hand indeed. The election of officers came on—a member waited upon me from the Committee to offer me a company—to this I objected, and if they insisted that I should come in, I would come in as a Lieutenant. Many offered to canvass for me. Lord Reay, and most of the officers, etc. I said they might, if they chose, but I begged they would not consider that they by any means conferred any obligation on me. I thanked them for their good opinion, but I despised all such means of being elected, not only that, but unless I came in by the spontaneous voice of the corps, I should not come in as an officer, nay, further, after what had taken place, unless the corps were unanimous.

The ballot turned out thus. The highest on the list was Lord Reay's partner (he being engaged in business). I was the next, almost unanimous, few of the others had above half our number. Eight Lieutenants were elected out of 16 candidates. Lord Reay has appointed me to command a company which has, as yet, no Captain, but I generally, in battalion, act as adjutant to assist Lord Reay in the words of command, etc., he not having been a military man. Since I entered the Corps, I have proposed many plans, etc., all of which have been followed up with success. I proposed that we should set the example of getting knapsacks, etc., without which, neither we, nor any other Volunteers, could take the field at all, for it takes some weeks to prepare them. I made out a list of necessities for our corps, which was copied into the Morning Chronicle a week ago. The East India Volunteers, and many others (and I dare say all, will give out orders to provide the same articles exactly, neither more nor less). We are not to have *one* linen shirt, but two flannel ones. We shall appear in these knapsacks at the inspection, in a week. I have this day proposed a plan which has set them on fire, by which we shall add 300 or perhaps 500 riflemen to our regiment. Our numbers are only 350, the expense of dress, etc., being nearly £20—*common* people cannot afford it. I wish all the Volunteers were riflemen—we should be much more useful, and as Lord Reay is not a military man, he trusted everything to a Committee, in which we never can expect to find unanimity, and energy. In consequence of which we are not so far advanced, as we might have been. I advised him, immediately after I joined, to take the command in the field himself. He stared, and said he could not, in short I took him out to the fields, and taught him the commands. He has commanded for a month. He is now on fire about it, and all has been alive ever since. He calls upon me almost every day. I recommend, and make out, whatever orders appear

necessary, to which he generally thinks proper to assent. And now that the Committee is sunk, all is energy. I dine with him as often as I can, and blow up the military fire. He says he did not sleep last night thinking of my new plan.

We were up at 5 this morning, and in the field by 6. The military rage has cost me much time and money. However, I gain respectability, and as you say *notoriety*. At the same time, I hope I am of use to the country in my little way.

Lord Reay is impatient to have his picture done like Mr. West's. I am to do several other of the corps. Pray how do the R.A. Volunteers come on? I have heard nothing of them lately.

I remain, dear Sir,

John Ewen, Esquire,  
Aberdeen.

Your much obliged,

A. ROBERTSON.

Dear Father,

London, October 22nd, 1803.

. . . . . It is all I can do almost to pay my expenses—however, I have a view of plenty of business from the Corps of Loyal North Britons, in which I am a Lieutenant, and have the command of a company, and several times commanded the whole. I am to paint Lord Reay for the Exhibition and several more. . . . .

Your affectionate Son,

A. ROBERTSON.

Memo.—Letter to Sandy, 4th November 1803.

. . . . . Have been busy painting—good prospect—military business, although expensive, clothes, epaulets, etc.—yet will turn out well. I am popular among the N.B.'s. Two companies formed a circle, and requested permission to put me down as a captain. I declined handsomely, and I am more popular in consequence.

Dear Father,

London, November 11th, 1803.

. . . . . I have a good deal to pay at the term—and I have £15 to pay for lodging, etc. which should have been paid a fortnight ago. I have some money due me for pictures, I hope I shall get some of it in a day or two, or I shall not know what to do.

I am to paint General Dumouriez's picture for the Prince of Wales. I have seen him several times. He is a pleasant, genteel little man. We are on

good terms. He has promised to come and see our corps, and to teach me the manner in which the French use the rifle gun, that I may teach our two rifle companies, which I propose to add to our regiment. They are filling up fast, and I have no doubt ours will be the best corps in London. I am in hopes that I shall paint the Prince of Wales' picture for Dumouriez, which he has promised him.

I am happy to hear that my mother is better. I hope she will keep so, and not trouble her head about anything. If she will promise this, I will send her a present. You can let me know what she would like best. . . .

Yours affectionately,

A. ROBERTSON.

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Memo.—Letter to Archy, 22nd November 1803.

. . . . Have painted Honourable Captain Stewart's wife, and several of the corps of North Britons. I proposed rifle companies and chose dress. Lord Reay did not sleep the first night after. . . . Board and lodging cost 100*l*. a year. People complain of my shabby lodgings—coals 5/- a week. . . .

Dear Sir,

London, 28th November 1803.

I received your letter of 28th October, enclosing a statement of the various sums you have been so good as advance to the family. All I can offer at present is my warmest thanks for your goodness, and the trouble you have taken, and they have often expressed in their letters the sense they entertain of your goodness, and the beneficial effects they derive therefrom. . . .

I still continue to go on with my professional studies at home, and at the Academy. I am painting some pictures for the Exhibition of a size between my large Miniatures and the common size—square—and upon the same principle as the large ones. I rather think that is the style in which I shall succeed, combining reputation, and profit, but not so much of either as the other styles—*i.e.*, not so much reputation as from my large pictures, nor so much profit as from common sized miniatures, and my employment now is chiefly in that way. I shall in a few days begin General Dumouriez in that style for the Prince of Wales. He is a pleasant little man, has a most genteel, easy address. His manners are plain and unaffected. None of the flutter of the low Frenchman, but the cool, easy deportment of the *ci-devant* well-bred French gentleman. This is what he *appears*. What he *is*, we all know. At his suggestion, there are to be eight regiments of riflemen raised. His aid-de-camp whom I know very well, will have a command of one, to consist of German,



Swiss, French emigrants, etc. They have both offered me instructions on the use of the rifle, according to the French system, for the purpose of instructing two rifle companies I proposed, and which are now raising for the Loyal North Britons. This weapon, and the service of light troops, I conceive by far most suitable for Volunteers. Accordingly I have occasionally ordered out the company I command with Lord Reay's permission—to fire at the target (or rather a figure of Bonaparte I made for them) after which we skirmish all the way home, scouring the country as an advanced guard, in extended order. I send forward a sergeant, and 12 men, to extend a front of our extended line, to beat the hedges, examine houses and all suspicious places—he sends forward a corporal, and two men on each flank (flankers) so that it is impossible to be taken by surprise. As the enemy is discovered, a man is detached by those in front, or flank, with the intelligence. I take measures according to the strength and position of the enemy. If they are so near that intelligence cannot be sent, or they are discovered in ambuscade, the flanker or skirmisher fires a shot, which is the alarm for all to assemble. I then either give battle, or bring off my men the best way I can, if repressed. Looking out for, and defending, every tenable position.

Yesterday I had only 14 men and a sergeant. We fired 12 rounds at the distance of 40 long paces which I took—and 74 balls took effect, which was nearly every second shot. We have our havre sacks and canteens, and every man brings provisions. Many belonging to the other companies have requested to join our party next Saturday. I must then have the bugle to send *them out* and *call* them in. Lord Reay goes with me next time.

Mr. Coxe has requested me to march them up to Hampstead, and skirmish towards his brother's house where he will erect a tent—which *camp* we shall storm, and we shall then find a collation which he is to provide, out of compliment to me. I shall not let them know anything about it till we storm it. I shall send forward a party to defend it. I am happy to perceive that you have, at last, accomplished the re-establishment of our old corps. I now regret that I am not with you. I should take much pleasure in being an active member, but as that cannot now be, all I can do is to entertain the most heartfelt wishes for its success, and I doubt not but you will prove, as before, an example to your contemporaries of discipline, and good conduct, and continue, as formerly, an honour to yourselves and your country. If it were permitted for one, now a stranger, to presume, I would recommend the use of the rifle, and light infantry movements. As you will no doubt have to furnish your own arms, I dare say as many will be found willing to go to the expense of rifles as furnish our company. I would also recommend another company dressed like the rifle company, armed with smooth barrels of a superior sort—with the knob that fixes the bayonet on the under part of the muzzle like a fusee—these will shoot little inferior to the rifle, and are useful upon occasions when advanced posts are driven in, and much firing is wanted. The rifle is

not so useful in this case, the barrel soon gets foul—perhaps after 12 or 15 shots. A rifleman therefore is only to take a shot occasionally, when he can do signal mischief by bringing down an officer, etc. You will thus have two flank companies of sharp shooters. If you have anything of this kind let me know, and I shall send you a sketch of the dress of a rifle corps in my neighbourhood, and of our rifle dress which is still handsomer.

I remain, dear Sir,

Yours most truly,

A. ROBERTSON.

John Ewen, Esquire,  
Aberdeen.

[47 Miniatures painted in 1803; of these 8 were painted at Aberdeen from January to March.]

Letters written in 1804 and 1805.

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Dear Katey,

16, Cecil Street, January 4th, 1804.

. . . . . I am making new friends every day. Lord Reay gave me the command of two companies of riflemen, to organize and form them, and in fact to do what I please. They are all gentlemen of respectability. I believe I shall, among others, have a member of the Privy Council under my command, Mr. W. Dundas, M.P.

When I have drilled them a little more, I shall ask Dumouriez to see them. I have dressed them handsomely. . . . .

Your affectionate brother,

Miss Katherine Robertson.

A. ROBERTSON.

Memo.—Letter to Sandy, 7th February 1804.

. . . . . Received yours of 17th and Charles' of 4th of January enclosing £40. I shall send all to Aberdeen. £20 to Mr. Rhind, £10 to Mr. Ewen to keep up family credit—the other £10 I shall borrow for a few weeks, to pay engraving Skene, and Ewen. I thank you for goodness but must now do for myself. My pride will not allow me to accept more. I may occasionally borrow and lend with what overplus you send according to plan for family support. . . . Military expenses a great tax on me . . . busy with exhibition pictures. . . . I shall have Bishop of Durham, Lord Reay (both large) and I hope Duchess of Bedford—Miss Vaughan, and a few more small ones. . . . I rejoice to hear of your success in business. New plan for you. Get introduced to draftsmen, paint their pictures for a few drawings—and even lay out a few guineas for a few little originals. They will be of use to you. All *manner* of *touch* is bad. Manner makes pictures look like family pictures. Even Poussin, Claude, and Rosa had a manner of *composing* but *none* of touch. There should not be detail in hair, it is endless and impossible. Smooth paper and drawing fit only for flowers. Nasmyth's plan was to draw and the pupil follow. . . . .

Dear Sir,

London, 14th February 1804.

. . . . . I am now as busy as possible, preparing for the Exhibition. I shall have two large ones. The Bishop of Durham and Lord Reay, our Lieutenant Colonel. . . . We are still keen in our soldiering.



I have completely trained and disciplined our riflemen without any assistance, to act in all circumstances and situations, advanced guards, pickets, patrols, etc. I have under my command, Lord MacDonald's brother, Dr. Ogilvie, who succeeds Lord Findlater, etc. I am become, from a good natured man, quite a firm and inflexible Martinet. I was going to bring one man (of great consequence and property too) to a court martial, for an improper answer to me, but Lord Reay dismissed him at once.

I remain, dear Sir,

Most truly yours,

John Ewen, Esquire.

A. ROBERTSON.

Memo.—Letter to Sandy, April 16th, 1804.

Sent pictures to Exhibition (Bishop of Durham, Lord Reay, Captain Drummond, Mrs. Ferguson, Mrs. MacKenzie). Notwithstanding interruption from military pursuits, *shall* yet preserve my character. Miss Vaughan's picture *sent to India*, sad disappointment. Cash not over abundant by my finishing my pictures, but have not borrowed. Have debts to pay but have assets coming. If employment continues, shall go on smoothly and be able to assist old folks.

Mr. Ewen has had a bad fall down stairs. Gibbon, Boyn and I, now live together, pay 100 guineas conjointly, and I 20 more, for painting room. Fitted up in style, keep a boy, etc. and save money by it.

Dear Sir,

London, 30th April 1804.

I write you a few lines just to say that the Exhibition opened this day and I am happy to find that my pictures are, as formerly, placed in a most conspicuous situation, and yet that situation inspires more fear than satisfaction, from the conviction that it requires much greater merit than the little I possess to support that prominence.

I remain, dear Sir,

Your much obliged,

John Ewen, Esquire.

A. ROBERTSON.

Memo.—Letter to Charles, 1st May 1804.

Since you cannot visit us, I must visit you, and then take some permanent residence for life. Exhibition open—mine well hung. Military affairs. Riflemen disciplined by me. Newspapers speak well of me, and them. Singing master. Shall do what I can, but I have no musical acquaintance.

Presented Mr. West's picture to Mrs. West, and 18 proofs to him—thankful, but says it is too much—"too bad," . . . painting Pitt—shall paint Huntly and Bedford. . . . Shall make all sitters pay half at first sitting. . . .

Dear Sir,

London, 23rd June 1804.

. . . . . The exhibition is now closed and I have my pictures again. They have recommended me to several people whose pictures I have begun. I have also begun three of my pictures for next exhibition when I hope to do something better, this has been a broken year with military matters. I have some thought of taking a trip to Aberdeen for a week or two about 1st September, but my stay cannot exceed that short space as I am under engagements to paint some pictures for next Exhibition among others Rev<sup>d</sup> George Coxe—the author, to be engraved for his History of the House of Austria which comes out in December. I shall paint him at his house at Bemerton near Salisbury. . . .

Memo.—Letter to Sandy, 21st August 1804.

. . . . . Mr. and Mrs. Campbell. I have had much pleasure in their society. Sunday went to Greenwich.—Monday, Westminster Abbey, St. James', etc.—Tuesday, Vauxhall.—Saturday, Opera. Last Monday, dined with me. Coxe could not come. They saw Mr. Coxe's house and pictures, Mr. C. delighted. West India Docks. Met them curiously in Oatland Park Grotto. Gibbon and I dine at Mrs. Barrow's on Sunday, when in town, meet people of rank. Formerly the resort of Dr. Johnson, Gibbon, Skene, Goldsmith, etc. . . . played at Mrs. P.'s and Mr. B.'s. Must go again next Saturday. Musical party invited on my account. . . . Captain Drummond's picture in Exhibition brought me three. . . .

Dear Sir,

London, 22nd August 1804.

. . . . . I hope in a month or six weeks I shall be able to leave London and visit all my friends at Aberdeen for a few weeks. I am now busy painting the Colonels of the City Regiments, which are to be engraved and published by subscription.

The engravers solicited me to paint the pictures from one I had in the Exhibition. This will be useful to me, as the pictures will be exposed so much. I have painted Hankey of the 9th. Kensington of the 3rd, both very like (for me). . . .

I remain, yours truly, tho' in haste,

John Ewen, Esquire,  
Aberdeen.

A. ROBERTSON.

Memo.—A few lines to Sandy, September 5th, 1804.

Unwell. Confined to bed. . . .

Dear Father,

London, September 8th, 1804.

. . . . I should have written before now, but I have been very unwell . . . confined to bed nearly a week . . . I am now pretty well again, and just setting off to the country. . . . I am going to visit Mrs. Barrow at her country seat. She is a very old lady with two daughters. Mr. Gibbon introduced me soon after I came to London. When they are in town we dine there every Sunday. I met at their house nobility, and the highest ranks of Society. Old Generals and Colonels of the American war. Mr. Barrow, who died many years ago, was Paymaster-General to the British Army in America, very few are admitted to dine with Mrs. B., but all the world calls to see the old lady in the evening. She has all the wit and spirit of a girl of 16 although 80 or 90. Thirty years ago, all the great literary men, Dr. Johnson, Hume, Goldsmith, etc. made Mr. Barrow's house their rendezvous. . . . I shall return in a few days. . . .

Yours affectionately,

Mr. William Robertson.

A. ROBERTSON.

Memo.—Letter to Sandy, 3rd October 1804.

. . . . Taken ill again—intermittent fever—threatening ague. Have not painted for six weeks. Medical expenses great. All my money drawn in and gone. Shall have a struggle. My fears about Charles—anxiety inexpressible. West told him of Mr. Trumbull's arrival at New York. He has not written Mr. West. . . . I am now better. Painting a gentleman recommended by Flaxman. Did not think I was known to him.

Dear Father,

London, 20th October 1804.

. . . . I am now quite well. Since my last, was taken ill again. . . . I have been painting for three weeks. Was not able to do business for a month or six weeks at all, while the expenses were running on as usual, with the additional expense of my illness. . . . I was quite run out for money and had borrowed from my friends. I have been very busy since I have began to paint, and have plenty of business in hand, but it will be some time before I shall draw in money. This has been a terrible drawback to me. . . . I have now given over every idea of coming to Aberdeen this season. It is so late, and I am now engaged in a work



which will, I hope give me much celebrity. I am painting the Colonels of the London Volunteers, 10 in number to be engraved. I am merely employed by the engravers. These Colonels are all the first men in London and the pictures are exhibited to the regiments in some very public place for subscriptions, and the engravings will be in every one's house. This, I hope, will bring me a torrent of the best connections. It will be three or four months before all this will be finished. . . . I am so harassed for time that I can scarcely write you this in haste . . . . as I am not to be in Scotland, I want you to get me a dozen of shirts with broad cambric ruffles to come far down, towards the bottom, not so full as at the top. . . . John Boyne's ruffles are just what I want. . . . I shall try what I can do about the bonnets, but I fear without effect. . . .

I remain,

Yours ever,

A. ROBERTSON.

I remove next week to No. 19, Cecil Street.

19, Cecil Street, London,

22nd December 1804.

Dear Sir,

. . . . I have been lately employed in painting the portraits of some commanding officers of Volunteers which are to be published by some engravers. I have painted—

- 1 Colonel Birch of the 1st Regiment.
- 2 Kensington (the banker) of the 3rd.
- 3 Canning of the 8th.
- 4 Hankey of the 9th. (I shall soon begin.)
- 5 Smith of the 2nd.
- 6 Shaw (Alderman and late Sheriff) of the 7th.
- 7 Combe (Alderman and once Lord Mayor) of the 10th.
- 8 Cox of the Bloomsbury.
- 9 Erskine (the counsel) of the Land Association.
- 10 and another.

Most of all these have expressed a wish to purchase their original pictures, after they are engraved. I shall have as many as I can in the Exhibition. This therefore, while it keeps me busily employed, does not add immediately to my stock of riches. . . .

My disappointment in not being able to come to Aberdeen this season was great, as in that case it is likely that I should have painted a picture of Lord Huntly, and if successful and were it engraved I am sure that such is his popularity, not only in the North but here, that a subscription

would soon have filled, such as to have it engraved in the best style by Heath. . . .

I remain, dear Sir,  
Your faithful and much obliged,  
A. ROBERTSON.

John Ewen, Esquire,  
Aberdeen.

Dear Father, London, 29th December 1804.

. . . I am afraid that you, as well as I, will find this term bear very hard upon us. The weight which is now hanging on my shoulders is greater than I ever experienced. . . . I see little else but ruin, however, in the mean time I am painting hard to do my best. I owe a great deal of money. Also to the engravers. . . . In order to make everything as easy as I can for you, I have written letters to the booksellers to pay the money received for the prints to you. I had reserved this for the engravers, however, there is no help, I must take my chance of the consequences. . . .

Wishing you all many happy New Years,

I am, your affectionate Son,  
ANDREW ROBERTSON.

Memo.—Letter to Sandy, 7th January 1805.

. . . The Colonels have not paid except Hankey. . . . Would not ask them as I may have to ask a favour . . . Rausch. Shall have a weekly quartette . . . painting Aston twice, for a fiddle. . . .

36, Gerrard Street, Soho,  
15th February 1805.

My dear Sir, . . . I am very busy preparing for the Exhibition. I am now painting Combe, and shall begin Erskine soon. . . . I have removed to 36, Gerrard Street. . . .

I am, my dear Sir,  
Unfeignedly, your obliged servant,  
A. ROBERTSON.

John Ewen, Esquire,  
Aberdeen.

Memo.—Letter to Sandy, 25th April 1805.

. . . Exhibition—pictures sent in three weeks ago—14 this year—Birch, Smith, Kensington, Combe, Erskine, and Reader, Captain Skene, Mr. Pitt, Mr. Mountain, Miss Purt, Miss Dickson, etc. . . . hope to paint

the Prince. . . Shelley—new exhibition—his miniatures grand. Academy dinner, etc. Hoppner. . . My musical party every Friday evening.

Rausch, etc. . . A grand concert, after I get my pictures from the Exhibition. Invite West, Beechy, etc.

36, Gerrard Street, Soho,

23rd May 1805.

Dear Sir,

. . . I am happy to find that my pictures in the Exhibition have been of service to me, as they have already brought me several respectable connexions as well as employment. To-morrow morning at 9 o'clock I expect Lord Huntly to take his first sitting. I propose to have it engraved as soon as it is finished, and I shall be able to publish it at the end of the year. The engraving will be executed in the best manner by Heath or Sharp. . . It has been communicated to me that the Prince of Wales has expressed himself "in terms of favour respecting me." If he would sit, I should paint him, and Lord Huntly, in the same manner. I have reason to suppose that I shall paint the Duke of York also. . .

I am, dear Sir,

John Ewen, Esq.,  
Aberdeen.

Your most sincere and obliged,

A. ROBERTSON.

Dear Sir,

Russell Place, May 27th, 1805.

I am a great admirer of your talents; and the great progress you have made in Miniature painting makes me request to know your prices, as I have frequent opportunities of recommending artists in your line to friends and others, who come from the country.

I am, etc.,

A. Robertson, Esquire.

J. HEATH.

Dear Sir,

London, 30th May 1805.

. . . Lord Huntly has sat three hours—his picture promises to be very superior to anything I have done. . .

I am, my dear Sir,

John Ewen, Esqr.,  
Aberdeen.

Yours most sincerely,

A. ROBERTSON.



Dear Sir,

London, 13th June 1805.

I breakfasted with Lord Huntly this morning, his picture promises to be very like, it will be finished in a week. His family and friends say it is the only good likeness of him. The Duchesses of Gordon and Manchester say they never saw any picture so like, and Mr. Douglas of Aberdeen, whom I met one day, says it is as like as "*two Mackrell*."

I shall advertise immediately, in various papers, Aberdeen, Edinburgh, Banff, Peterhead, etc., as below.

I am, dear Sir,

Yours, etc.,

John Ewen, Esquire.

A. ROBERTSON.

To be published by Subscription.

Major General—The Marquis of Huntly.

To be engraved in the very best manner by the most eminent artist in London, from a picture painted by A. Robertson, and under the Patronage of their Graces the Duke and Duchess of Gordon, Lord and Lady Browne, The Duke and Duchess of Bedford, General and Lady Charles Lennox, The Duke and Duchess of Manchester (if you can obtain her consent which I do not doubt), Lady Madelaine Sinclair. Size of print, 7 inches by 6. Price to subscribers, 10/6, proofs, 15/- to subscribers—received by Mr. Ewen at Aberdeen, etc.

P.S.—I believe I shall get the Prince's name. The Duke of Gordon told me that he wished to sit to me a year ago, but could not find me out. If I come to Scotland, I shall go to Gordon Castle, and paint his Grace. I have not yet begun to take subscriptions here, but the following have offered—Captain R. Campbell—2 proofs, Captain Harris 2 ditto—Major Ramsay 2 ditto, Lord Reay 2 ditto—Brigadier General Dickson 42nd Regiment—Dr. Ogilvie (Doctor's Commons, one of my riflemen).

Memo.—Letter to Sandy, 4th July 1805.

British Institution . . . my pictures said to be the best this year. Artists remark breadth, and being totally free from littleness—broad and painter-like manner. . . Lord Huntly published by subscription and dedicated to Prince of Wales . . . my being short-sighted the cause of breadth. I would put spectacles on a young artist so that he should not see the little parts—my pictures said to be like Sir Joshua's—he was short-sighted . . . this season big with events to me. . . .

Dear Sir,

London, 6th July 1805.

. . . . . The Prince of Wales is so much pleased with my pictures of Lord Huntly, and Mr. Erskine, that he has commanded me to paint copies of them for him, and has given me permission to dedicate them to him. . . . . I have reason to think that he will sit to me before he leaves town for Brighton. If not, it is likely that I shall go there. . . . .

I remain, dear Sir,

Yours most faithfully,

John Ewen, Esquire.

A. ROBERTSON.

Dear Sir,

London, 18th July 1805.

. . . Lord Alexander Gordon called on me to-day. He leaves this for Scotland in a few days, and wished to sit to me if he could have found time. If not, it is possible that in the course of the summer I may be at Aberdeen, in which case I promised the Duke to go to Gordon Castle to paint his picture, and I can then paint Lord Alexander. I shall also take one or two more sittings of Lord Huntly, at Aberdeen, if I can get him to sit. The picture, has been finished for some time except a few little things which I must leave till I see his Lordship. The engraving is not yet begun, I wish it to be engraved in the best and most expensive manner, as I have every reason to think that it will defray the expense. My opinion has been very much divided whether to have it in *stroke* or *dot*. The former is I think the best, but does not bear colouring, and many people would wish it to be a fac-simile of the picture. I have almost resolved to have it in dot on that account, in which case it will be engraved by Holl, in the former case by Heath—coloured impressions will be to subscribers, a guinea. . . . .

I am, dear Sir,

Your faithful and obliged,

John Ewen, Esquire.

A. ROBERTSON.

## Memo.—Letter to Sandy, 29th August 1805.

. . . . . Must leave this house. Literary Fund offered 140*l*. a year . . . . . lost a month looking for a house to suit . . . . . all in vain . . . . . grievous to move again . . . . . professional loss. . . . . Duke of Gordon could not find me . . . . . shall suit myself in this street if I can . . . . . still subject to move again—tempted to run risk of a small house which I hope will be to let soon, within three doors—an old house—lofty rooms . . . . . rent £50 a year, and £200 for a lease of 19 years. I hope to get it for £100. . . . . I shall furnish it at first with two chairs and a

table . . . do anything for permanency . . . £50 a year cheap for anything called a house. . . . Lord Reay has resigned command of L.N.B. Colonel Robertson of Struan got the Duke of Sussex to take command. All through me we are "The Duke of Sussex's Loyal North Britons." I am now a great man in the corps. Thus my connexion and respectability rise daily . . . hope these Dukes will sit before I leave this house. Prince of Wales, Duke of York, and Duke of Sussex, Duke of Gordon, and one or two beautiful women. Marquis of Huntly engraving. 200 names now. . . .

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Dear Sir,

Newman Street, September 15th, 1805.

. . . . I have the satisfaction to inform you that late last night, I determined my small drawing of the Caledonian hero, I had a terrible combat with him for the last ten days, and thought several times he would get the better of me, but whether he has, or has not, I must leave to the judgment of yourself and the Highland Society to determine, but there is one point I am sure of, which is that I have made my modern Achilles triumphant over another hero who has only given way to superior prowess, and yields his possession of the invincible standard but with the last grasp.

I have entered voluntarily into making the above design. The subject is interesting to the United Kingdom, and is a military honour.

The Highland Society composed of men of the first dignity, taste and information have voted it to be transmitted to posterity by a medal, and the arts seen on its surface must perpetuate them with honour or disgrace.

Under all these circumstances, I have made an exertion of my humble abilities to produce a design, in which I have given the natural character to each figure, as well as a classic art to the whole, and I flatter myself could we have the design well executed on a Die the size of the intended Medal it would not make against the taste of the Society, the subject, or the state of the fine arts in the reign of George III.

Will you have the goodness to communicate to Mr. Macrae (the Secretary of the Highland Society) for the information of the Society, that I have made the design of the Celtic hero obtaining the French Invincible Standard at the memorable battle in Egypt, and that I shall be happy to submit it to their inspection.

I have the honour to be,

With friendship and great regard, dear Sir,

Your obedient and obliged,

A. Robertson, Esquire.

BENJAMIN WEST.

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23rd September 1805.

I shall remove in a few days to 33, Gerrard Street, Soho.

Dear Katey,

I am obliged to move again, this has been such a terrible loss to me—moving a fourth time in one year, that I have been obliged to take a house at once, which will harass me for years.

It was the only thing I could do. I should be ruined by moving again to lodgings, and then have to move perhaps again. The people of the house where I am now so comfortable, have sold the lease of this house, and are to leave it. They would have taken any house to suit us, if we would live with them still—we could find none but this, and it was too small for them. I have taken it and intend to let part to Gibbon . . . the rent is £50, taxes £35. There is a lease for 19 years. I must pay £140—half down immediately, the rest six months hence—to paint and repair nearly £100 more—so that my whole time is occupied borrowing money, I cannot tell you the trouble I have been and now am in. . . .

Yours affectionately,

A. ROBERTSON.

Memo.—Letter to Sandy, 7th November 1805.

. . . . .Owe nearly £150. . . . .House repairs, etc., engraver, and various things . . . . .have 10/6 to meet all. . . . .Have to receive £50, but not in time . . . . .my house admirable for my business—looks up Dean Street. . . . .Dined at Cox's with Shelley, Westmacott, etc. . . . .Highland Society—Medal 42nd Regiment. Mr. West, through my manœuvres, volunteered a design. I have received thanks from Secretary, etc.

33, Gerrard Street, Soho,

22nd November 1805.

My dear Sir,

Since I received your kind letter I have been occupied in such a scene of confusion that I have scarcely written a line since. The repairs of my house have occupied every moment I had to spare from business, which I was afraid would be entirely put a stop to . . . in a week I think I shall have finished. I wish to set off for Scotland as soon as possible, I propose to leave London on Sunday 1st December by the smack to Leith. . . . I shall remain a few days at Edinburgh when I shall join Gibbon. He and I will then take a post chaise, and touch at the different towns, on my way to Aberdeen, where I have subscriptions for the engraving of Lord Huntly. I must return to London by the 18th January and shall remain all the time

Aberdeen, except that I must take a tour to the North for a few days to look after my subscriptions—the plate promises admirably well. . . . I have already upwards of 200 subscriptions in London, Edinburgh, Aberdeen, and Elgin. I have no return from other places, but I have reason to believe that they promise well. . . . As my stay in Aberdeen is so short, I shall only be able to paint a few pictures for my best friends. . . .

I am, dear Sir,

Yours most sincerely,

A. ROBERTSON.

John Ewen, Esquire.

33, Gerrard Street, Soho,

6th December 1805.

Dear Sir,

I just drop you a line to say that I shall sail for Leith on Sunday morning. I shall be only a few days in Edinburgh, and Mr. Alexander Gibbon and I will come to Aberdeen together.

I have got a few proofs of the Marquis of Huntly, and although it is far from being finished, it is one of the finest prints I know. Mr. Holl has taken such pains that I do not hesitate to say that when finished, it will exceed any print, I was going to say, in the English language! I have written to all those who receive subscriptions, to send me the names to Edinburgh. . . . I have only time to add that I have had several interviews with our Lieutenant Colonel the Duke of Sussex on regimental business. As soon as I return, I am to paint him in the Highland dress. . . .

I am, dear Sir,

Yours most truly and sincerely,

A. ROBERTSON.

Miniature Painter to H.R.H. the Duke of Sussex, which appointment I received last Monday.

John Ewen, Esquire,  
Aberdeen.

Memo.—Letter to Sandy, December 30th, 1805.

Sailed from London, 8th December. Did not reach Aberdeen till 24th, from contrary winds, and bad weather. Detained at Harwich. . . . All happy at Xmas.

### Letters written in 1806.

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Sir,

Aberdeen, 13th January 1806.

I take the liberty to enclose a letter to the Director of the proposed Concerts, containing a proposal establishing them on a respectable and permanent footing. A plan which can be carried into effect so far as funds can be raised to meet the expense, either by building rooms for the purposes of music only, or by making use of some temporary place, until it shall be deemed expedient to carry the plan into effect, of the success of which I entertain little doubt. I am convinced that sufficient funds may be raised, and that money will be very well employed in such a speculation. I have mentioned the idea only to a few friends, and immediately one gentleman offered to subscribe £100, and four others £50 each, neither of whom is musical, but actuated entirely by public spirit.

Very few people are aware of the difficulty with which an Amateur Concert is kept together, or when the performers are not paid for their labours. During the last three years of the Musical Society (which has been suspended now for five years) it fell to my lot to have the direction of the Orchestra. No one knows what difficulty I had in collecting the performers, for which purpose I had to run ail over the town in search of them, after the music was begun, and even when they were in the room, not unfrequently they took opportunities of reminding me that they were gentlemen, and would perform or not as they pleased. I was obliged to do everything myself, and should have been under the necessity of giving it up, had not my last plan succeeded, which was to learn a little of every instrument, so as to be in a great measure independent of their caprice. The consequence of these gentlemen immediately sunk, and they became disposed to give their assistance.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient,

A. ROBERTSON.

Dear Katey,

London, 28th February 1806.

I arrived here on Wednesday afternoon. I wrote you a few lines from Newcastle to say that with Miss Shand, and Mr. Leslie, I took a post chaise. Set off on Friday afternoon—stopped one day at Newcastle to paint Mrs. Maugham's picture. . . . We stopped to see Durham and York Cathedrals and Burleigh House (the Marquis of Exeter's and the finest house and pictures in England). The scenery at Durham almost turned my head, it



is so fine. The Cathedral and that of York most sublime . . . my affairs as to money are in the greatest confusion. . . .

Your affectionate Brother,

Miss K. Robertson.

A. ROBERTSON.

My dear Sir,

London, 13th March 1806.

. . . . I saw Mr. Nasmyth in Edinburgh also Mr. Raeburn, who was very kind, and is always happy to see me. He is an able artist, and by far the most respectable character I know in the profession. I am proud of his acquaintance. Since I came back to London, I have been employed in getting into order, collecting my pictures for the Exhibition and finishing them. I had the honour to begin my picture of the Duke of Sussex to-day. I was with him three hours. He has been painted by several artists in the course of the winter in the Highland uniform, as mine is. This is a spur to exertion, for I shall be sadly mortified, should mine be found inferior at the Exhibition.

. . . . I have been favoured by a sight of Lord Nelson's picture by West. As the public mind is now prepared, it is the most awful and affecting picture I ever beheld. It produces on the few who have been admitted, the strongest effects of the Tragic Drama. Women and sometimes men, melt before it. There are portraits of about 30 or 40 of the most heroic characters in the ship introduced, who have come from Portsmouth, Chatham, etc. for that purpose. It will be finished and exhibited in a month. I understand that the other pictures of Nelson intended for publication have fallen to the ground. . . . The Artists are to attend the funeral of Barry to-morrow. Of course I shall contribute my mite of respect for his memory. It now appears that he has been traduced and was a much injured man, some strange things are expected to come to light from his papers, and the true cause of his seclusion and hermitage (or as I may call it, eccentricity).

A public funeral, and a monument, is thus all the reward of a man who is an honour to the nation and has devoted his life to science. . . .

I hear from my family of your continued paternal attention to them. In a few months I hope I shall be able to do what I could wish, without the danger of your being again in advance. In the meantime, all I can offer is my repeated thanks. As I am totally engaged in my exhibition pictures, I shall be rather in difficulty until I begin to finish the pictures I brought with me, which I shall do before I begin many new ones. . . . A short time will now put me right I hope.

I am, dear Sir,

Your much obliged,

John Ewen, Esquire,  
Aberdeen.

ANDREW ROBERTSON.

Dear Father,

London, 26th March 1806.

. . . I am in such difficulties. . . . Upon making up my accounts, I find I am almost ruined by this house. I have been so distressed that I have almost had a mind to dispose of everything I have, and give up London altogether to go and paint in the country. I owe nearly £600, and how I can go on for another week I know not. . . . I never made up my accounts before, and now see nothing but ruin. I have as much as will pay all, I dare say, when I have got it in and have sold the lease again. I have tried to borrow £200 upon it, but cannot . . . do not let any one know the state I am in, as it would hurt my credit at Aberdeen, which stands high enough. . . . Not having been able to do anything since my return but my pictures for the Exhibition, has added to my distress, even for present subsistence.

I am now painting the Duke of Sussex, and hope I shall cut a figure this year. If it does not bring me great employment, I shall give it up. . . . In am *very* sorry to hear that my mother is ill, tell her not to vex herself. . . .

I am, dear Father,

Yours affectionately,

Mr. William Robertson.

A. ROBERTSON.

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Memo.—Letter to Sandy, 3rd April 1806.

Mr. West—Highland Society—made him honorary member. . . .  
Invited to dine 29th April, Duke of Sussex in the chair . . . think  
much of me . . . all in Highland Dress. I am now a member. . . .

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Letter to 42nd Regiment, 19th April 1806.

Sir,

When I was in Scotland, some weeks ago, I mentioned to Colonel Stewart,\* that I had got my friend Mr. West (late President of the Royal Academy) to make a design for the medal to be given to the 42nd Regiment by the Highland Society in London.

Some months ago, when they were on the point of having a design executed by no means equal to that which is now produced, although not then a member of the Society, being an artist, I could not help taking some interest in a subject which so nearly concerned our national taste in the fine arts. I have all along seen the difficulty which the Committee appointed for that purpose had in procuring an appropriate design, without presuming to

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\* This was David Stewart, of Garth, afterwards Major-General.

interfere. Until ashamed of and disappointed at endless delay, they resolved to have immediately executed the best design they had then got.

Having volunteered in the cause, Mr. West has produced such a design as has extricated them from their difficulties, and afforded so much satisfaction in the hope that this long protracted medal will at last come out a work of the first talent of the age, and worthy of the action it is intended to commemorate, that the Highland Society has expressed the sense of obligation they are under to Mr. West by passing a vote of thanks to him and electing him an honorary member—to communicate which a deputation was appointed to wait upon him.

Nothing can more clearly show the warm interest they feel on this subject, which, although so long delayed, appears, from what I have seen, not in the least diminished.

The first meeting of the Society was not on the 21st March this year, as intended, but was unavoidably postponed till 29th. The Duke of Sussex in the chair. The sketch was exhibited then, and afforded the greatest satisfaction.

Colonel David Stewart thought, from not having heard of it again that the proposal had fallen to the ground. He was so happy to hear of it that he begged me to communicate it to the regiment, and send a sketch, however slight, so as it conveyed the idea, not as from the Society, but privately from myself, making use of his name.

Accordingly, on the other side, I have endeavoured rudely to give the idea. Mr. West has treated it more like an epic poem than an historical fact.

As no more than two figures can be well introduced in a small medal, it is necessary to conceive them as the representations of the two regiments engaged in the struggle. Although the *fact* is that at the *moment* the standard was given up there was no struggle, yet to give the idea of an enemy and battle, it must be represented so.

There is one point of information necessary in order to render the whole design complete, and that is the dress of the invincibles—what sort of hat they wore—whether a long or short coat—what sort of pantaloons, boots, or gaiters, what sort of accoutrements, whether a moustache or not.

I am, Sir, etc., etc.

As Lord Huntly now commands the regiment, I may add that a print is new engraving from a picture of him, painted by me, under the patronage of his family and dedicated to the Prince of Wales. I promised to take this opportunity of communicating it to the regiment, so that if any of the officers wish to have a copy of it, their names may still be in time to be introduced in the list of subscribers delivered with the print. The price is 10/6, proofs 15/-, and in colours 25/-.



Dear Father,

London, 21st April 1806.

My pictures were sent to the Exhibition last week, and I have since been employed finishing my Aberdeen pictures. I have three large pictures in Exhibition—The Duke of Sussex—Lord Huntly, and a lady, the most beautiful I ever saw—Alderman Coombe, Alderman Hankey, Colonel Reader, (3 Colonels) and a lady, so that I make more show this year than I have ever done.

As to money, I have given over thinking about it, let things take their chance. In the meantime I work hard.

Yours . . . in haste,

A. ROBERTSON.

Dear Sir,

London, 25th April 1806.

. . . . . My pictures were sent to the Exhibition a fortnight ago. The Marquis of Huntly, Duke of Sussex, 3 Colonels, and 2 lovely women.

The Exhibition should open on Monday, but it is put off for a week.

My exertions this year have been greater than on any former occasion, but success depends upon many other considerations. I have lately been very busy and am now finishing my friends' pictures at Aberdeen, and painting a few which I could not begin sooner. I have the satisfaction to add that I have still many to begin, which I shall not do until I send these to Aberdeen, unless in the case of a person going abroad, or the picture being wanted for that purpose.

I am uneasy about the finishing of Lord Huntly's engraving, Mr. Holl lives seven miles from town. . . . . He promised to have it finished against the Exhibition, and kept the picture for that purpose till the last day, and then by a mistake of his servant I did not receive it. You may easily suppose the state of my mind when the day and hour of receiving pictures passed over without my being able to send my principal work, knowing that no interest can prevail on the Council of Royal Academicians to receive even their own works if too late, there having been a great schism last year in consequence of such a thing having been done.

I had, however, the good fortune to succeed by stating in a letter, a combination of unfortunate circumstances in consequence of an accident to the wife of the engraver which prevented my receiving it in time, and that I had walked to the place where he lived at 4 o'clock that morning (being the day after) to procure it. I had sent for it twice that week for fear, but he kept it to the last day. . . .

West's picture is now almost finished, it continues to produce the same effects. As I came out from him the other day, I met in the gallery some ladies of distinction going in, I understand that after sitting for five minutes silent, one of them fell into hysterics, and the others were in some degree similarly affected. There is only one picture of the subject painted, and

that by a comparatively inferior artist, and not likely to be engraved. No such picture as West's can now be painted were there talent equal, or superior to his to be found in the country, for when can the officers and crew of the Victory be collected again?

The price, two guineas—proofs, four guineas, was calculated by Heath on the supposition that it would be such a picture as the General Wolfe. There is, however, three times as much work for the engraver. Mr. M. told me that therefore the price will be doubled, but not to those who have put down their names, and that it was in contemplation to receive no mere subscriptions, as there is little doubt that the whole impression will be sold. . . . I rejoice, in common with all who know Lord Huntly, in what it is to be hoped is the end of his sufferings from the wound. He must have endured much all along, and yet he complained but little.

I am, dear Sir,

Yours very sincerely,

A. ROBERTSON.

John Ewen, Esquire,  
Aberdeen.

[From Major Mocara.]

Sir,

May 4th, 1806.

I was favoured with your letter of the 19th April, enclosing a sketch of the proposed Medal. One of our officers has made a drawing of the costume of the two figures represented, as in the struggle for the standard, which I should imagine will explain the particulars you mention in your letter better than any description of mine.

The uniform of the French Corps was green, but many of them wore large smock frocks of white Egyptian cloth over it. The cocked hat was made of the glazed linen of the country, and was of large dimensions.

You will order two coloured proof prints of the Marquis of Huntly for the regiment.

An officer proceeding to Gibraltar to join the 1st Battalion will be in town in about three weeks, he will call on you and take charge of one of them, and I will thank you to deliver the other to Lieutenant-Colonel Lord Blemtyre, who is now in London at No. 20, New Norfolk Street, Park Lane.

This letter, along with the drawing, I have taken the liberty to enclose to Brigadier-General Dickson, M.P., our Senior Lieutenant-Colonel, in order to save you postage.

I have the honour to remain, Sir,

Your obedient humble servant,

R. MOCARA,

Major 42nd Regiment.

A. Robertson, Esquire.

(Circular.)

Orderly Room, Cross Street,

Sir,

May 4th, 1806.

It having been mentioned to His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex that during the time Lord Reay had the command of the Loyal North Britons, the officers of the Corps attended the benefit of the flugelman Mr. H. Johnstone in their regimentals, I have it in command from His Royal Highness to signify to you his wishes that this custom may not now cease, but that you will appear on that night in your full dress Highland uniform.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your most obedient humble Servant,

GEORGE MAXWELL,

Lieutenant Robertson.

Captain and Adjutant, L.N.B.

[From Colonel J. Stirling.]

Sir,

Gibraltar, 27th May 1806.

I had the honour to receive a letter from you yesterday, without a date, mentioning that the Highland Society have long had it in contemplation to present the 42nd Regiment with a Medal indicating that the Standard of Buonaparte's Invincibles having been taken by the Royal Highlanders in Egypt.

Had your letter, which is fully explanatory of the original situation and plan of the Society, as well as of the delay which has necessarily attended the ultimate execution of their wishes, in the case in question, been communicated to me in an official manner, I should then have written to you at large the sentiment of respect entertained by the corps, for the Highland Society, to be by you communicated to that honourable body in a public manner. But as your letter is of a private nature, I need only answer what you ask relative to the Dress of the invincibles.

They wore, as nearly as I can remember, Cocked hats, long dark blue coats with red facings. Some had long white frocks, sky blue pantaloons, with shoes. Some had, and others had not moustaches—muskets, cross bills and pouches.

The officers had cocked hats, blue coats with red facings and white edging. Sky blue pantaloons and half boots.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient Servant,

JAMES STIRLING,

A. Robertson, Esquire.

Lieutenant-Colonel 42nd Regiment.



Dear Sir,

London, 21st May 1806.

I received at Bath, where I had occasion to be for more than a week, your favour of 4th Instant. . . . I went out of town a day or two after the Exhibition opened, and have not been able to go since I returned, so that I can say little about it yet, only that I am satisfied with the placing of my little things. . . . On coming to town I found several people awaiting me from the Exhibition to be painted. . . . Baillie Farquaharson and Mr. and Mrs. Frazer are to be set. I have finished almost all the pictures of my friends at Aberdeen. . . . You have seen in the papers an account of our countryman Wilkie's picture in the Exhibition. He is not above 20, studied in Edinburgh and is called the Scotch Teniers, he is in many important particulars very superior to old Teniers. His picture is the topic of conversation in every society. Such an immediate *dart* into the highest fame never was known. . . . I am sorry that Nasmyth and the other Scotch artists do not come forward to rescue their country from the implication it lies under of not producing genius in this branch of the fine Arts. In poetry and music, I think we stand our ground. . . .

I am, dear Sir,

Yours most sincerely,

ANDREW ROBERTSON.

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Memo.—Letter to Sandy, 17th May 1806.

Trouble in getting Marquis of Huntly's picture into Exhibition being so late, owing to a servant's mistake. Applied at Somerset House and it was received. . . . Saw Lawrence, who said my pictures would be "gladly received." I write this only to shew the interest the Exhibition excites every year and the way I get through business. I have this year 3 large ones, Lord Huntly, Duke of Sussex, and Mrs. Murray, half lengths Mrs. Stephenson—Aldermen Coombe and Hankey (Colonels) and Colonel Reader. They are well hung. High, which is well, seen over people's heads, but must confess I expected they would cut a greater dash, but I believe that, as usual, they are thought the best there. . . . West's picture of Nelson—fashion to abuse West—having resigned chair—produced this!—drowned all his contemporaries in a sea of inferiority. Has brought all the world to see his gallery! His name never so high. His life like sun—rose in splendour—obscured by clouds in meridian blaze—but will set in full glory. Women go into hysterics before it. . . .

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Dear Sir,

London, 6th June 1806.

. . . . Mr. Nasmyth arrived here on Sunday last, and you may easily suppose I met him with much gratification. We went to Mr. West's together to see the picture, but the crowd was such that Mr. West invited him to come early on Sunday morning (it shuts on Saturday) before the Princes come. We go together, he and his son Peter then return with me to breakfast. They went with me to the Royal Academy dinner on 4th June, and were highly gratified to see all the grandees in the art. Mr. Nasmyth met several of his old friends who were in Italy contemporary with him. Tristram and Marchant, etc. He has promised to dine with me soon, and we only want you to complete what I should call a pleasant party. I said to Mr. Nasmyth that I have had three great patrons in the arts. Himself, Mr. Raeburn, and Mr. West. That I shall never be fully gratified until I possess a specimen or memorandum from the pencil of each—and I have desired him to set aside for me, at his own price, the first little effusion of his genius which pleases himself, and he thinks will gratify me. Three such specimens would be valuable to any collection, but to me invaluable. . . .

Yours most sincerely,

John Ewen, Esquire.

A. ROBERTSON.

Dear Sir,

London, 27th June 1806.

. . . . I have been out with Mr. Nasmyth the whole day at various places. He is a very sensible and good man. My esteem is increased the more I see of him, . . . .

Yours most sincerely,

John Ewen, Esquire.

A. ROBERTSON.

At a Committee of the Highland Society held on Thursday the  
24th July 1806.

Sir John Sinclair, Baronet, in the Chair.

It having been reported to the meeting by John MacArthur, Esquire, that the outline design by Mr. Singleton for the new form of Diploma which he placed in the hands of Benjamin West, Esquire, about twelve months ago, for his opinion and amendment has been mislaid—

*Resolved*—That Mr. West be again applied to by Mr. MacArthur, and that if Mr. Singleton's sketch cannot be discovered, he be requested to favour the Society with a design of his own composition, and the Society being extremely desirous of having the Diploma completed with all possible despatch, the Committee relying with perfect confidence on the taste and

judgment of Mr. West, hereby authorize him to commit to the hands of the engraver, for final completion, the proposed design, when executed in a manner satisfactory to himself, without waiting for the opinion of another meeting.

Having read and considered a letter from Mr. Andrew Robertson of the 19th Instant and approving the suggestions therein contained—

*Resolved*—That the design by Benjamin West, Esquire, for the Medal be engraved under his own immediate inspection, by such artist in London as he shall select, to be finished, the Committee hope, by Christmas next.

*Resolved*—That the thanks of the Committee be presented to Benjamin West, Esquire, for this additional mark of his attention in undertaking so important a task, and for the zeal he manifests to perpetuate in a manner becoming the dignity of the Society, an achievement so honourable to the National Character.

*Resolved*—That the thanks of the Committee be also presented to Mr. Andrew Robertson, for the promptitude, and Struan-like spirit, with which he has espoused the interests and maintained the honour of the Society, and especially for engaging the attention of so eminent and correct an artist as Mr. West on this monument to Highland valour.

JOHN SINCLAIR, Chairman.

(Copied from)

Duplicate Original of Resolutions of Committee, committing the execution of the Medal to Messrs. West and Robertson.

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### Diary while at Windsor in February and March 1807.

#### Diary while at Windsor.

[Imperfect, abbreviated, and partially illegible.—*E. R.*]

*Thursday, 19th February 1807.*

At one, arrived at Windsor.

White Hart.

At two—waited on Duke of Sussex. Received most graciously—held out his hand. I asked about Princesses. He said he thought I would like to paint them—could not sit to-day—dine early—at 4. Talked of Miniatures entirely—warm room exposed to sun. To shut one of the windows. Corps of Loyal North Britons—Scotland—language, he was studying Gaelic—showed me Grammer—Scotch accent—to sit to-morrow at 10.

*Friday 20th.*—Duke of Sussex at 10—anteroom Major Fruth and Dr. Frazer at breakfast, waited till 11—admitted. Duke ill with Asthma—change of weather—up till 3, Prince of Wales with him—hopes will be able to sit in the afternoon—disappointed pictures not come—will appoint Princesses to come at 2. At one, frames not come—sad disappointment, as Prince of Wales would have seen them before he went at 4—expected to call on Duke of Sussex at 2—etiquette—pages and groom of chamber: 7 o'clock frames not come—sad affair—sat up till three, reading old letters and arranging papers.

*Saturday 21st.*—A note from Mr. Powell (before I got up) to wait on Princess Augusta at half-past nine—not there till ten—gone out to ride with the King. Introduced to Princess Elizabeth—"Captain Robertson!"—she thought Augusta was to sit—will ask the Queen and let me know—her drawing-room—extraordinary taste—bad picture of the King over the fire-place, portraits of Augusta, Sophia, and Amelia, by Beechy—round the room above cabinets. One on each side the fire containing curiosities in Nat. Hist., etc. opposite the fire and window large Chinese Cabinets, doors done in imitation by Princess Elizabeth, admirable, impossible to distinguish.

Settled to call on Powell at 11.30 to watch arrival of King, etc. Half past eleven—introduced to Princess Augusta, appointed to shew my pictures at two—met Princess Mary in quadrangle—called Mr. Powell back, settled to sit after two, at Princess Augusta's, with pictures. Most provoking, frames not yet arrived.

At two waited on Princess Mary—very beautiful—open—kind—would sit then. Shewed me her copy (water colours) half finished from Guido, Madonna and Child—attend her on Monday at ten. Waited on Princess Augusta at half past two, cheerful, pleasant, talks a great deal and laughs more. . . . “Now there are two things I must always have, *i.e.*, a prayer book to myself at church and my own table and candle to draw, for people will give unfortunate kicks. The first thing I must know of in a house is where the sun rises, and I must find it out myself, and all about the place.” Dinner called at 4.

To attend her every day at half after two. Talked of Bishop of Durham and Dr. Beattie, Miss Knight with us all the time—a very sensible woman, has been much abroad and in Italy—knows all languages . . . very short-sighted. Princess Augusta very peculiar about her eye—remembered having seen Mr. West’s picture at the Exhibition.

*Sunday 22nd.*—Half past eight went to private chapel. King—Queen—Princess Elizabeth—equerries accompanying him (and Marquis of Huntly) came in at private door—about 12 ladies and gentlemen, attendants, previously assembled.

King very devout (expressive by motion of his hands) responses very loud. Queen reads responses loud in Psalms, etc.

Half past 10, Oxford Blues, and Staffordshire Militia assembled in quadrangle. Royal Family went in coaches to St. George’s Chapel—very fine Organ. Service with Anthems. . . .

At last got my box and at work whole afternoon and evening putting my pictures in frames, and preparing for to-morrow.

*Monday 23rd.*—Princess Mary did not sit till eleven—beautiful creature—most difficult to paint, fidgets about, nor sits steady one moment—affable and laughs. Just before Princess Augusta sat, half after two, the Duke of Kent passed through—fine looking man—some conversation. Soon after the dear Princess Augusta sat, Miss Knight with us. Both very sensible women. Princess Augusta so cheerful, so much conversation, such naïveté—talked of Dr. Beattie with pleasure. I mentioned Smith’s “Wealth of Nations”—great work, and his moral sentiments. Princess Augusta will read the latter—“we do not read books of the former kind, horrid creatures. Nobody has any patriotism now”—letter writing—“I cannot write letters if people insist on one of three things—I cannot abuse my neighbours—I cannot write scandal—it’s not wholesome—very unwholesome to talk scandal—and I cannot write upon nothing at all. I must have something to write about besides that the fields are green, etc. and the sun shines.” Miss Knight mentioned the 12 gun brig which pursued and fired at the Guillaume Tell, escaping from Malta—“O, the dear little thing.” Princess Augusta most condescending—addressed me often while painting—of course obliged to stop. She apologized for not returning my

bow coming out of the chapel—so horrid she cannot bear it—but is always so engaged and uneasy, until she sees the King fairly in the coach.

After she was done sitting (I only began to paint this time) she gave me a slap on the back and said it was delightful, begging my pardon—never can read good books written by bad people. Dr. Dadd's Sermons presented by her tutor many years ago—could not, and would not take them—and the Queen was so good—said if she did not like them, begged he would not force it—her reasons were good.

While Princess Mary sat (I always paint in Princess Augusta's ante-room) the Queen came in—queer old German body—would not look at what I was doing, it was not fair. I was introduced, and am to paint her. . . .

*Tuesday 24th.*—Half past nine . . . . brought pictures to Princess Augusta's apartments for the Queen, etc. to see (Princess Sophia and Amelia had seen them at the Duke of Sussex's last night) and wanted to see Mrs. Clark, he told them of Mrs. Clark, must give it to him to shew them. Went out to walk, however, and did not come. When they returned at 12, Princess Augusta brought Princess Elizabeth—very much pleased, made me tell them the story of Dr. Beattie at Montague's funeral. Princess Augusta sat at half past two—had been sitting among the pictures, quite acquainted with them all. Colonel Slade so like somebody. Miss Planta said Mr. . . . "Oh, you dear creature, I am so obliged to you, you don't know. Oh, dear!" . . . Princess Augusta made me a present of a colour box.

*Wednesday 25th.*—A fast day.

Dear Sir,

Windsor, 25th February 1807.

. . . . You will be surprised to receive a letter from me, dated Windsor—and I am sure will congratulate me on the occasion of it.

Last week I received a most unexpected and agreeable message to repair to Windsor to wait on their Majesties and the Royal Family to paint their portraits.

I have been introduced to the Queen, Princesses, and Dukes of York and Kent, by the Duke of Sussex, who I find takes a warm interest in my progress and to whom I am indebted for this honour. I have begun the Princess Augusta and Mary—they are all as hearty and affable as all ranks were their equals. The Princess Augusta is a very amiable woman, talks a good deal and laughs more, was pleased to express her approbation of the beginning I made at the first sitting by an exclamation accompanied by a slap on the back (for which she begged my pardon!) which shows as much as possible the affability of the Princess Augusta, etc. She is a great admirer of Dr. Beattie, about whom we had a great deal of conversation. The Queen is also very fond of his works.



The Princess Mary is very beautiful, her picture will be very difficult. The Duke of Kent told me that he never yet saw a likeness of her. I shall, therefore, strain every nerve to succeed, as I dare say they will judge what I can do, by my picture of her.

I brought with me all my best pictures, with which they expressed themselves as much pleased as I could wish, especially Mr. West's—Lord Erskine—Lord Huntly, the Duke of Sussex, and portrait of a beautiful woman (Mrs. Murray) which I had in the Exhibition last year. They knew several of them—the Duke of York recognised all the Colonels of the Volunteers. I dare say I shall be here for some weeks, perhaps months, backward and forward.

The Castle is so full that I live at the White Hart Inn, where you may address to me, or as I shall be in town once a week and letters are forwarded, you may as well address to Gerrard Street as before.

The Princess Augusta has made me a present of a colour box, and desired me to make a copy of her picture for the Queen of Würtemberg. I shall be pleased by their wanting copies as I believe the Princesses pay better than the Dukes. The Dukes of York and Kent, I believe are very *good men*, as they would say in the city. However, the honour and patronage are enough in the mean time, it will be time enough to talk of money a year hence, and in the mean time I must do as well as I can. The Queen will sit to me as soon as I have advanced with the Princesses, and I hope the King will follow. The easy, affable, and elegant manners of the Princesses are quite endearing. I already feel as if I had known them for years and almost forget who they are. They say it is very hard to be Royal Highness for ever. They wish people would let them feel they had a home. At St. James's they may Royal Highness away as much as they please—there it is proper, but at Windsor they are at home. The only difference I perceive between the Royal Family and other people is that on entering and leaving the room one makes a more profound bow—quite down, as much as to say, with all this familiarity, I do not forget whom I address.

In the midst of this fair promise of fame and fortune, so unlooked-for, I cannot help, my dear Sir, calling to mind—nay, it naturally occurs to me, with somewhat similar emotions a certain interview, 15 years since, at the Shakespeare Tavern in Edinburgh with this reflection—from what slender beginnings, well-timed, how rich a harvest *may* follow. I begin to indulge myself in believing that if the future is equal to the past, I shall myself be an example of the above—in the mean time.

Believe me to be, dear Sir,  
Your obliged and faithful,

ANDREW ROBERTSON.

John Ewen, Esquire,  
Aberdeen.

*Thursday, February 26th.*—Princess Mary sat at 12. Duke of Cumberland came in—an elegant young man, most miserably purblind. Princess Mary in good spirits—long talk, fine arts—cabinet ministers—connexion and comparison between music and painting, eye and ear. At one o'clock Princess Elizabeth, the Queen, and Colonel Taylor, came in—he is a very judicious critic. The Queen thought Erskine very like, and Duke of Sussex,—which last, did not before. Shewed his to them all—condescended to be pleased—seems an unaffected, good sort of body, yet not deficient in dignity. Plain in dress, and manner, like a good, homely Scotch grandmother. Princess Elizabeth hearty girl, dignified sensible and accomplished, more style about her than the rest. Princess Mary at great pains to shew my pictures to Colonel Taylor. I said Mr. West sat 15 days.

Colonel Taylor—"How often have you sat?"—"Three times." Then you have only twelve times more. Princess Mary laughs a great deal—speaks thick, something like Lord Reay, whom she resembles in face. She is dignified, but it is assumed, Princess Elizabeth natural. Lady Pembroke and grand daughter came in—beautiful old woman. Shewed her picture by Mrs. Mee, just done—looks about 20!! quizzed Mrs. Murray's attitude—jealous because I said she was beautiful. Half after two Princess Augusta sat—still the same best creature that ever walked.

*Friday, 27th February.*—Princess Elizabeth sat at 11. Miss Planta present. Princess Elizabeth has fine countenance—sensible woman, knows a great deal of the art, made some judicious remarks on Mrs. Murray's picture, position of the arm, etc.

Sir William Parsons in next room. Princess Mary sings with much taste, fine voice, when Princess Elizabeth was done sitting, she sang, sweet voice also. If this room her's, would make it quite another thing. Thinks Princess Augusta's rooms now altering quite delightful—dislikes the colour of paper and furniture.

Half past 12.—Princess Amelia sat, lovely creature, fine features, melting eye, charming figure, elegant, dignified, finest hair imaginable—sits in hat, cap, etc., however, because the Duke of Sussex likes the dress—none of her fine hair seen. She is quite indifferent about her looks. She cannot be unconscious of her beauty, but no one ever thought less of it, or more careless of embellishment, further than her own comfort and respect for society requires. . . .

Half past 2.—Princess Augusta sat. I gave but a hint that I wished her to change her dress—she did it in a moment. She is all goodness, the most indefatigable good humour—told Miss Knight and me the story of her brothers and they, when children, going to Oxford . . . she used to calm them with music—the boys used to be sometimes flogged. She likes to talk about younger days—remembers when she thought it was not like a woman,

but now, thank God, she has got over that and delights to think and talk of these days—she used to pacify them with music when she could play two or three marches and tunes. . . .

When Princess Elizabeth sat, Miss Gomm and Lady Georgina Berkeley (or Buckeley) present daughter of Earl of Delawere, beautiful woman, sister of Lady Matilda Wynyard. Talked of Lady G.'s son, fine boy, but so riotous—he asked Princess Elizabeth for some of her hair—"what would you do with it?"—"why, I would stick it heart."

*Saturday, February 28th.*—Half past 11 Princess Amelia sat—one o'clock Princess Elizabeth. Majestic character. Princess Augusta could not sit till 2.30.

*Sunday, March 1st.*—Set off at 9 for London, Sir William Parsons and Mr. Cooper in stage.

*Monday, March 2nd.*—Returned. Duke of Sussex better—will sit to-morrow. Queen to sit. At two Princess Augusta sat. Scotch pebbles, etc. better than diamonds and foreign stones, which are nothing at all to one—former are part of one's self.

*Tuesday, 3rd March.*—At 11 Duke of Sussex sat—12 Princess Elizabeth—1 Princess Sophia—2.30 Princess Augusta.

*Wednesday, 4th March.*—Half after eleven Princess Elizabeth sat—at 1 Princess Sophia—gentle creature. Half past two Princess Amelia sat, dressed for dinner, sketched dress, saw her figure for the first time—angelic creature, modest, diffident, lovely . . . she gave me a commission to make a copy for her, about which she seems very anxious. She is benevolent to an extreme, adopts every fine child she sees, has 9 of them, does much good.

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Dear Sir,

Windsor, 5th March 1807.

. . . . You see I am still here. I have advanced considerably in all my pictures of the Princesses, and have been unusually fortunate, they say I have outdone myself in them, and they have commissioned me to make copies of them. I feel, therefore, very comfortable, as all my terrors are vanished. The Queen is to sit also. I shall, if possible, have them all in the Exhibition. I may be too sanguine, but I look upon the greater part of this season as likely to be engaged by them, and I am now so familiar with them all that I hope the honour of being known to them will not end with the pictures.

I have now seen all the family, and been introduced except to the King, Prince of Wales, and Duke of Cambridge, which will soon be the case, I hope. I fear I must not indulge myself too much with the hope of painting the King, he always disliked sitting, and when he sat last, to Sir William Beechy, six years ago, he and the Queen resolved never to sit again, and now that he



is almost blind, they never mention pictures, or anything that was formerly dear to him, which should put him in mind of his misfortune. But for this unhappy circumstance I should certainly have to paint him. . . .

I am, dear Sir,

Yours sincerely and truly,

John Ewen, Esquire,  
Aberdeen.

A. ROBERTSON.

*Friday, 6th March.*—At 11.15 Princess Amelia sat in hat, etc., still talks about the copy in yesterday's dress—she is flattered. Princess Mary sat at 1—as hearty as possible, laughed a great deal. At 2.30 Princess Sophia. Princess Augusta—"Oh, dear! How can you make it so like? I am so much obliged to you for making Sophia like"—distilled water for painting—rain water—"a gush of heavenly dew." . . . "I am always content, obliged to the sun when he pleases to shine, and let me out, and obliged to the rain when it keeps me in."

*Saturday, 7th March.*—At 11 Princess Elizabeth sat. At 1 Princess Mary—laughing most vociferously—talked of music—heard I was musical. Duke of Cambridge plays Violin, Tenor, Violoncello. Can read anything at sight. Told her of my *Ranz des Vaches*, must give it to Princess Augusta as a subject. Half past two Princess Amelia sat in the beautiful full dress—she is most lovely. I have to paint a copy of the Duke of Sussex for Princess Augusta. Princess Elizabeth brought Lord St. Helen's while Princess Mary was sitting. He spoke very critically and judiciously, said I could not miss a likeness, drawing so firmly. Princess Elizabeth seemed quite eager to show him my pictures, and watched his observations. He asked if they were in oil—such force—in short he was quite gratified. Princess Amelia, when she came, said she was quite happy he was not disappointed. She said so much to him at Chapel. He talked of Sanders by far the first. "Mr. Robertson, he said your miniatures were the best he had seen" . . . she cannot bear going to court.

*Monday, 9th March.*—Dukes of Cambridge and Cumberland here. Princess Mary would not sit—volatile. Princess Sophia sat—said it was too bad to take up my time by not sitting. She sat twice to-day—sensible, mild, reflective and good. . . . She turned the Princess Elizabeth's picture upside down "never could know a picture that way"—"to be sure not." I said—"you would not know the Princess Elizabeth herself"—she laughed most heartily at this. . . . Shew of mind in the arrangement of her room—her library—outer room—elegant cases, shut up—at top of each compartment. Poetry, History, Religion, Dictionaries, etc. Princess Augusta so good—talking of Gazette Extra. . . . "Now, my dear Planny, how can you be so deceitful, only think of Planny, for want of a footstool, putting her foot on her work bag and making herself believe that her foot is raised."

Had a talk with Lady Harcourt for an hour in the morning, before the Princess came.

*Tuesday, 10th March.*—Had Mrs. Powell, and a number of attendants—all out riding, except Princess Amelia—sat at 11 in full dress. 12, Princess Sophia—1, Princess Augusta—2, Princess Mary—3, Princess Elizabeth—so furiously eager that they could not attend to anything but paint. Princess Augusta headache—"it aches every day of its life. You know I can't cut it off for that" (she bears it in good humour) "what should I do? Would it be of any use to it to go and bite and scratch people?"

"Curiosity, oh, the curiosity of us, women. Lot's wife was nothing to me."

*Wednesday, 11th March.*—Returned to town.

*Thursday, 19th March.*—Came to Windsor, all very kind. . . . I find it impossible to finish them for exhibition this year, put it off till next. . . . Received most kindly, sat more than I could have hoped for. Princess Mary so delighted with them that hers being the only one not perfectly like, will sit again for another. Pity they should not *all* be like—no painter ever made four of them like before. Princess Augusta the same delightful creature as before. "Oh, dear, how like the Princess Mary—and the eye—for you know Princess Mary has a way of *smalling* an eye—you know what I mean." Reading the newspaper "Nothing new but debates—broke up at 6 in the morning, every day, every day, I am such a horrid creature, I never read debates, I am no politician. Let's see, Lady Shelley has a son. Well, I am delighted to hear it, although I am sure I never heard of the people before, but I *suppose* they are in extasy, poor souls, and that's enough for me." One day—"Well, there is one thing I cannot bear to do, and that is to put people out of conceit of a thing they like—if they are happy in it, is not that enough? Why deprive them of that pleasure? If it is before they get it—all very well."

Princess Mary "Well, Mr. Robertson, what have you done with your own picture? Have you got a wig for it too?"

[My father had just taken to a wig, being quite bald although only thirty years of age.—*E. R.*]

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## Letters written in 1807.

Dear Sir,

Aberdeen, 21st March 1807.

Having repeatedly written to you of late, I should not have troubled you again so early, but to inform you that having had the honour of a call from the Duke of Gordon on Thursday, as he passed on his way to London, we had some conversation about you, when his Grace, with his accustomed kindness towards you, was very happy to learn how you had been lately employed at Windsor. He said he had promised to sit to you, when I last had occasion to mention you to his Grace, and he meant to take the opportunity of being in London to perform this promise. He inquired for your house and upon my mentioning 33, Gerrard Street, he said "O! that's the old place, I remember it very well." I think, however, that you should pay your respects early to his Grace. He is a worthy, friendly, good-hearted man as any in the country, and does honour to his rank.

I am sincerely concerned to find his Majesty has suffered so much in his eyes, and that his sight is thereby so much injured.

I am, dear Sir,

Truly yours,

Andrew Robertson, Esquire.

JOHN EWEN.

33, Gerrard Street, London,

Dear Sir,

9th April 1807.

It is now several weeks since I had the pleasure to write to you, owing in some measure to my engagements at Windsor, where I have been since the 18th February, except a few days occasionally in Town "when we came to Court!" . . . . Mr. Nasmyth misunderstood me if he thought I was an advocate for *Minutiæ* in representing the town of Aberdeen, the fact is, I think that the better way to treat a town is to keep the whole in a general air tint, by which only the general form of the town appears, with the leading features, steeples, barracks, and other parts forming the general outline, but nothing of detail or interior parts. The whole thing being rendered indistinct and mixed in one mass, by the aerial tints—but—if the atmosphere be represented so as to distinguish interior or particular form, I contend that these forms ought not to be fortuitous or imaginary, but that of the very place, and if it is so clear as even to shew, distinguish,



or represent *the very* windows, which is quite unnecessary, I say that they ought to be *the very* windows, at least correct as to number—what I say as to the treatment of a distant town in painting, you will find something very similar to, I dare say, in a former letter. All detail of buildings had better be avoided, as the contrary only exposes the engravings to the criticism of those who are ignorant of the art, but are judges of the likeness. The former makes every one acknowledge the general resemblance, while it defies criticism in the detail. The other courts it, and unless correct, cannot stand the test. Finally, I deprecate detail in such subjects, but in so far as the form of any object *is* seen, it must, in the picture represent *that* object, and not anything of chance or imagination. We must produce such a work as will defy even the criticism of the ignorant in art, for they often affect to be the best judges of likeness, which in fact they are, in a great degree. . . .

When I have finished my pictures of the Princesses, I mean to borrow all my best pictures from the parties for whom they are painted, and make a little private Exhibition of my little things at home, that is, invite all my friends, particularly my Scotch friends, and as many of the nobility as I am known to, and if I am not flattered, I shall be able to collect enough to be interesting to many; and I hope to be talked of generally, from having the Princesses in my collection. . . . I have nothing of any consequence in the Exhibition this year, as I worked incessantly at my pictures of the Princesses, in hopes that I should be able to finish them, and when I found it impossible, I hastened to town on Friday and borrowed a few to put in, merely to preserve my name in the Catalogue.

I perhaps *might* have finished my pictures to make shift, but so important an occasion of distinguishing myself can never occur again, and is not to be trifled with. I am glad I exerted so much philosophy which was almost overpowered by my eagerness and vanity. I shall now have time to make them as they ought to be, my best works, to reflect over them, and take advantage of the advice and opinion of my friends, and the artists, previous to their appearance in public, and, as Lord Somerville told me, who has taken a most flattering interest in them and me, they will be more talked of and run after when they are not *to be seen* than if they were at the Exhibition, when every one can see them for a shilling. He also added that I may depend upon it they will be talked of enough, for what the Princesses said to him in my favour he is sure they will say to others. It was not for me to ask him what they said, I was sufficiently gratified and satisfied with so favourable and general an observation. A little imagination and vanity supposes quite enough. I perceive that Lord Somerville and Lord St. Helen's are the two great Goliaths of taste with them, and that they in some measure suspended their judgment till they should hear their opinion. Three of the Princesses seem to take a particular interest in my little things, than which nothing can be more flattering, viz., Augusta, Sophia, and Amelia. My having been

introduced to them by the Duke of Sussex as an officer in his corps, has not taken away from the respectability of my appearance with them; you may suppose I smile naturally when sometimes they call me Captain Robertson! and reserve my laugh until a private moment. But to return, I was going to mention another flattering occurrence. I did not know that Lord St. Helen's was so accomplished a connoisseur. The Princess Elizabeth brought him into the room one day and shewed him my pictures, one by one, with a watchfulness and eagerness which surprised me. Holding herself the heavy frames, which, by the by, were not over nice and clean. I did not take much notice as one of them was sitting at the time, until after having seen one or two, he made an observation which at once shewed me the cultivation of his mind. I then shewed them to him, in the best light, of course. The Princess Amelia, the youngest and most lovely, came in half an hour after they were gone to tell me, which she did with the most flattering eagerness and condescension, she was so glad Lord St. Helen's liked the pictures, as he told her coming from church he was sure he should be disappointed after what she said, and added—"he says they are the b-b-best m-m-miniatures he has seen." She has a little hesitation in her speech when she is animated. It was Amelia who chiefly mentioned them to Lord Somerville. I mention these things to you, not out of vanity, I assure you, for I have had so much of this sort of gratification that I am quite indifferent about it, but as an indirect means of knowing that they are favourably inclined towards me, and as a very reasonable ground to hope for the greatest advantages in their mentioning my name to the nobility and higher circles. I have never written these little incidents in my progress all along in London to any one but yourself and my brothers, as it savours so much of vanity, but to you I write without disguise, endeavouring to communicate them to you in the shortest language, flattering myself that you take an interest in my success. Therefore, these are only intended for your own ear. The gratification of vanity is but a small recompense for the struggle I have had in life.

I have had my full share, and am perfectly contented with my present situation as to character in the art, not that I conceive, by any means, that I have no further to go in improvement. Thank God, my ambition is rather increased than diminished, and the higher I mount in the ladder, the more it seems to lengthen above me, but when I compare the situation in which I now stand, with my most elevated, extravagant, and presumptuous hopes, in the outset of my life, I should be undeserving of my present prospects, were I not contented. Contentment, they say, is happiness, and will always be missed by those who indulge themselves in hopes and expectations, of which events must fall short.

Taking into consideration my own situation and that of those who depend on me, I must now endeavour to make hay while the sun shines, and reap the harvest which I have so long laboured to produce. I begin to find

business accumulate, and I hope it will continue to do so when I have entirely finished my pictures and am ready to shew them. If so, I shall take the assistance of some artist in bringing forward and preparing backgrounds and inferior parts, by which means I hope to increase my income considerably, and if I can once get so far ahead as to be easy in my mind, and not perplexed with speculation beyond my capital, I shall do a great deal more work and can sit more constantly at it, I shall have more pleasure in my profession, and consequently what I produce under a favourable state of mind must be very superior to many things I do. A greater proof of this, and encouragement to go on, cannot be, than my pictures of the Royal Family. I went to Windsor determined to leave all my cares at 33, Gerrard Street. I thought only of my art, and I have, without the smallest hesitation I say it, out-done my best pictures. I shall find it my interest, therefore, to make such arrangements as enable me to go on easily. Laying out £500 on the house, besides furnishing, nearly £100 on Lord Huntly's plate, of which the returns will be slow. Advancing nearly £100 on account of Mr. Rhind, which I have never yet received, nor indeed but one letter from New York these five months. All these have been too much for me, and owing you so much money for so long, added to my vexation, which is not at all alleviated by your never having asked me for it. . . . I hope to raise £200 or £300 on the lease through a fund, for a few months or a year. . . . I should most probably have struggled on, but for my connexion with the Royal Family. It will take me six months to paint the pictures for which I am employed by them. Their money is sure, but I must not talk of money for at least a year. When I have finished the Princesses' pictures for the Duke of Sussex, and two more, he will owe me £150. I shall have many copies to do, some are to be sent abroad to the Queen of Würtemberg, etc. My time being thus locked up in a great measure, I must borrow a little capital to enable me to go on. . . .

I remain, dear Sir,

With the greatest regard,

Yours most truly and sincerely,

A. ROBERTSON.

One word more as to the Princesses—at first they could hardly find time to sit, after they advanced in likeness, they found more time I even made them sit for the hands and bits of drapery, etc., and when I left Windsor last Princesses Elizabeth, and Mary, with whom I had most difficulty, told me if I wanted them again, they would sit as much as I pleased to make them complete.

John Ewen, Esquire,  
Aberdeen.



Dear Sir,

London, 15th May 1807.

You will see by the newspapers, that the Princess of Wales, after a long absence from Court, has been presented again, upon which occasion, I believe, the Princess Augusta presented her with a miniature of herself, which I fortunately was able to finish yesterday, her anxiety about it was quite extraordinary, and to-day she sent me her thanks for my exertions and expedition, as well as her approbation. I am now very happy that I was not able to finish their pictures for the Exhibition, as I have changed the composition of most of them, and by superior finishing and the advice and opinions of my friends, I can make them at least twice as good. In a week or two, I shall have them ready for the inspection of my friends and patrons, whom I shall then invite to see them, as well as all my best pictures which I shall collect for the occasion. . . . The Royal Family already owe me £200, and before the summer is over, they will owe me as much more. . . .

I remain, dear Sir,

Truly your obliged and faithful servant,

John Ewen, Esquire,  
Aberdeen.

A. ROBERTSON.

Dear Sir,

Carlton House, 21st July 1807.

I write you this from Carlton House. The Prince sent for me a fortnight ago, to sit for his picture. He has sat twice only, although I have attended by his command 8 or 9 times by appointment, sometimes waiting the whole day, which, however, is well worth my while. I take one of these opportunities to write you this. He has employed me to paint three small miniatures for snuff boxes, for the Dukes of Kent, Cambridge, and somebody else, he is to sit for a larger one afterwards, the same as the Princesses. If I succeed, I shall have many copies to paint. He insists upon having my pictures of the Princesses, and that the Duke of Sussex content himself with copies. I shall have several sets to do. Last time he sat, we were alone for an hour and a half—his affability, elegance and dignity, exceed all description, we laughed considerably, as I told him it was part of my plan to keep people in good humour while they sat, particularly if no one is present. . . .

I am ever, dear Sir,

Your much obliged,

A. ROBERTSON.

I have lately been under the necessity of formally taking leave of all society whatever, to enable me to make up my lee way. I shall not, for a year, dine with anyone. I have recommenced my studies at the Academy, which I

had been obliged to give up for some years, but which I hope I shall stick to for years to come. I am determined to be "aut Cæsar, aut nullus."

John Ewen, Esquire,  
Aberdeen.

Dear Sir,

London, 31st July 1807.

I have been at Carlton House all this day till now. While the Prince sat, as we are generally alone, I took an opportunity of mentioning your name, and the active part you have taken in all public measures. I also put into his hand the paper you wrote on the King's illness. He read it with great attention and said it was very well written and contained much nervous language, and added—"he must be a devilish clever fellow." I said that many people were of the same opinion, and that you were very much indebted to yourself for all your acquirements. He then asked me to allow him to keep it, I said, by all means, and he put it in his waistcoat pocket.

Believe me,

Yours always sincerely,

John Ewen, Esquire,  
Aberdeen.

A. ROBERTSON.

Dear Sir,

London, 24th September 1807.

I have a long apology to make for not having written to you before now, occasioned by a crowd of business, which I have not allowed to interfere with my studies at the Academy (where most fortunately Sir William Beechy was superintendant this summer) and by various circumstances by no means favourable to that peace of mind which study requires. That is now passed and I am again quiet and able to turn my time to advantage.

Last time I wrote, I was painting the Prince of Wales . . . he did not give me time to finish the picture. After he had sat for the last time, he told me I must not leave Carlton House till it was done, he must have it that night, it was in vain to say there was a week's work in it—that I hoped to be permitted to keep a copy for the Exhibition, etc. It *must* be finished and sent to the Continent that night.

I did the best I could, and let him have it, and thus all my hopes of fame, etc. from that picture vanished. He sat to me seven times—once two hours—when he sat to Hoppner last year, he would only give him three sittings of an hour. His attendants were surprised how I got him to sit half so much, and that he took so much interest in the picture, they never saw him so alive about one. I had every advantage and ought to have made a better likeness

than any one else and in the end I had the happiness to find that they all, and himself, thought so. He says he will sit to me again. I have every reason to believe that the cause of his taking such a concern about it was not that it was to be sent abroad, but that it was to be delivered on a particular night to a *fair lady*, which is as fatal to my purpose as if it were to be destroyed. . . . I have been very close in my studies this summer at the Royal Academy, and having the advantage of Sir William Beechy's *particular* attention, who knows so much of the mechanical part, I have made such progress in oils that I mean soon to profess it, chiefly of a size like my large minatures. I assure you, I mean to stick to the "aut Cæsar, aut nullus"—when the little blue devils let me alone.

I was not at home one day when Mr. Birnie called and I was so unlucky as to miss him when I called on him, so that I have never yet met him, but I hope when I do we shall form an agreeable acquaintance. . . .

John Ewen, Esquire,  
Aberdeen.

I remain, dear Sir,

Yours most truly and sincerely,  
A. ROBERTSON.

Dear Sir,

London, 26th October 1807.

. . . I have been very hard at work for some months from morning till night. I am close in my attendance at the Royal Academy every evening, after which I attend a course of lectures on Chemistry, an art very necessary for a painter to know. No power on earth shall draw me into society in any shape. I am in pursuit of a great object which I am confident is within the reach of industry. A number of families and friends, to whom I am indebted for much friendship and hospitality, think I use them ill by thus withdrawing from them, they look on me as an unsocial oddity. Necessity, however, has no law, and until I am free from embarrassment, and able to provide for those who look up to me for support, I have resolution to brave that, and ten times as much.

Some say we are born to live for others as well as ourselves. *You* know I have never yet lived for myself, but I do not choose to make known here what I have done for others. They may form what conclusions they please. My resolution is fixed and immovable. . . . I have been, indeed, greatly embarrassed, from the expense of a house fit for my business—an undertaking far beyond my means, however, thank God, I am now getting through, and in a few months I shall reap the benefit of my industry, which answers a threefold purpose—it improves my mind, will fill my pocket, and save expense—for if I dine with nobody, no one expects to dine with me.

I have not been able to touch the Princesses' pictures for six months. I have been obliged to do what was likely to bring me immediate cash. But soon I hope to be able to set about them.



Pictures of that large size take such time to paint, that I should starve, were my employment altogether in these.

They are what have gained me reputation, but small miniatures are what one must live by.

I now perceive my error, I have done more for reputation than emolument. I have, therefore, lately, increased the price of my large Miniatures very considerably. The small ones remain, as before, twelve guineas, and even in those I put as much work and study as other Miniature painters do in their pictures. So that, for the future, it is likely my employment will consist chiefly of small pictures. Since writing the above, I have experienced new proof of the uncertainty of human resolutions. The Duke of Sussex has desired me to meet him this day at Bedford, half way between Windsor and London, to dine with him. Notwithstanding my resolution to the contrary, I should do wrong not to give way in this instance. . . .

I remain, dear Sir,

Your obliged and faithful servant,

John Ewen, Esquire,  
Aberdeen.

A. ROBERTSON.

Dear Sir,

London, 31st December 1807.

It is with the greatest pleasure that I am able to say the plates are finished, but I cannot tell you, until you see it yourself, how much I am delighted with the view of Aberdeen. I felt an eagerness that the Town should be represented and executed in such a way as to defy criticism. I fear I incurred the displeasure of Mr. Nasmyth by my opinion as to what can be executed in aqua tint, as to minutiae. I should be presumptuous to set up my opinion against Mr. Nasmyth, but in this instance, I hope that success will in some measure, justify my opinions and wishes. My anxiety has been rewarded, and my hopes exceeded, by the very superior manner in which Mr. Lewis has executed the plate of New Aberdeen.

It is infinitely better than the first, what with Mr. Seaton's little sketches, Johnny Martin's sketch of the shore, and my remembrance of the scene, added to Mr. Lewis' exertions, it is so correct that your eye may travel along the shore, and all over the town, and count and name every house, as well as if you were on the spot. I am quite delighted with it, and congratulate you on so happy an issue to our endeavour, for I could not help feeling a party in the business. . . . I am full of business just now, which the shortness of the days rather increases. Wishing you my dear Sir, many, many happy returns of the season.

Believe me always,

John Ewen, Esquire,  
Aberdeen.

Your faithful,

A. ROBERTSON.

1807.

## COPY OF MY PLAN FOR SOCIETY P.W.C.

[The Society adopted the title of the Associated Artists in Water Colours.  
--E. R.]

1. That—The Institution shall be composed of Painters in Miniature and Water Colours—and shall consist of Exhibitors and 10 Managers to be chosen annually by the Exhibitors of that year.

2. That—The Exhibitors shall meet once a year, at the close of the Exhibition, to elect managers from those whose works have contributed most to the success and honour of the Institution, to whom shall be entrusted the entire management of all business for one year.

3. That—Those Exhibitors only whose pictures have been received into the Exhibition of that year shall vote for Managers for that year.

4. That—The Managers shall have power to admit any Candidate to be an Exhibitor whose works are approved of by the Society, always keeping in view that as the number of pictures received into the Exhibition will be regulated by the size of the room, they do not descend so far in the scale of excellence as to create confusion from the too great number of Exhibitors, and consequently of pictures sent for Exhibition.

5. That—Every Exhibitor is eligible to be a Manager.

6. That—The profits arising from the Exhibition shall be disposed of in the following manner :—

One half to be applied to a fund for charitable purposes, to accumulate for five years, the interest of which, after that time, to go to the relief of decayed Exhibitors, under the direction of the Managers.

The other half to be divided among the ten Managers as a reward for their talents, and a compensation for the time devoted to the business of the Society.

7. That—The election of Managers shall take place by ballot, and such Exhibitors as cannot be present at the general Meeting shall send, under cover to the Secretary, a list of such names as they think most worthy of that distinction.

8. That—As the success, and even existence, of the Society depends upon the election of the Exhibitors, and more particularly Managers, according to merit alone—should any Exhibitor be found canvassing directly or indirectly, in order that he may be elected a Manager—he shall be expelled the Institution.

9. That—As it is impossible to say who are most worthy of being elected Exhibitors or Managers until the Exhibition opens, a Committee be appointed to act as Managers until that time, and every one shall consider himself only as a Candidate to be an Exhibitor until his works are admitted to the

Exhibition by the Committee acting as Managers, who may, in the mean time, admit anyone as a candidate whose works they approve of, in like manner as Managers will elect Exhibitors at once.

10. That—Each candidate shall sign his name in the book of the Institution to an article binding himself to contribute his share of the expense of the first year, to the amount of five guineas, should the profits of the Exhibition, not be sufficient, to be called for from Exhibitors only.

11. That—There has lately appeared an increasing disposition in the public mind to encourage the fine arts in Great Britain, and that it becomes the artists of the present day to shew, by their continued improvement, how far they merit, and are likely to keep pace with, public patronage.

12. That—There exists a particular predilection and encouragement for the art of painting in Water Colours, an art only known and brought to perfection in Great Britain, and that it is particularly incumbent on Artists in that department to shew the good effect of patronage on the fine arts.

13. That—In addition to the opportunities now existing of exhibiting the works of living artists, it appears expedient to this Meeting that an Institution should be formed for the Exhibition and sale of pictures in Water Colours, on a scale extensive and liberal, inasmuch as it will consist entirely of that branch of the art, and will be open to every artist of merit in the kingdom, at the same time holding out advantages to the art in general, which cannot fail to excite emulation, improvement, and consequent individual benefit.

|                     |                    |
|---------------------|--------------------|
| Wood . . . . .      | July—Wednesday.    |
| Self . . . . .      | August—Saturday.   |
| Watts . . . . .     | September—Tuesday. |
| Leporta . . . . .   | October—Thursday.  |
| Bumel (?) . . . . . | November—Sunday.   |
| Walker . . . . .    | December—Tuesday.  |
| Green . . . . .     | January—Friday.    |
| Huet . . . . .      | February—Monday:   |
| Bone . . . . .      | — Thursday.        |

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Letters written from 1808 to 1813.

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Dear Sir,

Newman Street, March 19th, 1808.

Mr. Piggeon has sent me his Medal of the Highlander's Victory at Alexandria, from my design, as well as the beginning of the Die he is making from it.

Could you favour me with your company to tea this evening?

I want to have conversation with you as to the subject of that Die, and his having a supply of fifty pounds on account.

Yours with friendship,

A. Robertson, Esquire,  
Gerrard Street.

BENJAMIN WEST.

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Dear Sir,

Windsor, 21st March 1808.

I have been here a few days, taking a few sittings to give the last finish to my pictures of the Princesses, previous to their going into the Exhibition.

I am happy to inform you at last, that before I left Town, I saw everything in a fair way to begin printing Old Aberdeen. I put it in the hands of Mr. Girtin, who is the first engraver of writing in London . . . he said that in such plates, the object he generally had and was directed to observe, was *not* to make the writing showy, but as simple, light and delicate as possible, not to interfere with the subject. I told him to use his own judgment, using as much variety as was consistent with perspicuity, but on no account to make it so strong as to interfere with the effect of the print. . .

. . . Many thanks for your kind and continued attention to the wants of the family. I wish my Mother, poor body, to have every comfort in my power to afford her. Wine, in particular, is her great support, which I told them never to want for that purpose. . . . I hope soon my prospects will be such that the wants of the family will not be so heavy on me. This Exhibition, I have every reason to believe, will be my meridian as to name, and I shall begin to reap the fruits of my labours.

The pictures I have to exhibit are perhaps twice or three times as strong as to number as well as excellence, if I may believe my friends, as I ever brought forward. In this respect, therefore, adversity has had its jewel from the struggle I have had to contend with, as well as renewed enthusiasm in pursuit of the art.

For 18 months I have never once felt a wish to go from home, to dine out, to see a play, to attend a concert, or even to take a walk. I may with justice say, I have been a stranger to pleasure, except that arising from the art, but I have been no less happy, and I keep my health. I pay no visits, except professional, my pretended friends have, in consequence, forsaken me, but my real friends rejoice in my progress. I have always more business than I can do, but I paint very slowly, and paint only one picture while other people paint three. I make only one guinea, while worse artists make two. I have known many artists adopt the principle of making money and manufacturing pictures, and it turned out the goose with the golden eggs. Their business declined, and they turned to other professions. I cannot afford to try experiments. I must make sure of it and in the end I hope that fame and fortune will go hand in hand. I am convinced the taste of the present day is to give any price for excellence, and while my present enthusiasm lasts, I do not despair of improving. I have far to go, but hope keeps me alive. . . .

Believe me, always, dear Sir,  
 John Ewen, Esquire, Your obliged and faithful,  
 Aberdeen. A. ROBERTSON.

Pray offer my kindest regards to Dr. Skene and say I am much obliged to him for his attention to my Mother.

My dear Sir,

London, 18th July 1808.

. . . . I have delayed answering your last, as I expected to be able to say when I shall be in Aberdeen, which is yet undetermined, as my cousin Mr. C. Rhind and I, mean to come together. I hope I shall be able to leave this about the end of September. When I come to Aberdeen, I cannot afford to be idle, as you know, and it may be of use to announce my intention of being there by a single line in the *Domestics* of the journal a few weeks before, as I may have friends in the country. . . . I now begin to reap the fruit of my late seclusion from the world. I still go on with my studies at the Academy, and have much more business than I can possibly do. . . .

Believe me, dear Sir,  
 Yours most sincerely,  
 John Ewen, Esquire. A. ROBERTSON.

Dear Sir,

August 1808.

Having been detained so much longer here than I expected, and fearing that I shall be as much longer engaged by private business, I find that my exertions for the next exhibition will be so limited that I have much reason to

doubt whether I shall be able to devote any portion of my time to that purpose this year.

Under these circumstances I feel it a duty I owe to the Associated Artists in Water Colours, to take the earliest opportunity of sending my resignation, that they may elect a more efficient member. Have the goodness to assure the Society, and the members individually, of the extreme regret with which I retire from a Society in which I have received much pleasure and attention, and that nothing can give me more gratification than to hear of its success. I need not add that I am aware of the obligations under which the members of the Society are to each other from 1st July last, I mean as to the expenses of the next Exhibition, of the success of which there can be no doubt, but should it turn out otherwise, by any chance, I think it right here to state the readiness with which I shall contribute my share, and with best wishes for the success of the Society in general and of each individual, and yourself in particular,

Believe me to be, dear Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

A. ROBERTSON.

Mr. Robertson,

Sir,

Associated Artists in Water Colours,

August 23rd, 1808.

I have the pleasure to forward to you a resolution of the above Society held yesterday at Bennett's Hotel.

*"Resolved unanimously—That the thanks of the Society be transmitted to Mr. Robertson for the unremitting zeal and success with which he has discharged the duties attached to his late office of Secretary."*

As an individual I beg to express my regret at the loss we have sustained by your secession from office.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient Servant,

JOHN PAPWORTH,

Secretary.

6, Bath Place, New Road.

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Treatise on Miniature Painting sent my brother at New York in 1808; shown by him to miniature painters there, and studied by them; referred to by Mr. Cuming, the principal Miniature Painter there, in his public lectures on the Art about 1830.\*

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FIRST SITTING—an hour and a half.

I scraped out the marks of the saw on the ivory, and to take off the glassy surface left by the scraper (which is triangular like a small sword) I rubbed it over with pumice stone powder (powdered and sifted fine)—for were I to paint on the glassy surface, the colour would be apt to crack and peel off, if used in any body.

Charles† sat down in my chair, which is raised by a platform six or eight inches, exactly fronting me and the light. My light is about three feet square, and the lowest part about ten feet from the floor.‡

I first examine the countenance to see how it is put together, whether regularly or otherwise,—if very irregular, I generally find it come most like either in a front or profile view.

I then made him turn gradually round to see the effect of the countenance in every position from the right to the left profile—repeated the same in different parts of the room, to which I moved the chair, until at last I found that position of the face, and that effect of light and shadow, which contained most of his likeness and character. For in every face there are some positions where it is like itself, and others not at all like,—if an artist happens unfortunately to choose the latter, the picture never can be like, if he paints and alters to eternity; as a proof of which we often see our most intimate friends in such position, and such light and shadow, that we do not know them, and on the slightest turn of the head we are struck with surprise to recognise them. This part of the picture I sometimes get through in half an hour, at other times it takes three or four hours before I determine what position to paint, *i.e.*, before I feel struck by a sudden impulse and, as if involuntarily, I say to myself: "This is like you."

*This idea and this image I keep always in my mind*—and when necessary call up the animation, by conversation, so as to be like that image.

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\* The above words are written by my father, Andrew Robertson, on the wrapper of the old draft copy in my possession.—*E. R.*

† Charles was a first cousin (Charles Rhind) who settled and married in America, and was for some years in the East, Smyrna, etc. He was American Consul at one time.—*E. R.*

‡ Both my father and Sir W. Ross had their painting table so placed that the light came down aslant from behind over the left shoulder and the sitter in front rather to the right.—*E. R.*

While determining this I bring forth by conversation every variety of expression, from the extremes of seriousness and cheerfulness, until I *feel* what is the general character, and my mind is impressed with it both as to the head and the heart, or disposition. I consider a portrait but half like if it only gives the likeness of the body; to paint the mind it is necessary to study the disposition, which makes it more tedious with a stranger, whose character I have to read by conversation, than with one whose mind I already know. In this case I did not study the head long, after sitting an hour I was ready to begin, and sketched it in roughly in half an hour.

#### SECOND SITTING :—

About an hour and a half. Went on blocking out the general forms with Indian ink and lake, or Indian ink and Indian red mixed. I kept all very faint and of one tone, attending to the *dark* masses only—occasionally half shutting my eyes, so as when looking at nature only to see those—and searching for, and imitating, the *squarenesses*, making a rule never, if possible, to make a curved line, all straight and square, leaving the edges sharp as possible no gradations, all one tint.

#### THIRD SITTING :—

About the same time,—went on as before until it was like.

This I may call the *first* painting or stage of the picture, or the *dead colouring*, sometimes this takes twice as long, and I go on till it is like. I have made an exact copy of this stage on paper that you may see its state; only as I could not alter it being on card, I have not been successful in copying the likeness.

#### FOURTH SITTING :—

One hour and a half. With Indigo and Light red *mixed to a warm grey*, I laid in the more tender shadows on the off side of the head, as well as about the mouth and eyebrows, and slightly on the receding part of the near side. The masses composing the first painting, which contain chiefly the likeness, begin to disappear in consequence, I therefore restored and strengthened them, which was soon done, as the forms were still distinct, few, and simple. The likeness now comes on rapidly. I then with the same colours mixed to a cool grey—almost blue—laid on the most tender and delicate parts under the eyes and on both sides of the head and about the mouth and chin, forming a middle tint to the *warm grey*. I sometimes do this even with pure ultramarine in very clear skins, but it is an unpleasant colour to work, although so beautiful. These tints, although so tender, have all a precise form, and must be drawn with as much sharpness, decision, and squareness as possible, and here is exercise for the eye of an artist who sees forms invisible to, or indistinguishable by, a common eye. An artist looks at these tender and seemingly undefined forms, till he ascertains that they *have* form,

and what that form is. When his eye has become thus acute and sees them, it is no difficult matter to draw them in; half shutting the eyes is the best way to discover their forms.

#### FIFTH SITTING :—

I laid on the colour all over the face in the way I have expressed on the back of the second stage, beginning always at the bottom, until, after three or four times, I had got the colour about half as strong as nature. I generally use vermillion, Indian red, or both mixed, or either mixed with light red, according to the complexion: in this case I took vermillion. I then equalized the colour by filling up any light parts, or rather equalized after every wash. I then washed off the superfluous colour round the head where I had gone upon the background. N.B.—When I had only gone it over once, as above, I equalized by filling up here, and scraping off the grit there. I found, as I always do, many of the forms, as well of the strong as of the tender parts, which took me so much time to draw in, considerably effaced. I immediately restored them, which I find necessary after every wash as I may call it, otherwise I should have had all to begin again. Forms once got, are easily kept, but if *once lost* take as much time to recover as at first.

I found it necessary thus as I went on, or rather before I began this sitting, to strengthen all the parts, even the tender parts, and keep them as square and sharp as possible. They cannot be kept too much so, for they *will* get round in spite of one, and muddle all together.

I then, with a lancet of rather a round form, scraped off the *shining* lights on the nose, forehead, lips, etc. (N.B.—The lancet is very useful from the beginning to get the exact forms by scraping a little here, and adding with the pencil there.) I have not put the colour on the example of this stage that you may see, as distinctly as possible, the process of using the greys, which, from the difficulty of discovering the precise forms, is by far the *most important* and difficult part of the picture.

Lastly, at the close of the sitting, I put in carefully the nostril, with Indian red and ink, the wrinkle in the upper eyelid, and a touch at the corner of the mouth. If it has been hitherto correct, this is all soon done. I put in the pupil of the eye with Indian ink. This I call the

#### SECOND STAGE :—

Having got the colour washed on the face, I now proceeded to lay in the background with Smith's grey, or any other grey, or Indigo or any kind of blue, mixed with raw umber, very light, without gum.

I began at the darkest part with a large pencil\* with the point singed off, using as broad hatches or lines as expressed on No. 3—and the colour so light

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\* The size known as "Goose."—E. R.



as to be scarcely perceptible; filling up any inequalities with a stroke of the pencil similar to the part to be filled up. This I repeat in every direction perhaps one hundred times, taking care to fill up and equalize after each, until at last I only repeat it in the dark parts. The colour is used so light as to be scarcely perceptible all along, and it is only after several washes that you can perceive any effect, particularly as it gets darker, for I seldom use the colour darker as I finish, unless any part of the background is very dark.

After about ten hours' work I got it into a tolerably even state, although it is impossible to say what tone it will finally require until the whole is brought equally forward and into harmony.

I am now ready to take another sitting. Hitherto I have kept an exact journal of the process, but, as I afterwards tried experiments, altering the expression of the mouth, etc. during the future progress of the picture and changed my mind, I can give you a better idea of the process by stating the general principles I went upon.

The first thing I do, when the picture is in this state, on sitting down with the sitter before me, placed correctly as to light, shade, etc., is to examine the countenance, while still fresh and animated, before the features sink, and the natural expression is lost. Having considered it some time till my eye is full of it, I hold up my picture on a level with the head at such distance as that upon shutting one eye, the picture and sitter appear one size. I generally make some valuable discovery; some error in the general form, colour, effect, or character, and alter it immediately, while my eye is fresh to the sitter and the picture. As soon as I have caught this I look at the hair, linen and drapery, and if none of it happens to come well, I go on with the face, but if possible I contrive to draw in the coat (which forms the figure). I button, unbutton, pull up, pull down, put one arm back, the other forward, and vice versâ, till I am satisfied—this sometimes takes one hour. I make the sitter sometimes sit, sometimes stand, to try the effect. When at last I begin I generally get in the forms of the coat in half an hour, lay in the shadows with Indian ink or anything, and the lights with white; in short I take all I want of form, light and shadow at once, for were I to try at another sitting to get the same disposition of drapery even till doomsday, it would be all in vain. The little I do to the face, as above stated, and drawing in the coat, generally take up one sitting. At every future sitting, after taking the usual observation of the countenance, and touching or altering the face where most necessary, I look at the hair and linen; and if either, or any part of either, composes well, and in a pleasing form and effect, I take advantage of that opportunity, as I may never find it again. With regard to the hair, for instance, or any part of it, I wash off the temporary hair, or rather blotch that I had there before, and copy from nature that part and finish it completely, for, were I to leave it half done, it is impossible to finish it except from memory, and that is all stuff. I can never get the hair exactly

so again, nay, a breath of wind would ruin an hour's work,—if not completed, it must be taken out and begun anew, when an opportunity offers, that is when it happens to be fit for painting. I can never get the hair to come well *altogether* at once, I generally do it bit by bit, one day the hair at one side, sometimes the other, sometimes the top, sometimes a single lock—the same with linen. I think it right to mention this about the hair, linen and drapery here, because it is now time to watch for them; never miss a good opportunity; the face you can always get the same a second time, or a hundred times, but *never those in any degree twice*.

Between the sittings you may lay in the coat with Indigo, flake white and vermilion mixed, without the latter it will not be a cloth blue, but a silky blue; the colour should be mixed with gum and floated on. This effaces all the drawing of the forms, but, before you lay it on, trace it off on oiled paper as on No. 4; after it is dry, lay in the shadows with any warm shadow, Ink and Lake or any such thing, and the lights with the original colour mixed with white. As to buttons, perhaps take yellow ochre as a foundation, then Vandyck brown or I. Sienna burnt and ink, touching the lights with Naples yellow.

Use your discretion as to when you think proper to do the hair, linen, and drapery, only in the progress of the picture, try to bring it as soon as possible into harmony with the face, *i.e.*, as far advanced, and let all keep pace; or perhaps I may express myself better if I say that the sooner you bring forward every part of the picture to be in tune with the face the better, guarding most particularly against getting the strongest shadows up to their full strength too soon, for, if so, the picture will not be in harmony till it is finished. In this picture, the background being light, the only parts which apply to this observation are the shadows of the coat; to finish the linen or any other light part, in this case the hair for instance, even at the beginning, will not put the picture out of tune or harmony.

All these observations, since the face was got to the second stage, are promiscuous and tending to show the necessity of watching for the forms of those changeable parts that you may catch them when they happen to be disposed well; but they are secondary considerations compared with the head, which although of infinitely more importance can always be got into the same position, etc. N.B.—You will find most trouble in the hair; the only way to make it easy is to half shut your eyes, when copying any part, so as you can only see the great masses of that part and never attempt any minutiae till you have got these exact in form, colour and effect.

When you have finished the hair, linen and background, laid in the coat, and *merely outlined* the internal forms of it, leaving the finishing of it to the last, in short, brought the whole picture into harmony, I should call this the

### THIRD STAGE of it.

As it seldom happens, however, that one can have the good fortune to meet with such dispositions of hair, etc. as will enable one to bring it all forward so early, the only way is—particularly with the hair—to bring up the general masses and colour of the hair to be as like the general colour and effect as possible, merely to satisfy the eye, enable you to know what you are about, and make it go on pleasantly; so that, when occasion offers, you can wash out any part and put it in *most correctly* from nature, *finishing that part at once*, and have done with it and so on. In copying a picture there requires none of this care, trouble, and watchfulness; all one has to do is merely to imitate; there is no exercise for selection, taste, feeling, etc.

I ought perhaps, before I wrote all this since the second stage, to have gone on stating the process with the head; but I thought it best to call your attention first to these things, because one is so apt to leave them to the last, and is obliged in the hurry of finishing to make shift with any bad disposition of those parts which may then happen to exist.

As to the face, having at each sitting examined the expression or countenance, and made any little alteration that strikes me, having looked at the hair, linen and drapery to see whether any part of it suited me, finding none I go on with the face, first going over the shadows, correcting their forms, increasing their strength, and where necessary (with the same colour, Indian Ink and Indian Red, or Carmine, mixed), taking first one feature, then another, till I have gone over every one. After working some time on one feature the face becomes out of tune, the other parts appearing so unfinished, although perhaps before it almost appeared finished, being all in harmony. This I should find at every sitting if there were a dozen more; upon this first part of each sitting, that is upon the shadows, depends chiefly the likeness. Having brought them more exactly to their form and colour, mixing if necessary any colour that will make it more like nature, viz., warm colours if it is too cold, and vice versâ, then use the greys, the same as before, correcting every part and making them more like, giving squareness and shape to every, even the most tender, tint, where you can discover shape; but as these are the middle tints of the head and generally of each feature in particular, they go off so much in gradations and the least change of the muscles or expression makes such a variety of play among them and changes their forms so completely, that you must watch for them almost in the same manner as for those changeable parts I have written so much about. Then with Indian Red work in the carnations where necessary in a very clear skin; vermillion, light red or even yellow in old faces if necessary. The eye must direct all this. Hitherto I have always used Indian Red, and for the greys Indigo and light blue, because I know these colours will stand to eternity if genuine. But by the bye it is difficult to get genuine Indian Red, it is all artificial, made in England of purple brown and vermillion or lake; the latter particularly flies and leaves nothing but the brown which is dreadful. I got



some from Mr. West which I got made into a few cakes. I sent you one a year and a half ago. I consider a cake of such worth any money to a miniature painter; it will last for life almost, and I would willingly now give £20 that I had got it when I first began to paint. I find, however, that the colouring of my pictures, although perhaps as like nature as my neighbours, and so simple in its process, is not so rich and has not the beautiful variety of tints which many artists have. I therefore am now trying as pure and rich colours as I can get, ultramarine, vermilion and madder lake; carmine and common lake fade.

For the shadows I am trying ultramarine, light red and lake, mixed, which will make any colour.

I have not acquired much fame for my colouring, for although perhaps I was among the first miniature painters who endeavoured to explode the pink cheeks and lips, and blue beards of the old style, and to introduce truth, warmth, and harmony—still my colouring wants delicacy. What has recommended me to the public has been my careful drawing and correct form, upon which depend entirely likeness, expression, sentiment, character, in short the marrow of the picture. Although I mean to try to use such brilliant colours, and although a picture in the beginning looks so full of pure blue, red, and yellow, still they must in the end be so worked over each other, that they must harmonize in one general, warm, harmonious flesh tint. The colours *may* be mixed to form a *shadow* tint, and even in some of the darkest middle tints; but in the light parts of the face, the colours *must always be used pure and unmixed*, and let them harmonize with each other by their intermixture on the picture being hatched over each other, not perhaps by regular hatches, but by such blotch or touch as will fill up most easily with the colour the part you wish; but at first I would recommend to you my own way, using for shadows Ink and Red; for greys, Indigo and light Red; and for flesh colour Indian Red.

But to return to the sittings; I repeat the mode I have detailed at every sitting till the picture is like. I then at last use gum with the colours to enrich and bring out the whole. The greatest secret, however, that I have in the art is that I never, *if possible*, touch any part of the picture except the background unless the person is sitting—*all from nature*—and in the face I make it an *invariable* rule. If I do not get enough sittings, all I do to the picture is to bring it into harmony and leave it. If a picture is in harmony it pleases and looks finished, often beautiful—as witness Cosway's pictures—and all his followers including all the manufacturing school of miniature painters, their pictures are but sketches. I can bring a picture so far in four hours. Witness also Rubens's and Titian's sketches—they give as much pleasure from their harmony as if screwed up to the utmost pitch of depth, warmth, and richness of colour. A hasty sketch by Cosway or any such elegant artist is invaluable, but a sketch by a bungler is like a school boy attempting running

hand where he must fail, although perhaps by care he might, by pencilling, and painting up, labour out a decent piece of writing.

For this picture Charles sat about fifteen times, an hour and a half at each on an average ; the background took me about ten or twelve hours, the coat about three, besides which I lost a great deal of time trying experiments, altering parts where I failed, etc., so that there is a week's hard labour in this picture. To give you an idea of my patience with regard to my pictures, and more particularly backgrounds, when I painted the Princess Mary, I painted and *finished* at least six backgrounds before I was satisfied, for one cannot tell the effect till it is almost finished ; and each of these backgrounds (being a large miniature) took three days at least, besides looking at it twenty times a day for six months, considering and puzzling my brains night and day.

In Charles's picture I first had the background dark, but finding it did not relieve the head well, his hair being so light, I took it out. I never mind fag or trouble so as I can but improve my picture, so that was a loss of six or eight hours besides the above.

When I had finished the picture, and just before it was shut up, I touched the dark shadows of the face with some of Smith and Warner's balsam which I sent you ; it requires to be warmed at the fire to thin it ; I had put it on too thick and therefore I was obliged to take it over the greater part of the picture.

When I take a particular fancy to render my picture everlasting, I do this, for gum decays and moulds, so that no miniature of twenty years' standing is fresh unless it is a mere sketch without any depth. Force and depth can only be produced with gum, and that decays unless varnished. Varnish, again, turns yellow if covered with a glass.

I am the only one who has applied this balsam to miniature, as it does not change ; but as it looks clammy I seldom use it, unless where I am willing to prefer permanency. I have sent you a slight tracing of the picture, to assist you in copying it, by laying it over your commencement, as the picture is soldered in and must not be taken out. This I always do when I make a copy, by applying it to correct any error of my eye in the general form and proportions.

Use no gum till the picture is three parts done.

I wrote you on the 9th September, 1806, all I know of the principles of the art in a few words. In this you will find not so much my principles of the art as the mechanical mode of process I adopt in painting a miniature.

These are not to be *read* only but *studied*.

[The following is the paper referred to on previous page.—*E. R.*]

Mem. of Letter to Alexander, Sept. 9th, 1806, on plan of study for pupils in drawing, etc.

#### PLAN OF STUDY.

Let the pupil learn to imitate form and colour. As to forms ; triangles, squares, angles, etc., regular and irregular from outlines ; then from blocks cut into forms. Then objects more intricate, houses, trees, tables, chairs, etc. ; then intricate objects from nature, tables, chairs, domestic furniture in perspective ; vases, books, in short, still life, separate and combined.

Nasmyth has small models with which he teaches light and shade ; they draw from models, then from the building itself. Something may be done in colour this way, colour more easy, at least the student will soon learn as much as will put him in the way, and then let him teach himself. Take any colour, say black, three or four shades on cards or a sheet of paper—given to imitate these exactly—same with red and blue—then any two combined, then various proportions, shades, etc., then all three combined to make black ; then by a predominance of any two, it will be a green, or purple, or a brown.

If the pupil wants genius and cannot imitate form and colour, here he must stop, save his time, his master trouble, and his friends expense ; painting is like music, nature must give eye for form and colour, as ear for time and tune ; she gives sometimes one, both or neither in each art.

Form and colour are the alphabet ; so far the art is general—he will then choose his branch, animals or inanimate nature. If the former he must study anatomy, the antique, etc. ; if the latter, he may proceed to draw and paint from nature ; he must select parts, finish them in his sketches, leave the rest, no filling up, no extraneous matter, no running hand. Studies are of three kinds—Form, Colour, Effect. As to the first, he cannot be too minute. Turner and others, although their best works look rough and slovenly, are amazingly careful in their studies which are laboriously finished in every part. These selected, as essential, from the less important studies, are finished, and the latter are left, or at least less laboured. If the pupil begins slovenly it will end in smoke. Copy closely ; if not beautiful it may be a picturesque cottage, let every touch mean some shade, hole, excrescence, etc. ; paint nature as he finds it, not as it should be, or once was. These studies of form are useful for composition, invaluable, never to be parted with, for distance, middle ground, foreground ; materials for trees, houses, fragments, plants, etc. A good tree will afford a week's study if bare of leaves, also a gothic building, a bit of oak ; know one oak, study it well, you will learn general form and leading features, all that is then necessary.

For the studies of colour and effect, the same observations will apply ; for the latter, rapid studies of colour, half-shut eyes, or wear spectacles to prevent seeing minutely.



The great use of these studies is to give the mind a correct mode of thinking in colour and effect, and the eye correct taste.

Use good colours; there is no occasion to invent a composition, only combine; then, in composing or inventing he will have acquired such a habit that everything will have an air of truth. If the pupil see only his master, his work will be like his master's; if he study the antique only, all will have an air of the antique; the same if nature is his mistress. If, however, he attempts without, all is feeble, undecided, unnatural, difficult; in colour the eye wanders, becomes reconciled to what is false. Apply studies from nature to correct the taste, effects of nature fit for pictures; collect materials from sketches of form; correct colour by your studies; original composition becomes very easy; it costs time and trouble, but is, however, rewarded by pleasure.

Select a few of your best pupils and go on; they will teach themselves and one another, with no trouble to you. Parade their sketches once a week, select the best and hang them up in honour. Camera obscura, ne plus ultra in drawing from nature, campstool, portfolio, slight frame with points stuck round.

The above hints are ill arranged, you must make the best of them. Set of drawings, Morning, Noon, Evening, Night; combined with wind, rain, sunshine, and grey light.

ANDREW ROBERTSON.

September 1806.

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Dear Sir,

London, 27th June 1809.

. . . . I have been very busy lately finishing a picture of Mrs. Clarke, for which she sat to me some years ago and left on my hands. There are 20 or 30 spurious things of her which sell at a great rate. Mine is the only genuine one.

I have sold it to Maule, so you may see it some time or other. The print for her own memoirs is engraved from it. I have taken a copy of the picture and hope I shall sell it also. . . .

I never knew a season in which people are "so drigh i' the draw"—and very many of whom you would not expect it are not above saying they really cannot afford to pay full price, and I have in consequence been obliged to accommodate as much as possible.

The Duke of Sussex's debt would set me on my legs, but I fear his will be long in coming. I shall see him on Wednesday, as we are to take a plain mess dinner after our inspection. . . .

I remain, dear Sir,

Ever yours,

A. ROBERTSON.

John Ewen, Esquire.

Dear Sir,

London, 3rd November 1809.

. . . . I am now carrying out a speculation, which I have had some time in view, by which, if it has but tolerable success, I shall hope to make a good thing, and that is, to publish a complete set of portraits of the Royal Family. There never has been such a thing done. Most of them have been engraved in separate prints of different sizes, from pictures painted at different times. But there is not a set of pictures done at the same period, nor prints of any kind of uniformity, and to give a representation of such a family in the jubilee year of their Royal parents' Marriage, I should think must be interesting.

Having already painted seven of them I can begin it with good effect, as the size is so convenient for publication, being the same as the Volunteer Colonels of whom I sent you a few impressions. The Princess Amelia is now engraving as a specimen by Carden, our first engraver in the delicate and highly finished style. It will be finished in six weeks, so as to open the subscription by Christmas. . . . They will be published in five numbers of three prints each, at a guinea each number, and if successful, I shall go on with two numbers more, containing the collateral branches of the family. But all depends on the Subscription, as I cannot afford to run risks, and if it should not answer my expectations, I cannot lose much by the Princess Amelia's portrait, as she has been so much talked of lately, that considerable interest has been excited.

I am sure of every patronage that the Duke of Sussex can command and there is no saying—"Fortuna favet fortibus."

With best compliments to Drs. Skene, Ker, and my good friend Professor Ogilvie,

Believe me, dear Sir,

Your faithful and obliged servant,

John Ewen, Esquire,  
Aberdeen.

A. ROBERTSON.

Dear Sir,

London, 24th April 1810.

Mr. Coxe has put me rather in good spirits to-day. He had seen several Royal Academicians who have the arrangement of the Exhibition this year, and they spoke of my pictures in terms very flattering to me, and have assigned the post of honour to them as centre pictures among the Miniatures.

I understand Mr. Raeburn means to settle in London in consequence of Hopper's death, and that he wishes to obtain his house. I hope this is true. He would be a great acquisition in London, both for the strength of his art, and his respectability as a man.

I am, my dear Sir,

Most sincerely yours,

John Ewen, Esquire.

A. ROBERTSON.

My dear Sir,

London, September 27th, 1810.

I received yours of the 13th and should have answered it sooner, but that I have been very much occupied, as indeed I have been for the greater part of the season, and when I have finished all the pictures that I have now in hand, I hope this will turn out one of my best years for a considerable time. While people were leaving town, I finished very few, making a point of taking the sittings of all that came.

I am, dear Sir,

Yours truly and gratefully,

A. ROBERTSON.

Dear Sir,

London, 13th November 1810.

You will have heard from my sister that I have been at Windsor since I wrote you last.

The King having expressed a wish to have the original, or a copy of my picture of the Princess Amelia, I was sent for about 10 days before she died.



I was there about a week, and have to paint copies for all the family, that is, nearly all have given me directions to that effect. It was while I was there that the King was taken ill. The affliction of the family is not to be described. I did not see any of the Princesses, but several of the Dukes, as I generally breakfasted with the Duke of Sussex. The print of the poor Princess is having a very general circulation and will have a great run, no doubt, in the course of the winter, it is said to contain a great deal of her character, which was truly amiable, lovely and tender. In benevolence, charity, affection, and in every amiable quality of the mind she came as near perfection as anyone I ever met with, and the character of her which was copied into all the newspapers, although it appeared too perfect for human nature, was not in the least exaggerated, as far as I could discover from my own observation, or that of others who knew most of her. I never met with so perfect a portrait in describing the mind and genius of any individual. In music, she was such a proficient that she could play by recollection the most difficult pieces after once hearing them.

From all that I could learn, human nature never suffered more from disease. Sir Henry Hallford told me she was not so much wasted in the face as might be supposed, but still very like her picture. . . . .

I am, dear Sir,

Most truly yours,

A. ROBERTSON.

33, Gerrard Street, London,

17th February 1811.

My dear Sir,

I have had the experience of feeling that however much one may be prepared for such an event by long illness, yet, when the death of a Mother takes place, the voice of nature is not to be stifled. That everything has been done which could be effected by skill—that every soothing attention has been shewn, every comfort administered that filial affection from her family and kindness from friends, more particularly yourself, could afford, I am satisfied and grateful. Perhaps it is implanted in our breasts by nature that every man should think *his* the best of Mothers, and I may be permitted to enjoy the natural delight of viewing her amiable character as I always have done in that point of view. Her sphere of life being humble, her affectionate and angel-like qualities could only be known to her own family. It was her sad fate to have to struggle through a scene of distress and trouble, of which there are few examples. She was an instance of what may be effected by the most tender frame when impelled in her children's cause by maternal affection.

Left almost unsupported at one time in consequence of my father's misfortunes in business, with a large family, for whom she had to obtain

subsistence, her exertions not only effected that, but procured for us the best education, almost in the face of impossibilities, and instilled into our minds that regard for appearances, that proper pride of being respectable, and that ambition which has been the means of raising us from that humble sphere of life, if not yet to fortune, at least to that which is more gratifying, to become known and respected by the highest ranks of society. Peace be to her spirit, which is in Heaven, may we all learn to live and die as she has done, we may then hope to meet again hereafter. If extreme tenderness of affection, if the most pure benevolence, charity and kindness towards all mankind and even animal nature, ever formed the character of a saint, she was one. If to feel that one has been instrumental in alleviating the sorrow of such a character is cheering to the human heart—if to receive the last blessing of such a spirit is soothing to the mind—such satisfaction is yours, in its fullest extent. Her family, in their afflictions would be undeserving of the goodness of Providence, were they not grateful to the Almighty ruler that she was spared so long—first to take care of us, in our tender years, and next that she lived long enough to see her hopes in her family realized, beyond her most sanguine ambition, to see that we were not unmindful of what she had done for us, and to reap the fruit of her labours. To us it is a consolation of the richest nature, a reflection which may gild even our days of misfortune with a heart-cheering delight not to be exchanged for the Universe, that we had an opportunity of shewing to her how far short of her merits fell everything we could do for her. While the family required her exertions, she was kept alive by the exhausting and convulsive struggle of maternal affection, and it is ever to be lamented that when her family were enabled to soften her cares, nature had given way and her health was broken down.

I am sure you will excuse my thus giving vent to feelings which never ought to go beyond one's own family, to whom alone her humble and domestic, but infinite goodness was known, but I cannot altogether restrain myself in writing to one who has acted the part of a father to the family, I cannot express how much I am gratified that in my absence you should supply my place at the last awful ceremony. Your last letter informing me of the arrangements arrived just at the moment when that was to take place, and although I could not personally be present, my full heart was there. Pray offer my best thanks to Drs. Skene, French, and Ker, for their kind attentions of which I am fully apprised. It was beyond the power of skill to arrest the hand of time and fate. Mr. Wright has shewn his friendship in a great degree and deserves my thanks.

In conducting the funeral, the family has stood much in need of your good advice. You are fully aware how sincerely it must be the wish of Sandy and myself that every respect should be paid to the memory of our poor Mother, and with what cheerfulness we shall defray the expense.

In the mean time, as soon as it is ascertained and the bills received, I shall remit the amount to you, who have been so good as supply what was necessary in the mean time.

I remain, my dear Sir, with a due sense of all your goodness,  
Your truly obliged and grateful,

John Ewen, Esquire.

ANDREW ROBERTSON.

My dear Sir, London, 11th March 1811.

Having now had time to recover, in some measure, from the impression made by the death of my poor Mother, I now sit down to answer some points in your last letter, which perhaps ought to have been attended to before now.

In the first place I cannot resist the opportunity of again expressing to you, my dearest and best friend, the obligation which I feel your truly kind offices have on this melancholy occasion imposed upon me. . . . I have been deeply engaged for the last fortnight, and shall be for a month, in preparing for the Exhibition, where I have every prospect of making a start in reputation this year, greater than I have hitherto made.

I had made arrangements for declining to begin any more pictures until 1st April, to finish what I had in hand, and leave these six weeks uninterrupted for this purpose.

I am now painting the largest Miniature that, perhaps, ever was done, and my friends tell me it is sure to sell for a great deal of money. If I am successful in selling it, I shall occasionally give up a portion of my time for these subjects. . . .

I am, my dear Sir,

With the strongest sense of gratitude,

Your sincere and much obliged,

A. ROBERTSON.

John Ewen, Esquire.

My dear Sir, London, 21st December 1811.

Since I wrote you last, I have received the two Volumes of the History of Aberdeen for which I return you my best thanks. The perusal of it has afforded me a great deal of pleasure. The chapter on Literature and the Arts does you much credit in every respect but one, that your friendship for me has induced you to write too favourably of me. . . . At all times believe me to be, my dear Sir,

Most sincerely and truly yours,

John Ewen, Esquire,

A. ROBERTSON.



My dear Sir,

London, 25th May 1812.

Our illustrious Colonel, and I may add, my good friend the Duke of Sussex, begins only now to be known to the world. He has been long traduced by sneers, although nothing was ever advanced against him, but his poverty. He has only £18,000 a year . . . he has to keep up appearances with his *brothers* who have all, appointments to three times the amount. The Duke of Cambridge, for instance, has £14,000 still paid him by the King out of his own funds as *Governor of Hanover*, besides as much as Colonel of the German legiou—with other things, a district rangership, etc. The King never forgave the poor Duke of Sussex. He is a true friend of the people and the constitution, and an enthusiastic admirer of the united character of soldier and citizen in the Volunteers, which he calls the only constitutional force of the country, and which sentiments he takes every opportunity of breathing. He is always at his post with us when there is any appearance of commotion. During Sir Francis Burdett's riots, he was with us every night till four and five in the morning. On the night of Mr. Percival's murder, he came as usual and put himself under the police, and did not depart until they dismissed us. He made an admirable address to us, although it was his *interest* to be elsewhere in the bustle of party, he felt it his *duty* to be with us. He was again with us at 6 in the morning of Bellingham's execution. You will have seen by the papers that I had the honour to be presented at the last Levée with the other Captains of our Corps. . . .

I am, dear Sir,

Ever and sincerely your obliged,

John Ewen, Esquire.

A. ROBERTSON.

My dear Sir,

Norwich, 20th November 1812.

I arrived here a week ago and find it a place where the arts are very much cultivated. The people are active and public-spirited in the highest possible degree. Some branches of knowledge, chemistry, botany, etc., are carried a great length. General literature seems to be pursued with an ardour which is astonishing when we consider that it does not contain an university, and is merely a manufacturing town. To this, no doubt, the society connected with the Cathedral contributes much. The women are as ardent in these pursuits as the men. There are a number of old, respectable, and wealthy families about the town and neighbourhood. Music and painting too are equally cultivated. I have just returned from playing at an amateur concert held once a week on the same plan as our old, dear little establishment at Aberdeen, which was such a credit to the place. Here, almost all are amateurs and, with the assistance of the singers at the Cathedral, perform the Oratorios of Handel equal to London. Of course, they cannot have a

Catalani, but in other respects quite equal. The Choruses much superior. The only Professors are Dr. Beckwith, the organist, and a young lady, a teacher of the Pianoforte, who sings. I thought of you all the time, and how you would have enjoyed such an Exhibition of amateurs.

Painting and Drawing are as much esteemed, and many are nearly as great proficientes. There are some very wealthy families of Quakers, bankers, etc. People of fashion and great style too, as far as is consistent with their principles. They excel very much in drawing, and some ladies here have studied anatomy very closely. From all this you will perceive that I am much delighted with the place. In addition to the above, its antiquity, as a large town, goes back into the dark ages. The studies of landscape about the town are infinitely beautiful and inexhaustible. The buildings, cottages, etc. are charming, and have invited people to the general practice of drawing, or rather painting in water colours from nature, assisted by a man of considerable abilities as a teacher and landscape painter, who follows the art in the true way and quite an enthusiast, as all the people here seem to be in everything. I appointed two afternoons to shew some friends what pictures I have here, anything new spreads in a moment. The room was filled at the hour appointed, and I have every reason to be highly flattered with my reception. Sir William Beechy and Opie have both painted here. The latter married the famous Miss Alderson, who writes poems, tales, etc., and lastly the life of poor Opie. I am to see her to-day. . . .

My dear Sir,

London, 16th December 1812.

I should have written to you a fortnight ago on my return here, but have been waiting every day for a remittance from the country, part of my Norfolk harvest. . . . I have some thoughts of painting a Miniature of the Prince, larger than my Gipsy. . . . I hope to be fairly before the wind in the course of this season, and to be able to keep a deposit in your hands for the family, instead of the painful necessity I have been under of keeping you in advance, yet I think it best to let them suppose that matters continue as before. A very proper feeling which they have with regard to your infinite goodness tends to keep them economical. . . .

I am, dear Sir,

Your sincerely obliged and grateful,

John Ewen, Esquire,  
Aberdeen.

A. ROBERTSON.

My dear Sir,

London, 17th February 1813.

. . . . I am convinced that it will be for the comfort and happiness of the family to live in the country. . . . What I propose is

that they should, if possible, find some convenient house near Drumnahoy where the family has been known and respected for nearly 300 years—a place for which we have naturally a great affection—or if not there, at the village of Monymusk, two miles distance from it . . . it will be conducive to the health of Mary and my father (now upwards of 80 years of age) to whom it may give new life. . . .

My dear Sir,

London, 14th June 1813.

We never feel the value of friendship so warmly as when administered during the time of calamity and grief.

Your kindness on every occasion, but particularly on this, as well as on the death of my poor Mother, has sunk deeply into my heart. None of the family have yet been able to write to me.

This awful and sudden event has affected me with the most acute anguish of heart. My regard for my departed friend was that of a brother. If innocence of mind and the most tender feelings of the heart are recommendations to the intercession of a merciful Saviour, he is now with the blessed in Heaven. What is all the pride of youth, rank, wealth or talents? Where is the difference between man and the insect that crawls on the ground?—only in that immortal spirit which lives beyond the grave. For the wisest purposes Providence distributes misfortunes to mankind in different proportions. Some are heavily afflicted, others less so; but as all must die, death comes home to the heart of every individual, repeatedly calling us to remember that there is another, and a better world—that we are the insects of a day, for what is human life, compared to Eternity? And thus does God's Providence display His mercy, in preparing us for Himself and by these trials of affliction, as we bear them with resignation, or otherwise, may we ourselves judge how far our hearts are weaned from the trifles of this world, or prepared for the next, looking forward, not with fear, but hope. Alas! when we are weighed in the balance, we are found wanting. As the dreams of happiness which his poor Mother had formed were brilliant, so much more dark and gloomy are now her prospects. The comforts of religion are now her only consolation and will enable her to bear this calamity with pious resignation. Although depressed with the feelings inseparable from so melancholy an occasion, it is my first duty, as the nearest relative to her, in this country to attend to her temporal comforts . . . I have written to my poor Aunt by this post. . . .

[This must refer to the death of a first cousin, brother of Charles Rhind. Mrs. Rhind and my father's mother were sisters.—*E. R.*]



My dear Sir,

Wednesday, 14th July 1813.

I enclose you a list of the Committee of the Highland Society, and a copy of a Communication which I have sent to all of them who were not present at our Meeting on Saturday last—so that being now officially announced as Convener of the Select Asylum Committee—the sooner you proceed to business the better, and I need scarcely say how sincerely I wish it may thrive under your auspices.

I send you herewith also the Minute Book of the former Committee, to which I refer you for the history of their proceedings and of the Institution generally. I also refer you to the Treasurer's Report which you will find in the Minutes of 15th May, and to Mr. Macrae's account and vouchers, with Lists of subscribers which you'll find in the Book at that folio, and which will explain to you everything in my power to elucidate.

The sequel to the proceedings in the Book you'll find in the inclosed proceedings of the Society.

I remain always,

My dear Convener,

Yours very truly,

Andrew Robertson, Esquire.

SIMON MACGILLIVRAY.

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## Letters written in 1814.

Loyal North Britons in defence.

Arms, etc. "Nemo me impune lacessit."

## REGIMENTAL ORDERS.

Captain Robertson,

The Duke of Sussex cannot take leave of the Loyal North Briton Volunteers without expressing to each officer, non-commissioned officer and Private, his sincere regard, as well as gratitude for their regular and orderly conduct on all occasions, ever since he has had the honour to command them, but most particularly in those moments of temporary ferment, when their prompt and steady appearance undoubtedly tended to tranquillize feelings of uneasiness amongst the sober inhabitants of their neighbourhood, and greatly to relieve the anxiety of those Magistrates at whose disposal they were placed.

The flattering marks of the Prince Regent's approbation which they received on a late occasion, as well as the Compliments paid to the Loyal North Britons with the other Volunteers by His Royal Highness the Commander in Chief, in communicating the same to each Corps, must be a gratifying reflection well calculated to soften the pangs of separation.

By the blessings of peace, Government has been enabled to dispense with the further services of Volunteers in the Metropolis, amongst which are the Loyal North Britons; thus this National Corps will be disbanded, and His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex parted from a Loyal Band of his Northern friends. However, he can assure each individual of them that he shall ever feel the warmest interest in their welfare.

The Duke of Sussex requests Major Sir Alexander Grant to accept the assurance of his friendly regards as also Captains Alexander Gray Davidson—Andrew Robertson—Alexander Grant—The Hon. Dudley MacDonald, and Simon MacGillivray, and Dr. Hamilton.

The absence of Captain Hamilton prevents his being noticed amongst the Captains on this day, but His Royal Highness cannot refuse himself the pleasure of expressing to the officers and privates his personal esteem, regard and friendship for him as also the high obligations which the Corps and himself owe him for his constant unremitting and disinterested exertions for their service. To these he conceives, in a great measure, is due that national and soldier-like spirit for which the Loyal North

Britons have ever been so pre-eminently conspicuous among the Volunteers of this great Capital.

It would have added greatly to the gratification of the Lieutenant Colonel and the Corps, could Captain Hamilton's avocations, which unfortunately called him abroad, have allowed him to attend the last Review held by His Royal Highness the Prince Regent, and their Imperial and Royal Majesties the Emperor of Russia and King of Prussia.

The Duke of Sussex returns his thanks to Lieutenant John Slade Skaife, John Pirie, George Allan, John Morris, Kenneth Murchison MacRae, John Isbister, Isaac Kitchen, James Fairlie, William Anderson, and Alexander Duncan Stewart for their services.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex in bidding adieu to the Loyal North Briton Volunteers, flatters himself that should at any future period, circumstances require again the embodying of Volunteer Corps, the individuals who have so long formed the object of his superintendence, will reckon upon the faithful services of their old Commander as much as he shall trust and look to their Loyalty and Patriotism; for this purpose he has ordered that the Colours of the Corps should be presented to the Chaplain of the Gaelic Chapel with a request that they may be hung up and preserved in that National and Holy Temple, as a sacred pledge of their allegiance and fidelity.

The further regulations, as to the final adjustment of the Accounts relative to the Corps will be entrusted to the care of Captains of Companies, from whom His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex expects a report when they are satisfactorily closed.

AUGUSTUS FREDERICK,  
Lieutenant-Colonel, L.N.B.V.

Kensington Palace, 23rd June 1814.

By His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex,  
W. ANDERSON,  
Lieutenant and Acting Adjutant, L.N.B.V.

London, 10th July 1814.

. . . I have been, thank God, fully occupied lately with a good run of business. I am painting a very large Miniature of Mrs. Dingwall, by which I hope to have credit in the Exhibition next year. Altho' I have only trifling things in the Royal Academy this year, I never got so many pictures from an exhibition, while often I have had a greater show I have hardly got one, indeed all artists remark how few come from the Exhibition,



business comes more from connection, or rather from pictures seen in private—it closed only this day, they have had a very bad season. For three weeks, while the Emperor and King were here, not a soul went near it, they therefore kept it open a fortnight or three weeks longer. . . .

London, 16th July 1814.

. . . . If you look at the Observer of to-morrow see "Caledonian Asylum." It had been given up as hopeless—apathy prevailed—Sir John Sinclair in the chair, raised his voice to give the finishing blow, on which *all* looked on with silent concurrence. I was roused—they paused, but dare not resist the appeal I made. It was given to me, with two coadjutors, one never attended, the other was all despondency and opposition, in spite of which we have collected £3,500 to begin with, in sums from £100 to £10 chiefly the former—and it has now come to this; we have 2 or 3000 more pounds to collect of the old subscriptions of 1808 and 9 most of which will now be recovered—see the Morning Chronicle of to-morrow and Courier, next day the "Times" and Morning Post. . . .

Dear Robertson, . . . Sunday, 4 P.M., 24th July 1814.

I like this plan much, and your Prospectus is clear and forcible. I foresee that the time will come when I shall have to make a motion for placing *your picture* in the Hall of the Institution, in grateful testimony of your meritorious exertions for the success of the Establishment!! Pray receive the enclosed Draft, for *fifty guineas*, as my subscription.

My eye still annoys me—and is likely to detain me here some time yet—unless to-morrow should give better prospect when I see the Doctor.

Yours truly,  
J. K.\*

A. Robertson, Esq.

My dear Sir, . . . London, 5th August 1814.

I take this opportunity to send you a Prospectus of the Caledonian Asylum and shall be obliged if you will have the goodness to forward the others.

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\* James Kinloch.

For the last month my time has been almost entirely occupied in bringing this Institution to bear, during which my mind has been quite unhinged from my professional pursuits by that fever of mind which you have often experienced, and which could not fail to arise from my having the whole weight upon me of conducting affairs of such magnitude, measures of such extensive influence. A question naturally will arise to you—what have I to do with these things, whose time is money, whose business stands still while I am not at work, why not leave it to those who are idle and independent and have time, or whose business may still be carried on by clerks?—my answer is short, if I had not done so, no one else would, and this valuable Institution would have sunk for ever. To you, and to you only, explanation is due, since but for this circumstance I might have been enabled by assiduity in my profession, to have placed the family account in a state more worthy of your long suffering kindness—to explain this fully, I must give you a short sketch of its history from the beginning.

When this Institution was first proposed in the Highland Society in the year 1808, it was received with a burst of the most exalted National feeling and enthusiasm—in that year upwards of £5,000 were subscribed, and the management was referred to the Subscribers as in the case of the Society for British Fisheries, which also arose and thus branched off from the Highland Society. At this time most of the distinguished characters, whose names you will find in the list of subscribers, were members of the Committee, not merely nominal but active and zealous members. Numerous meetings often do little business, and seldom do that business well or consistently. Several great errors were committed, the first was that they did not collect the money subscribed, for this would always have taken care of itself, and have drawn a thousand interests round it to bring more, while by interest alone it would have considerably increased, and the ultimate establishment of the Institution would never have been doubtful, instead of this it was resolved that the money should be collected as soon as the sum of £10,000 should be subscribed. Had the Highland Society first collected the Amount, and said to the subscribers when the management was referred to them—here is so much money, not so much *paper*, the Institution would have been in operation and perhaps ten times the sum raised, which I do not yet despair of living to see.

By degrees, all this fine enthusiasm was worn out by frequent meetings, where much was said and little done—various delays took place, waiting for the patronage of the King—for returns from the West Indies—waiting to get things done in proper form and under high authority, till the moment for action was gone by. At last, not only did further subscriptions cease, but even a meeting could not be obtained, and the few hesitated to act. In this state it remained for 2 years, until a General Meeting of Subscribers was held in May last year at the Freemasons'. At this *general meeting* only four subscribers attended, among whom was honest John Forbes, when the management of affairs was referred back to the Highland

Society. I happened to be present at the meeting of their Committee, when it was brought before them—an universal despondency prevailed. Sir J. Sinclair happened to be in the chair, who I have understood was never warm in the cause, in short it was not a child of his own, and he is not much given to adoption, he was of opinion that if the subscribers could not bring it to bear, the Society could not hope for better success, and he did not see how it could be received, having already done all that could be expected as in the case of the British Fisheries—silence prevailed for some time, and what little was said was to the same effect—not one voice was raised to save it. The question was put. I could no longer remain silent, and was tempted to rise by an irresistible impulse, having been often provoked to see how mankind are thus discouraged.

I had never taken any part in the affairs of the Society, leaving it to those who had more time and ability. In regard to the Asylum, I merely remembered having read some printed papers and thought it a most valuable institution, and intended at some future period, after its final establishment, to give my ten guineas when I could better afford it—but to look on with indifference *now* was impossible. It appeared to me that, important as the Institution was, it lost all consequence before an object still greater.

I saw that the character of the Highland Society and even of our country was implicated, and in danger. It would be said that 5 or 6,000 pounds had been subscribed, and that at a meeting of Scotchmen in a Society which in a manner represents Scotland, there was not to be found half a dozen of men, not even one, who would take the trouble to collect, or even ask for the money, and this perhaps by none more readily than by many of the subscribers themselves, when they should find that they could do so with safety—not with a view to debase the Society, or their country, but to let people know that they had subscribed so and so—it is human nature, and therefore no disparagement to them, to say that many people are wonderfully quiet when there is any danger of touching their pockets.

As I felt all this strongly, I dare say I expressed it warmly, adding that if the Institution had never been proposed, all would have been well, but that after so much had been done there was no retreat, the character of the Society, the character of our country was in danger. I must do Sir J. Sinclair the justice to say that before I had finished he had taken the pen and framed a resolution that it should be received, and a Committee appointed to carry the measure into effect. I must also do justice to the rest by acknowledging the readiness with which every one entered into my view of the thing, shewed how sincerely they wished success, and that it was from no reluctance on their part to pay their subscriptions that they remained silent (for many of them have since increased, and some doubled the amount when they paid) their conclusion was formed solely by considering that it was a hopeless case.



Thus I had the happiness to see them as unanimous to proceed with the Institution as they were at first to relinquish it. It was then proposed that I should be appointed Convener of the Committee—this turned me back, I never dreamt of the danger to which I had exposed myself—totally absorbed in one idea, the honour and credit of the Scotch character. Anything relative to myself was not likely to occur. At first, alarmed at a situation requiring experience so different from mine, and to which so much responsibility was attached, I saw in a moment that the thing still hung upon a hair, and however unfit for the office, that if even so humble an individual as myself declined from want of ability or time, others would make the same excuse, unwilling to run the risk of failure. I did not, therefore, hesitate to accept the office, expressing myself to this effect as the only circumstance that could induce me to step forward, exposed to the imputation of presumption.

The books and papers were then handed to me by my predecessor, who hoped that it would thrive better in my hands than in his, in a tone of voice not very expressive of hope. Many offered immediately to write a draft for the amount of their subscriptions, and all would have paid at the same time, but I did not feel myself authorized to receive it till I had an opportunity of calling together the Asylum Committee. Thus unintentionally and inadvertently have I been dragged, or rather fallen into it. Had I declined, the thing must, I fear, have been dropped and there would not have been wanting remarks on how eloquent, how patriotic, how benevolent people are, but ask them to take trouble, and adieu to their eloquence, patriotism and benevolence.

At the first meeting of the Committee, only five attended, among whom was honest John Forbes. I immediately saw that this would never do, and that the next meeting might bring, perhaps, not more than one. I proposed a Sub-Committee of 3, for which I drew up an indefinite power. As none of those present would undertake to join me (old John Forbes I could not expect) I made out a list of 6 of the most active to make sure. As I saw no chance of getting another meeting to appoint others in case of failure, as every one was about to leave town, of these six I at last succeeded in getting two to consent. Of these, one never attended, and the other was so full of despondency for a whole year, until the meeting advertised a few weeks ago, that he frequently wrote me that he would go no further, while I had as often to rally and rouse him, for I not only never desponded, but I was sanguine from first to last. The way appeared to me straight although rough. The plague I have had with this man is not to be described. He is a rigmarole Scotch lawyer, full of the form, without the essence of business—whereas's whereof's and wherefore's—still I could not do without him, as the other never attended. I have been taxed by his uncertainty of temper and action. At one time

crazy and zealous about trifles, at another indifferent to affairs of vital importance, he would not move. At last I understand his eccentric irregularities, since the other day he contended that the most valuable quality a man can possess is love of fame. He has no conception of, or belief in that internal feeling which the opinion of the world can neither add to or take from. Now that I know him, even his envy and selfishness may be turned to valuable account. I give him particular things to do, and let him have all the merit he is so anxious for, and as much more as praise can give. He now works hard.

As to the great Committee, I neither wish to be troubled with them, nor perhaps they with me. They are all eager, however, now to assist in doing anything I can point out, by writing to the different towns and using influence—although at the meeting, when Sir Charles Forbes, Lord Breadalbane and our other great characters were present, only one of the old Committee attended, for which they are now truly sorry. My chief dependence, however, is on our Aberdeen friends Charles and John Forbes with James Kinloch, who has promised in winter to take an active part, and to be of the Subcommittee of management.

I hope to prevail on him to accept of my situation which I only hold till I can meet with one to be depended upon, for were I now to give it up, it would fall into the hands of my learned friend, and all would be lost. Mr. Kinloch's ability, knowledge of business, liberality, firmness, influence and time, render him the most fit man on earth for a thing of this kind, and I trust in God that I shall prevail upon him—till then I dare not relinquish it. In the mean time the chief part of my labour, at least that which required to be done immediately, is nearly over, a subscription having been opened at Lloyd's, and Committees forming in all the great towns for the same purpose.

Although from the number of individuals from Aberdeen engaged in the active management, it has become, in a manner, an Aberdeen Institution, I did not, as you will have seen by the Advertisement, think it of any use to include our good town in the list, for there, public spirit is confined to a very few individuals, and I have always heard their motives more frequently misrepresented than done justice to, and even public spirit itself oftener sneered at than applauded, so that benevolence was converted into crime—thus by shaming and deterring others, people saved their own money—much good may it do them. Still there are, as you well know, some public spirited individuals whose scorn of this renders them still more independent. Such truly great and good minds can look down upon this with more compassion than even contempt, and feel what malevolence can neither add to nor diminish. So far as this goes, I care not who knows my opinion of our good town, but I find that I have enlarged too much on the subject of this letter

which was merely intended as a justification, or rather palliation of my imprudence, due to you, and I can address myself to no one who can so well understand these feelings which have led me into my present imprudent engagements. Without intending it, I have spun out the circumstances into detail. I need not add what the general tenour and many expressions abundantly show, that I should be truly sorry if the subject were made known to *any* other even of my friends. I shall be particularly obliged, therefore, that you do not mention the subject even to my own family, for were any part known farther than the Prospectus shows, it would naturally be supposed *how* it was made known and there are not wanting at Aberdeen plenty of idlers who having nothing to talk of will *talk of nothing* and while one of the aristocracy would say—"a'wat, he's a gryte fule, it wad sit him better to miud his ain business and dra'a pictirs, fat has he a du wi' things a' this kind—fat's he? William Robertson's son"—others would say if they said anything—"odd I'll warrant it'll be a guid thing for him, he's verra right." Perhaps I might agree with these last if the part I have taken could teach me to paint quicker, but my operations are laborious and slow—if it brings me great people to paint I shall have to turn away better friends who pay well, while the others do not, until one degrades himself into a beggar to interest their compassion to pay. This is a fact, and I wish never to see their faces in my house.

I shall write you on family matters in a few days, in the meantime,

Believe me ever to remain, my dear Sir,

Your truly grateful and sincere friend,

John Ewen, Esquire,  
Aberdeen.

A. ROBERTSON.

30th September 1814.

I have before me, thank God, better prospects of business this autumn than perhaps any preceding year—last year was the worst, by far, that I have ever had since I rose into practice, and since then matters have gone heavily—but a run at this season secures a whole year. I have several large things in hand just now and until they are finished which will be some weeks yet, I shall not be in cash. . . . I begin now to be proud of my pupils—not one, to whom I have even occasionally given advice, has failed of success, and last exhibition it happened singularly enough, what I have never thought of looking for in former exhibitions, nor then, till I was struck by it, that every one, with the exception of Chalon, who distinguished themselves in miniature were more or less my pupils and consider themselves so, from my only having set them properly about the art and lent them pictures to copy—and that one, Chalon, told me that the very first year I exhibited (my own and Peter Coxe's portrait) his master



Artaud took him up to them and prognosticated that this style would be followed and prevail, advising him at once to follow it. Artaud was the first man on the Continent, lived in Switzerland, painted all the travellers (once the Marquis of Huntly) there—was induced to come to England, where he was considered a first rate man for many years, returned soon after I came to London, and I believe is since dead. . . . I feel much relief in having got over my labours for the Caledonian Asylum. Having brought the machine fairly into action, it must now work its own way, and when Mr. Kinloch returns from the Continent, I hope to prevail on him to take it off my hands for the winter Campaign which will now be easy, it will work itself. We were not able to publish till a few days before everyone left town, therefore, much cannot be done till next season—we have, however, since its revival got £1,300, new subscriptions without any public interest being yet excited. Besides the £1,000 from Sir Charles Forbes altogether 7 or £8,000—we are to get a good part of the Jubilee Fête Money and part of £3,000 left in hand over the Fête given by the General officers to Lord Wellington. We are to get a part of what I call the “Rogue Money” at the Stock Exchange—we are negotiating with the Scotch Corporation to unite with ours £2,000, a subscription raised by them some years ago for a similar purpose—and government is to give us a grant of land in the Regent’s Park. I had a letter from Hinkinson of the woods and forests, successor to Lord\* to whom the application will be referred, and as soon as he comes to town, he is to direct, himself, how we are to make the application in form. The Ministers have been already secured, so that we shall open the Campaign in grand style—success could not fail to attend so excellent and important an Institution and although the labour, to me, has been great, it is thought that much of the success is due to the system adopted by the Committee of allowing one person to regulate measures, however incompetent, from the consequent unity and consistency of action—more particularly as they saw that being involved in it, I felt it a point of conscience, and as to difficulty, it is child’s play on such a system—they allow me to do what I please in their name, and I only call them together to report progress and confirm measures, what follows is only gossip for a vacant moment.

I wrote you a long, and to you tiresome, letter some time ago, I was then teased to death by a man who from the first desponded and several times proposed to give up and return the money. After success had crowned our efforts, he became the slave of envy, jealousy and all uncharitableness, and I only retained the office of Convener to prevent the thing from falling into hands which would make a trade of it to bring himself into notice and extend his private business, being a lawyer, for they find these things

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\* This name is illegible.—E. R.

wonderfully beneficial. The late Secretary to the Highland Society has made an immense fortune entirely from the connexion thus formed. If I were in any profession where it *could* be of use, this would afford a tenfold opportunity, but then I could not be sure, perhaps, in my own breast, that my motives were pure. As it is, I *have* this satisfaction in the highest degree of refinement, for unless it could teach me to paint quicker and better, it could be of no earthly use, for my hands have been constantly full, with the exception of last Autumn, indeed a Miniature painter must starve if they are not so, his operations are so very slow. It may get me the countenance and employment of the great, and then instead of being paid for my work, I shall have the distinguished honour of suing for payment and begging for my own, like relief to a mendicant—or quarrel with them—a thing foreign to my disposition. You have felt and experienced this (as much as) I dare say, I know you have enjoyed the internal exalted and independent feeling which sometimes animates me. I have had the satisfaction to obtain a most signal victory over the man who has given me so much trouble—accustomed as he has been to mow down all mankind with his pompous knowledge of law and business, he was constantly cavilling at everything—if common sense directs measures, such a man will always be wrong—by patience and temper on my part, for the good of the Asylum and to preserve harmony, he was so led on from step to step that, to use a common proverb—“give some men rope enough and they will hang themselves”—by this means and this only, I have never failed to succeed—in every similar case in life (you must smile at this if you recollect anything of my grand battle with poor Tom Hutchison!—at the Aberdeen Concerts—but I was not so old then as now) this great man was so thunderstruck to find that a worm so impotent as myself could turn upon him and baffle him in every point for which he had ever contended, by proofs drawn from his own inconsistent letters, and in all good humour, that he *proved dunghill* and fled—he wished to resign—a vote of censure was passed—he threw himself on my mercy and I believe is thankful that he was not expelled—finding him so poor a devil, I, without intending it, inflicted endless torment on him, having moved to expunge everything from the minutes that could be injurious, or even unpleasant to him, and even left the contrary to appear, and now I believe he dare scarcely enter a room where I am, although he knows we should be good friends on any other subject. I cannot help telling you a circumstance which has afforded me so much pleasure, but as it might injure him, through some unexpected channel, I mention it merely for the amusement of a private hour—he is secretary to the Society for . . . . and conducts all its business, it might come round, and were his conduct known, he would be completely done for, both as a man and a man of business. As you sometimes see Sir J. Sinclair, it might occur in conversation unless I cautioned you, not but that he deserves it, for his conduct is matter of record, although not entered—the few who know the

circumstances are delighted that he is overturned—for he has always been a nuisance in society—and that it has been by one who is neither a lawyer nor a man of business—now we go on smoothly.

The Dukes of York and Kent are so warmly interested in the thing that the former has expressed a wish to become President of the Highland Society next season, that he may do everything more effectually. Through them several of our points are, or will be, gained. There has been considerable soreness among the Scotch nobility at the succession of Royal Dukes to their exclusion, and the Society feels it, but there is no avoiding it, since they offer it. When the Duke of Kent communicated it, I felt all this, and was afraid of committing the Society, while it was necessary to express great satisfaction and with readiness—I scarcely knew what to say, however, I find from the members of the Deputation that I did not hesitate, nor did I promise anything—"I was sure that," etc.—it has again been urged, so we are in for another Duke—but on this occasion it must give satisfaction, from the great benefits to be derived. It is highly honourable to Scotland that while other Societies solicit them, the Highland Society is courted by them.

*I will not* plague you again with this subject of which you must now be sick, but you may see that my heart is engaged in it, and that it is sometimes to me what dram-drinking is to too many. I cannot describe the pleasure which the success of this Institution has given me, it is difficult for even ourselves to trace the cause. I hope it is not a love of notoriety—this would, I think, take much from my pleasure. I believe sincerely that it cannot be—for circumstances have led me into much, very much more than has been convenient or even agreeable to me—in the North Britons—it cannot be a desire to see what kind of people great folks are, after having before seen so much of the Royal Family professionally—you will, I hope, excuse all this, which I consider as addressed only to my second self.

Therefore believe me always to be, my dear Sir,

Ever and sincerely yours,

John Ewen, Esquire,  
Aberdeen.

A. ROBERTSON.

30th October 1814.

... On Thursday I resign my office (Caledonian Asylum) I can stand it no longer. Let others do half as much and in a year we shall have £29,000 at least, to begin with. . .



The substance of a Report from a Committee of the Highland Society for the affairs of the Caledonian Asylum laid before the Directors of that Society the 10th December 1814. His Royal Highness the Duke of Kent and Strathearn, President, in the chair.

The amount of new Subscriptions obtained since the appointment of this Committee in July 1813 is £2,776 11s. including the sum of £1,319 15s. by William Hoseason, Esquire, in Jamaica; William Cathcart and M. Cavan, Esquires, in Barbadoes; and the Honourable D. Macdowall in Saint Vincent.

The sum of £1,000 has been paid in advance by Charles Forbes, Esq., M.P., late of Bombay, for subscriptions which he was confident would be obtained there.

The whole amount of subscriptions received is now £8,823 5s. 6d.

The attention of this Committee has been directed towards several objects of the highest importance. 1st. To obtain from Government a Grant of Land in the Regent's Park, on which at a future period a Building may be erected. Through the exertions of Sir Archibald Macdonald, there is every reason to hope that this object will be attained.

2ndly. Their Royal Highnesses the Dukes of York, Kent, and Sussex, together with a number of the most distinguished individuals have patronized the institution in the warmest manner and through their influence various important objects will in all probability be attained.

3rdly. An application has been made by their direction for a part of the sum obtained at the Great National Fête intended to be devoted to the Widows and Orphans of Soldiers and Sailors who have fallen in the service of their Country.

4thly. In like manner an application has been made to the Directors of the Fête given to the Duke of Wellington by the General Officers of the Army for assistance from the balance in hand of £3,000 to be distributed among the different charities of London.

5thly. As it is intended to devote the sum or £11,000 arising from the late fraud on the Stock Exchange to the same benevolent purposes, an application has been made for assistance from that Fund.

6thly. The Scotch Corporation having some years ago proposed to establish a School for the children of indigent Scotch Parents residing in London and Subscriptions having been obtained in this country, besides a considerable sum of money remitted from Madras—it is hoped that this fund will be united to that of the Caledonian Asylum, the object which that Institution had in view being now combined with the first purpose of the Caledonian Asylum which originally was, and chiefly now is, for the support of the children of Scotch Sailors and Soldiers.

7thly. Commissions have been forwarded to the different Presidencies in India, under the most favourable and flattering prospects, for the purpose of raising Subscriptions there.

The Court of Directors of the united East India Company have not only recommended the Caledonian Asylum in the strongest manner but, "in order to give in this Country a public mark of their approbation have subscribed -100 guineas."

The most encouraging hopes are entertained that each of the above objects will be realised, not only from the high Patronage and Influence used, but still more from the acknowledged excellence of the Institution itself.

The Committee has hitherto refrained from bringing the Institution too much into Public Notice, until some progress should thus be made in the above measures, so that the whole being brought forward at once, together with the Subscriptions obtained, amounting to the sum of nearly £9,000, the Committee and Subscribers being previously organized, and prepared for an action and universal Canvass, with such a beginning the greatest success may be anticipated.

(Signed) A. ROBERTSON,  
Convener.

Circular to Members of Highland Society for meeting of 4th February 1815.

31st December 1814.

. . . In arranging my letters of the past year, I have read over most of yours—the kind, the sincere and friendly tone, in spite of all the trouble you have, is such that I cannot avoid expressing *wonder*. If I were your son—if you were the father of the family, you could not do more.

I *cannot* express what I feel.

Accept my *most heartfelt* gratitude and best wishes of the season. . .

John Ewen, Esquire,  
Aberdeen.

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## Letters written in 1815.

Sir,

11th January 1815.

Contemplating the probability that if the subject is brought before the Committee, it may be deemed expedient to form an establishment separate from the Highland Society, I last night put together hastily the matter contained in the enclosed—as it may be found necessary to inform the subscribers more minutely of the principles by which it will be governed, more particularly the description of children to be admitted and the forms to be complied with, as well as the mode of instruction to be adopted. The few hints enclosed may serve the purpose of leading the minds of the Committee to consider the various points to be attended to, so that each member may come prepared, at the next meeting, to discuss and determine what shall be adopted and printed for the information of the subscribers, previous to the proposed public meeting.

The laws by which the business of the Institution will be regulated are more a subject of internal arrangement. On these and everything relative to the plan, or ultimate prospectus, I shall endeavour to obtain every information, and embody what appears most applicable to this Institution before the next meeting—from what is said of the Gaelic language, and Pipe Music, you will perceive that the enclosed has been put together hastily without sufficient consideration while the heart was warm—if not injurious otherwise, it would perhaps be a desirable object for the employment of leisure hours.

Pray excuse this hasty scrawl which I write from Mr. Galt's house, as we have much to go through and believe me ever to be with the greatest respect,

Sir,

Your most obedient and humble servant,

A. ROBERTSON.

To the Right Honourable

Sir Archibald Macdonald, Baronet,  
etc.

etc.

Dear Sir,

Rannock Barrack, January 18th, 1815.

Some days ago I had the pleasure to receive your obliging letter of the 10th inclosing one to you from Mr. Robertson, the Miniature Painter, relative to the Clan Donachy or Robertson Tartan.



More than twenty years ago I wished to ascertain what the pattern of the Clandonachy Tartan was, and applied to different old men of the Clan for information, most of whom pretended to know what the pattern was, but as no two of the descriptions I received were exactly similar, and as they were all very vulgar and *gaudy*, I did not think proper to adopt any of them.

As several of my Predecessors were in possession of the whole of Atholl (excepting a few acres surrounding Blair Castle) and were entitled Earls of Atholl in authentic Documents, it may be presumed that one of them adopted what is commonly called the Atholl Tartan, which I have worn, almost upon all occasions, as my common dress for nearly 30 years past, and shall continue to do so.

If there was question of calling forth my clansmen in support of the King and Country, I would endeavour to convince them of the propriety of their appearing dressed in the Atholl Tartan.

I am perfectly of your opinion that it would be most gratifying to perpetuate the memory of the deeds of our Ancestors, *in the days of other years*, by all reasonable means, and that although from the present order of things only a faint shadow of Chieftaincy can remain, we ought as far as possible to endeavour to retard the entire obliteration of that shadow.

For several years past I have had repeated conversations with Sir Neil Menzies, relative to the establishment of a Post Office at Kinloch, offering to join with him and the other Proprietors in Rannoch in becoming bound for whatever deficiencies there might be in the product of the postage. Sir Neil undertook to manage that business, which did not appear to be attended with great difficulty. However that may be, we are both under great obligation to you for having had the goodness to assist us, which, along with many other instances evinces your desire of being serviceable to your friends, as well as your being at times more capable than they are themselves in accomplishing their wishes. I have not yet heard from Sir Neil upon the above subject.

Have the goodness to assure Miss Stewart and Garth of my respects and best wishes, and believe me to be with the sentiments of esteem which your benevolent and meritorious conduct in all respects command,

My dear Sir,

Your sincere Friend,

And most obedient Servant,

ALEXANDER ROBERTSON.

Colonel David Stewart.

My dear Sir,

Garth, 22nd January 1815.

I am altogether pleased at your idea about preserving the different Tartans, Plaids, and Banners of the Clans, and hope you will follow it up with a motion on the subject at the first Meeting of the Highland Society, and propose that each of the Chiefs and heads of families should be applied to on the subject. A few more years, as you justly observe, and the memory of such things will be lost, and of the truth of this there cannot be a stronger proof than that Strowan does not properly know what his own Tartan is. However, he is now to fix it, and I hope I shall be able to send you a pattern in full time to prepare your Dress for the Meeting. This is one good and early effect of your suggestion, and shows what it may bring if followed up. I have prepared the Duke of Atholl, the Lairds of Menzies, MacNab, Obisholm, Glengarry, and all the Chiefs within my reach to be prepared with their Tartans, and they are all now in preparation. In your observations on the subject you will have to notice that there are several heads of families who are not Chiefs, but who have distinguishing marks and plaids and banners, such as Lord Breadalbane, the head of a powerful branch of the Campbells, Glengarry, Glencoe and Keppoch of the MacDonalds, and so on. And as to the Stewarts who are not properly a Clan, but scattered in families all over the kingdom, with many of the principal families having numerous branches who look up to the heads of their house. Of these there are in the country the old families of the Stewarts of Grandtully, the Stewarts of Ballechn, the Stewarts of Garth, of whom all the Stewarts in Perthshire are descended with the exception of three families from the Earls of Atholl, when they were Stewarts. In Argyleshire the Stewarts of Appen in\* Bute, the Stewarts of Castle Nulka and Bute.

In the South, the Stewarts of Galloway and Garlin. All distinct and different, and without any Chief or general head, unless you make the King of England or King of Sardinia the Chief.

There is no proper Stewart tartan, unless what is called Prince Charles Tartan be considered as such. There are paintings of Prince Charles in a Plaid, and Tartan coat, in this house for which it is said he sat when in this country in forty-five. I shall take this with me to London as a specimen.

Besides the Tartans of chiefs, and heads of families, there are country and district Tartans, such as the Atholl Tartan (of which there are two kinds both very beautiful, one for the Plaid and Coat, and Kilt, and one for the Hose and Trouser). These are considered as the Tartans of the Country, and not of the family of Atholl. There is also the Tartan of the Country of Breadalbane, Lochaber, Badenoch, and many others. Tell our excellent friend Hamilton that I am preparing some red Tartan for him, this is from the District of Glenochy, the property of Lord Breadalbane where very beautiful Plaids are made.

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\* Illegible.

Along with the Plaids and Tartans I have been writing and sounding the praises, south and north, of the Caledonian Asylum, and among other things have endeavoured to get the Edinburgh and Perth newspaper Editors to publish your papers gratis. This was done for me by the Editors in the West Indies, when I was raising subscriptions for the Gaelic Chapel. As propos of the Chapel, I understand that Mr. Dewar is willing to accept of the charge on being appointed sole Chaplain, and getting the allowance for five years, which we proposed for the school of the Asylum. As I am told that Mr. Dewar is a popular preacher, and very proper for this charge, I hope the business can be arranged. In this respect the Asylum and the Chapel may assist each other, and thus accomplish what I ever had in view in my exertions for the Chapel, as a beginning and foundation for a school, and it may be considered fortunate for the Asylum in its infancy that a house so complete for the purpose, with such a man as Mr. Dewar to conduct the establishment, are now ready. As I mentioned at the last Meeting of the Committee, a young man can be procured to act as under teacher of the school, and Clerk and *Precentor* to the Chapel, thus making the expense easier to each establishment. Do you think it would be a good way of laying out £1,000 or £1,200 of the Asylum money in the purchase of the house for the school, for which you would draw while you choose to lodge the money in this, bearing more than five per cent. for the money, as the house now lets for £60 a year.

Will you favour me with a line if anything particular occurs about the Asylum, and with kind wishes to Messrs. Hamilton and Galt,

I remain, my dear Sir,

Yours ever faithfully,

A. Robertson, Esquire.

DAVID STEWART.

My dear Sir,

Garth, February 1815.

Enclosed you will find the Laird of Strowan's answer\* to my application with regard to the Tartan and Plaid of his Clan. This letter is a convincing proof of the propriety of the motion you intend to make, that Patterns of the Tartan of each Clan should be authenticated, and lodged with the Highland Society. Here is the Head of an ancient, respectable and warlike Race (and as warlike now as ever, if fairly tried, and kept in full training as was wont to be the case in days of yore) who knows not what his proper plaid is, and this in him is the more remarkable, and the more shews the necessity of doing something to revive these distinctions of our forefathers, as he is so partial to his Country (although he was forced to fly from it when a child, after the forty-five, and educated in France and Holland) that he has never resided out of it for thirty years, when the Crown restored his estate along with

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\* From Rannock Barrack, dated January 18th.



others, and, except when at Funerals and on days of mourning, always wears the full Highland Dress, and a fine figure he makes in it, for I know not a more elegant looking man, nor more the looks of a gentleman. And yet with all this you see he is obliged to assume the Tartan of the country in which his Estate lies, and of which the Clandonachy or Clan Robertson had once a great proportion in property, but I never knew till now that the Strowans were ever Earls of Atholl. However, this is one of those fantasies with which the good old gentleman indulges himself in his reveries.

When you read Waverley you will find the Laird of Strowan a mixture of the character of the Baron of Bradwardine and Fergus Mac Ivor, prodigiously proud of his family, honourable and learned, and the years of the Baron, with the elegance, enthusiasm and gallantry of Mac Ian Vohn. To this add his generosity and fatherly care of his people. So you see what an honourable personage you have at the head of your Clan. He was very hardly dealt with at the last Perthshire Election, when they hoped to deprive him of his vote by making him take the oath of . . . . .

Will you have the goodness to give me back Strowan's letter when I go to London.

If you wish to be dressed in the Atholl Tartan you will find it at\* . . . .  
 . . . they . . . . . it is the same as he got for the Duke of Sussex, and of which I took twelve yards for my Dress at the last Spring meeting of the Highland Society.

How are you coming on with your Asylum Subscriptions, out of the world as I am here, I have not an opportunity of knowing or hearing much of what is doing. I sincerely hope that you will come to an arrangement with the Gaelic Chapel for the School, it would promote the interest of both Institutions, and with all my sanguine hopes of success in procuring Subscriptions for the Asylum I see no prospect of being able to build a house fit for the purpose for several years without sinking such a sum as might for a time put a stop to the measure, whereas here is a commodious house at a small expense, ready to commence without delay and with a man (if Mr. . . . or some other proper person is appointed Chaplain) such as you would wish to make choice of to conduct the establishment, and carry on the education of the children at one third of the expense that would be required if you have a separate establishment,

And I remain, my dear Sir,

Yours ever faithfully,

DAVID STEWART.

Andrew Robertson, Esquire,  
 Gerrard Street.

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\* The names are illegible.

2, Suffolk Lane, Cannon Street,

26th January 1815.

Sir,

You are requested to attend a Special General Meeting of the Highland Society at Freemasons' Tavern, on Saturday the 4th of February, at Twelve o'Clock.

A meeting of the Subscribers to the Caledonian Asylum, is also to be holden at the same time and place, in order that the Highland Society may resign, and that the said Subscribers may assume, the Management of the Concerns of that Institution.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Kent and Strathearn, President of the Highland Society, will take the Chair at one o'clock precisely.

It will doubtless be highly gratifying to every member of the Highland Society, to learn, that, under the auspices of the Society, the Subscription for founding the Caledonian Asylum has been so successful, and that the plans for establishing the same, are now so far organized as to render it expedient to summon a General Meeting of the Subscribers, in order that they may take upon themselves the management of the proposed Institution, and adopt such measures as may appear to them best calculated to promote its prosperity; and the plans heretofore projected for that purpose by the Highland Society, having been so far attended with success, will, I trust, be an additional stimulus to every member thereof to exert himself on behalf of an Institution, which promises to be extensively beneficial to our Country, and the establishment of which must be considered highly honourable to the Society with which it originated.

I have the Honour to be, Sir,

Your most obedient and

Most humble Servant,

S. MACGILLIVRAY,

Secretary.

Sketch of History up to 4th February 1815, written by Andrew Robertson to form substance of Duke of Kent's speech on opening the Meeting of Subscribers and friends to the Caledonian Asylum on that day.

The Establishment of the Caledonian Asylum was first proposed on 19th March 1808 by *John MacArthur, Esquire*, in a Report laid before the Directors of the Highland Society suggesting various important National objects.

At a General Meeting held on 7th May following, His Royal Highness the *Duke of Sussex, President*, in the Chair, the proposal was carried with

enthusiasm, and under his auspices a Committee of Noblemen and Gentlemen appointed, by whose exertions a very considerable sum was subscribed in the course of the first year. The management was referred to the Subscribers, and it was resolved that as soon as the Subscriptions should amount to £10,000, the money should be collected and the Institution commenced.

By continued exertions the Subscriptions were increased to the sum of £5,700, obtained chiefly from Members of the Highland Society in the course of the two following years.

In February 1811, Gilbert Salton, Esquire, being about to visit the different Colonies in the West Indies and America, on a Public Mission, was induced to accept a Commission from the Highland Society to authorize distinguished individuals to open Subscriptions in the Colonies.

During that season the situation of the Country was such as to render that period not the most propitious for the establishment of a new Institution, it was not therefore deemed expedient to urge the Subscription, but to suspend the measures in contemplation till a more favourable moment should arrive.

In spring 1813 the affairs of the Country, and of Europe in general began to wear a more promising aspect. At that time Mr. Salton having returned from abroad, presented on the 4th May a most encouraging report of the reception in the different Colonies of the proposal to open Subscriptions for the Caledonian Asylum. In St. Vincent's, by the exertions of the Honourable Daniel MacDowall a considerable sum was immediately subscribed. Encouraged by this circumstance, and by the more promising appearance of public affairs, a General Meeting of the Subscribers to the Caledonian Asylum was held on 26th May, when it was represented that as a considerable time had elapsed since any active measures had been taken for the establishment of the Institution, there was reason to apprehend that the enthusiasm which had prevailed to so great a degree might in some measure have subsided, and it was determined to solicit the parental aid of the Highland Society to give a second birth to the Institution, by once more engaging its powerful Interest to secure the establishment of the Institution on a scale commensurate with its National importance and benevolent principle. It was accordingly resolved to refer the management of its affairs to the Highland Society which was most readily accepted and a Committee was appointed for the purpose of collecting the sums already subscribed, and of obtaining new Subscriptions.

A Committee consisting of three members was chosen, to whom full powers were given to carry the proposed object into effect. Their exertions having been attended with considerable success, at the end of the first year the Committee was enlarged by the addition of several distinguished Noblemen and Gentlemen zealous promoters of the Institution. The Right Honourable the Earl of Breadalbane, the first and most liberal on the list of Subscribers,



was appointed Chairman and the Right Honourable Sir Archibald Macdonald, Baronet, whose labours have been indefatigable in promoting the Institution, was appointed Vice Chairman. At a meeting of this enlarged Committee held on 14th May 1813, Charles Forbes, Esquire, M.P., having recommended that Subscriptions should be opened in the East Indies was so confident of the support which the Institution would receive at Bombay, that with a spirit of munificent benevolence by which he is always distinguished, he offered to advance on account of subscriptions to be received from his friends there the sum of £1,000 which he accordingly invested in the three per cents. in the names of the Trustees.

The assistance thus opportunely given to the Institution at a critical, and not very promising moment of its progress, tended more than any other circumstance in the history of the Caledonian Asylum to encourage the Sub-Committee to persevere in their exertions to carry into effect various measures already in contemplation.

1st. To obtain from Government favourable lease of a piece of ground on Land the property of the Crown, on which at a future period a Building may be erected when the funds of the Institution shall justify such a measure.

Through the exertions of Sir Archibald Macdonald there is every reason to hope that this object will be attained.

2ndly. Their Royal Highnesses the Dukes of York, Kent, and Sussex, together with a number of the most distinguished individuals have patronized the Institution in the warmest manner, and through their influence various important objects will, in all probability, be obtained.

3rdly. An application has been made by the Directors for a part of the sum obtained at the Great National Fête intended to be devoted to the Widows and Orphans of Soldiers and Sailors who have fallen in the service of their Country.

4thly. In like manner an application has been made to the Directors of the Fête given to the Duke of Wellington by the General Officers of the Army for assistance from the balance in hand of £3,000 to be distributed among different Charities in London.

5thly. As it is intended to devote the sum of £11,000 arising from the late Fraud on the Stock Exchange to the same benevolent purposes, an application has been made for assistance from that fund.

6thly. The Scotch Corporation having some years ago purposed to establish a school for the children of indigent Scotch Parents residing in London, and subscriptions having been obtained in this Country besides a considerable sum of money remitted from Madras, it is hoped that this fund will be united to that of the Caledonian Asylum, the object which that Institution had in view being now combined with the first purpose of

the Caledonian Asylum which originally was, as chiefly now is, for the support of the children of Scotch Sailors and Soldiers.

7thly. Commissions have been forwarded to the different Presidencies in India under the most favourable and flattering prospects for the purpose of raising subscriptions there. The Court of Directors of the united East India Company have not only recommended the Caledonian Asylum in the strongest manner, but in order to give, in this Country, a public mark of their approbation, have subscribed 100 guineas.

The most encouraging hopes are entertained that each of the above objects will be realised, not only from the high Patronage and Influence used, but still more from the acknowledged excellence of the Institution itself.

The Committee has hitherto refrained from bringing the Institution too much into Public Notice until some progress should thus be made in the above measures, so that the whole being brought forward at once, together with the Subscriptions obtained amounting to the sum of nearly £9,000, the Committee and Subscribers being previously organized and prepared for an active and universal canvass, with such a beginning the greatest success may be anticipated.

In the West Indies a most lively interest has been excited in promoting the objects of the Institution. Through the exertions of William Hoseason, Esquire, in Jamaica, William Cathcart and Michael Cavan, Esquires, of Barbados, and the example set by his Excellency Sir George Beck the Governor of that Island, and the Honourable Daniel MacDowall of St. Vincent's, Subscriptions have been already obtained to the amount of £1,319 15s. not merely from natives of Scotland, but from those of other Countries, thereby demonstrating that Charity is of no Country, but is cherished in the human mind for the benefit of mankind in general. That the generous admiration of good and orderly conduct is not confined to local attachment to individuals, or even natives, but is extended to principles which obtain the approbation even of nations.

At a Meeting of the Directors of the Highland Society, held on 10th December, His Royal Highness the Duke of Kent and Strathearn in the Chair, a report to the effect above stated was presented by the Committee for managing the affairs of the Caledonian Asylum, and excited a warm Interest in the breast of every member present. A special Committee was appointed for the purpose of taking into consideration the measures then detailed, and such other business as could not be gone through at that Meeting, as well as to promote the objects of the Institution generally. This Committee met for some time twice, and latterly once every week. To state that the Earl of Breadalbane and Sir Archibald Macdonald have punctually attended every Meeting, without exception, might imply that this was the amount of their exertions, but this forms a very small part of the indefatigable zeal and labour

which these highly distinguished and benevolent individuals have bestowed on the affairs of the Institution.

The variety of Papers which have been revised and originally written by Sir Archibald Macdonald is such, that when the Committee have been ashamed to intrude further upon him he has never lost an opportunity to offer his powerful assistance.

The various measures adopted by this Committee cannot be so eloquently described as by that highly distinguished and venerable character. It is only necessary, for the present, to add that new subscriptions have been received to the amount of £4 or 5,000, so that the whole sum now subscribed exceeds £10,000. Agreeably, therefore, to the original plan that when the Institution should arrive at this state of advancement, the management of its affairs should be referred again to the Subscribers, this Meeting is now assembled that they may select such persons to receive the books, papers, and Funds as they may be pleased to appoint.

The Committee, aware of the difficulty which a public meeting may experience in appointing fit persons to fill the various Offices, gentlemen already acquainted with the business of the Institution have prepared a list of Noblemen and Gentlemen, as contained in the Minute book of the Institution whose consent has already been obtained.

At a Meeting of the Noblemen and Gentlemen Stewards for the Institutory  
Dinner of the Caledonian Asylum on Saturday the 4th of March  
holden at Freemasons' Tavern, on Monday the 13th February 1815.

His Royal Highness the DUKE OF KENT AND STRATHEARN, K.G.K.P., in  
the Chair.

Resolved unanimously—That the expence of each Steward at the Institutory  
Dinner be fixed at Five Guineas, exclusive of the Dinner Ticket.

Resolved unanimously—That Tickets of Admission be issued at £1 : 11 : 6  
each.

Resolved unanimously—That except the Members of the Royal Family, no  
person whatsoever be admitted without a Ticket.

Resolved unanimously—That four tickets be sent to his Royal Highness the  
Duke of York, and three to each of the Dukes of Clarence, Kent and  
Sussex, for such Gentlemen as Their Royal Highnesses may wish to  
have in their respective suites.

Resolved unanimously—That a Deputation be appointed to wait on, and  
invite the Foreign Ministers; and that three Tickets be sent to each of  
their Excellencies as accept the Invitation.



Resolved unanimously—That a Deputation be appointed to wait on, and invite, His Majesty's Ministers, Marquis Wellesley, the Bishop of London, the Speaker of the House of Commons, and the Lord Mayor and Sheriff of London.

Resolved unanimously—That the Deputation for carrying the two foregoing Resolutions into effect do consist of—

Right Honourable Earl of Breadalbane.

Right Honourable Sir Archibald Macdonald, Baronet.

Right Honourable William Dundas, M.P.

General Sir George Beckwith, K.G.O.B.

Resolved unanimously—That a certain number of the Stewards be requested to undertake the active Duties on the Day of the Festival, and that the Sub-Committee apply to them accordingly.

Resolved unanimously—That the Stewards wear some distinguishing Badge, to be fixed by the Committee.

Resolved unanimously—That the Arrangements for the Music and with the Masters of the Tavern be made by the Sub-Committee, subject to the approbation of His Royal Highness the Duke of Kent.

Resolved unanimously—That a Copy of these Resolutions be transmitted by the Convener to each Steward.

EDWARD,  
Chairman.

By His Royal Highness the Duke of Kent and Strathearn.

JAMES HAMILTON,  
Convener.

Hunter Street, Brunswick Square,

Sir,

18th February 1815.

I have the Honour to enclose a Copy of the Resolutions passed at the Meeting of the Stewards on the 13th Inst.; and I remain

Sir,

Your most obedient Servant,

JAMES HAMILTON,  
Convener.

Tickets for the Dinner will be issued in a few days.

Andrew Robertson, Esquire.

My dear Sir,

London, 22nd February 1815.

You must be surprised that you have not heard from me sooner, but just as I was about to write to you, having reserved an evening, I was taken ill a fortnight ago, and am only now recovering from an attack which had it not been taken in time might have proved dangerous. Sedentary habits, want of exercise, too much exertion of mind, and anxiety from various causes, produced a determination of blood to the head, giddiness and other symptoms of approaching apoplexy. Fortunately a friend who is a physician took measures in time, and having been bled, etc. I now go on very well, and have resumed my labours . . . my head is still sometimes confused and giddy, although in other respects, I am nearly as well as ever.

I remain, dear Sir,

Truly and gratefully yours,

John Ewen, Esquire,  
Aberdeen.

A. ROBERTSON.

At the Freemason's Tavern,  
4th March 1815.

#### INSTITUTORY DINNER OF THE CALEDONIAN ASYLUM.

SPEECH of Sir Archibald Macdonald extracted by A. Fraser from his shorthand notes.

Sir Archibald Macdonald.—It is a high honour that falls to my lot to be Vice-President of this most excellent and praiseworthy Institution, and that a man grown grey in the service of his Country should find himself placed amongst those who thus endeavour to benefit society at large by entering heartily into the support of the objects now in view, and ranked with the gallant officer who has just addressed you (alluding to Lord Lyndock) by whom the country has been so ably and gallantly defended, and thus to be included in the toast along with him, a circumstance which is highly gratifying to my feelings.

This is an Institution which, from the nature of its objects, it became him, perhaps, more than me to stand forward and take an active part in its promotion, because he has been so long and so intimately acquainted with the Military profession while I have been for thirty years and upwards devoted to the Civil Service of the Country; but (as the Royal Duke has said) it behoves every one in times like these to stand forward in the advancement of charity. Of this I can assure you, however, that I have your interest at heart, although infirmity now may, in a certain degree, have rendered me incapable of contributing my personal exertions to the public Service, a large

portion of that time which yet remains to me, I will devote in aiding and assisting your endeavours to promote the success of this Institution. There is one thing I will observe, and that is, I have been an assiduous Member of the Committee and have myself had opportunities of witnessing the degree of assiduity that has been used by others in their laudable endeavours with the same intention. Having been thirty years a Member of the Highland Society I can safely say I never witnessed such attention in any Committee as I have done in these Gentlemen who have been appointed by you to forward the general objects of the Institution. I know that some of these Gentlemen have devoted twelve, thirteen and even fourteen hours a day in most industriously advancing the purposes for which they were appointed and which redound very highly to their honour. One of these Gentlemen, in particular, I cannot avoid mentioning, I mean Mr. Robertson, who has materially injured his health by his indefatigable exertions in supporting the general object; and I may mention the name of another Member of that Committee, I mean Mr. Hamilton, who has also been indefatigable. These circumstances I mention to you, as none of you can by possibility be so well aware of them as myself. To me, you need attribute nothing of the merits of those Exertions which have tended so much to the prosperity of this Infant Society, but to those Gentlemen I beg it to be understood by this present assembly that the success of this Institution is in a great measure owing.

Nothing can have exceeded the Industry they have devoted, and the pains they have taken; and I am sure, when such facts are made known, not only the thanks of this Company, but the thanks of the Country at large are justly due to those Gentlemen.

I shall not take up more of your time, but shall merely now return you many thanks for the honour done me, and assure you of my best exertions being still devoted to the benevolent object which we all have in view by instituting this new Association.

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ARRANGEMENT of the TOASTS and MUSIC at the INSTITUTORY DINNER of the  
CALEDONIAN ASYLUM.

| <i>Toasts.</i>              | Non Nobis Domine.   | <i>By whom proposed.</i> |
|-----------------------------|---------------------|--------------------------|
| His Majesty the King.       | Respectful Silence. | Chairman.*               |
| Chacone, by Jomelli, Organ. |                     |                          |

Two verses of "God Save the King," Military Band and Vocal Performers.

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\* H.R.H. the Duke of York.



*Toasts.**By whom proposed.*

His Royal Highness the Prince Regent }  
 Patron of the Institution. } . . . Chairman.  
 Three Times Three.

Triumphal March and Glee composed for the occasion, Military Band and  
 Vocal Performers.

Her Majesty the Queen . . . . . Chairman.  
 Three Times Three.

“Highland Queen,” Gow’s Band.

Their Royal Highnesses the Vice- }  
 Patronesses of the Institution. } . . . Chairman.  
 Three Times Three.

“Bessie Bell and Mary Gray,” Gow’s Band.

His Royal Highness the Duke of York }  
 and Albany, Vice-Patron of the In- } . Sir Archibald Macdonald.  
 stitution.

“Duke of York’s March,” Military Band.

Caledonian Asylum, and may the Offspring }  
 of the Brave never want a Protector. } . Duke of Kent.  
 Three Times Three.

“Ossianic Hymn,” Gow’s Band.

An Address written for the occasion, to be recited.

Song, written for the occasion by the Ettrick Shepherd.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence }  
 and St. Andrew’s, President of the }  
 Scottish Hospital, Vice-Patron of the } . . Earl of Breadalbane.  
 Institution.

Three Times Three.

“Rule Britannia,” Military Band.

Glee, “Ye Mariners of England,” Vocal Performers and Military Band.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Kent }  
 and Strathearn, Colonel of the Royal }  
 Scots, Vice-Patron and President of the } . . Charles Grant, Esq.  
 Institution.

Three Times Three.

“Dumbarton’s Drums,” Military Band.

Song—“Scots wha hae wi’ Wallace bled.”

*Toasts.**By whom proposed.*

His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex,  
 Earl of Inverness, Vice-Patron of the } . . John P. Grant, Esq.  
 Institution.

Three Times Three.

"Highland Laddie," Bag-pipe.

The Lady Presidents, and may Beauty } . . . Duke of Kent.  
 and Benevolence be ever united.

Three Times Three.

"Had I a Heart for Falsehood Framed," and "Whistle o'er the Lave o't,"  
 Gow's Band.

Glee—"What Beauties does Flora disclose."

Highland Society, the Parent of the Institution . . The Duke of Sussex.  
 Three Times Three.

"Gathering of the Clans," Bag-pipe.

Song—"The Martial Spirit of Caledonia."

Memory of those who have Gallantly Fallen . . . Chairman.  
 Silence.

Glee—"Peace to the Souls of the Heroes."

"Dead March in Saul," Military Band.

The Foreign Ministers . . . . . Chairman.  
 Three Times Three.

"Taurian Polonaise," composed by the Empress Catherine, Military Band.

Glee—Semi-Chorus in "Saul": "David his ten thousands slew."

His Royal Highness the Duke of Kent will return thanks for them.

Vice-Presidents of the Institution . . . . . Duke of Kent.  
 Three Times Three.

"The Campbells are coming," and "Lord Macdonald's Reel," Bag-pipe.

Song—"The Thistle," composed for the occasion.

United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, }  
 and may the Thistle, Rose, and Shamrock, } . . Chairman.  
 be ever united.

Three Times Three.

"Britons Strike Home," Military Band.

Song—"When Happy in my Native Land."

*Toasts.**By whom proposed.*

City of London, and Trade thereof . . . . . Chairman.  
Three Times Three.

"Money in both Pockets," Gow's Band.  
Glee—"When Arthur first at Court began."

Auld Reekie . . . . . Chairman.  
Three Times Three.

"Flowers of Edinburgh," Gow's Band.

Committee of Management . . . . . Chairman.  
Three Times Three.

"For a' that and a' that," Gow's Band.

Stewards of the Day . . . . . Chairman.  
Three Times Three.

"Good Night, and Joy be wi' ye a'," Gow's Band.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Kent will return thanks.

Stewards Elect . . . . . Chairman.  
Three Times Three.

"Up and Waur them a'," Gow's Band.

*Vocal Department.*

|               |           |              |           |
|---------------|-----------|--------------|-----------|
| Master Millar | } Cantos. | Mr. Sinclair | } Altos.  |
| Pein          |           | Goss         |           |
| Turle         |           | Pyne         |           |
|               |           | Broadhurst   |           |
| Mr. C. Taylor | } Tenors. | Mr. Bellamy  | } Basses. |
| J. Smith      |           | Lecte        |           |
| Harris        |           | Tuiney       |           |

*Military Orchestra*—The Band of His Royal Highness the Duke of Kent and Strathearn.

*Scottish Orchestra*—Mr. Gow's Band.

*Highland Pipers*—Messrs. John and Malcolm MacGregor.

The Music arranged and directed by Mr. W. E. Heather.

James Hamilton, Convener.



My dear Sir,

London, April 17th, 1815.

I should have written sooner, but have been in a world of bustle. I have now, thank God, quite recovered from the effects of my illness, but continue to live very quietly and shall be at all times cautious to avoid all unnecessary agitation. But for this unfortunate circumstance, I should have made a greater display this year in the Exhibition, than on any former occasion, as it is, I was fortunate enough, by great exertions, to finish Mrs. Dungwall's miniature sufficiently for that purpose, although there is still much to do after I receive it back. It is the most fortunate effort of my pencil, and will I hope be of service to me. It is to be sent to Mr. Gordon, Aberdeen. It is a serious loss to me that it will be out of my reach to obtain a sight of it occasionally for people here. For this there is no help, and I shall endeavour to make a copy of it.

I have also a drawing of seven children, full lengths, for which I hope for some credit. I was fearful that these exertions might bring on my illness again, but I have got over it very well. I am still pressed with some arrears of business, pictures going to India, but in a fortnight I shall go on quickly. The primary cause of my illness has been attributed to my exertions for the Caledonian Asylum. I gave you some account of its history up to July last, when a new impetus was given to it by the liberality of that godlike man Charles Forbes, yet strange to tell, I was left altogether unassisted by those who formed the Sub-Committee except by one man, who, till then, never ceased to urge that the measure should be abandoned and then strained every nerve to worry my life out to resign the management, that he might step in and make a trade of it (as lawyers generally do of their institutions). He mistook my patience and temper for imbecility, and when he had sufficiently committed himself I found it a very easy matter to crush him, from that time till the month of December I failed in all my endeavours to obtain a Meeting, not one person ever attended, and I alone became the Committee, still I went on in my correspondence with the Royal Dukes, Ministers and public bodies in the name of the Committee, returned *votes of thanks!* etc., so that it appeared as if there was an extraordinary degree of activity. A board constantly sitting. What else could I do? There was no choice—Thus Providence works—what appears to us misfortune, is often Divine interference in our behalf, and were I to record the history of this Institution, it would afford a singular confirmation of this, from its origin in 1808—every misfortune having been without a single exception, productive of the greatest benefit, may I not therefore confidently hope that what I have considered as misfortune to *myself*, in the part which I felt it incumbent on me to take, may in the end prove less so than has yet appeared to me. The events of the last year have excited some serious reflections in my mind, which are already equivalent to all my labours. I had every power to employ a clerk or clerks, but these could have given me no assistance, as

the labour consisted, not of circulars, but of original papers and letters, accordingly, during that period, I inflexibly refused every invitation. As soon as my professional labours for the day were finished and not unfrequently before, I worked till three every morning regularly and often later.

Anxiety often deprived me of sleep—so that to get an hour or two of rest, I was often obliged to have recourse to the cold bath by a wet sponge. At length in December, by a strong appeal, I obtained a meeting, when no small degree of surprise was excited to find so great a change in the affairs and prospects of the Institution. My friend Sir John Sinclair attended, and for some time used exertions which proved so very beneficial that I have once more *taken him into favour by way of trial!* I took this, the first opportunity to resign the office of Convenor—they would not hear of it and immediately closed the sitting, but this would not do. I was determined, not only on this, but that they should hear a report which I had prepared for the occasion, in which as I cared for no man in fulfilling a public duty, I spared none—appealing to their public spirit in defence of the National character, which would have suffered, had the Institution been allowed to fall to the ground under such unexampled public patronage and support. A Meeting of the Highland Society was called on the 10th December when the Duke of Kent presided. On that day Sir Archibald Macdonald, late Lord Chief Baron, called on me and devoted three hours to assist me in revising my reports and papers. I begged him to expunge what appeared stronger in expression than was necessary for the benefit of the Institution, assuring him at the same time that I was totally indifferent what man, or sort of men took offence at the honest fulfilment of a public duty. He approved of all I had said “they deserved it all,” but afterwards thought it prudent to modify some parts. At this Meeting I had occasion to occupy their time for an hour and a half in reading papers and in explanation. The Duke of Kent requested me, as a favour, not to resign.

I entreated His Royal Highness to believe how much pain it gave me to decline, contrary to etiquette, any request of the Royal Family which is always considered as a command, professional duties rendered it impossible for me to continue. He then proposed my health with three times three and all that sort of thing.

Sir A. Macdonald eulogized my exertions, but I was prepared to resist every kind of flattery. They then proceeded to make arrangements to *assist* me in the duties, every one was now eager to offer his services “only tell me what I can do,” etc. I was then obliged to rise again and, once for all, assure them that the measure pointed out in the report not yet read (that alluded to in a former Meeting) required not only the exertions of a whole Society, but the entire time of an individual to direct those exertions, and talents which I felt were not possessed by me—that I followed a profession which required every moment of my time—that I often saw a great deal of coquetting at



public meetings when people often resigned only to be begged and entreated to continue in office, so as to lay public bodies under obligations—such was not my object—the most serious reflection had imposed this duty on me, to be inflexible in resigning, not only in justice to myself but to the Institution. Sir A. Macdonald then trusted that I could still give my assistance.

I hoped that I had not dropped any expression which implied that my heart was less engaged in the interests of the Institution and that it will ever give me the greatest pleasure to find that any services in my power shall be found beneficial. As the Duke of Kent was obliged to leave the Chair at an early hour, Sir Archibald Macdonald moved for a Committee to consider my report, the substance of which as regards the measures to be adopted, he should, as there was not time to read it, and perhaps he thought it in some respects unnecessary as an appeal, seeing the universal enthusiasm already excited. This Committee, for two months, met twice every week, Lord Breadalbane in the Chair, did not miss once—and once a week since, when arrangements were made for the splendid opening and extensive appeal to every part of the empire and every class of society which has astonished the public, at least that part which takes an interest in public charities—my labours continued till I was seized with my illness, just as things had got into a fair train—my duties are now confined to the management of the funds as acting Treasurer—to draw a cheque now and then, to prepare a quarterly account, and occasionally attend a weekly meeting at the office for an hour as a director. As I anticipated, the general management requires the utmost energy and exertions of the Secretary (and a most able one we have in Mr. Galt, who once a mercantile man, has since distinguished himself as an author)—besides half a dozen clerks—and all hands exerting themselves in society. Thus ends this eventful history, I sent you a newspaper containing the account of the Institutory Dinner. The City people are making arrangements for a similar one there. The Lord Mayor has offered to take the Chair in state, and the Royal Dukes to preside each at a table! Where will this end? One end I know is served by my experience of the last two years, that I shall never again commit myself in any public duty. And yet I am now involved in another, trifling to be sure, but the deed was done a year ago. Dr. Henderson, our friend, Physician to the Westminster Dispensary, which is next door to me, requested me last year to ask the Duke of Sussex to preside at the Anniversary Dinner. He could not then, but offered through me for this year—in consequence I am obliged to be a steward—in the mean time Dr. Henderson has lately resigned, and as I owe much to my friend Dr. Nuttall, who lives with me, I have by a little exertion secured his election. No one has opposed him, and he now walks the course. This came in the height of my fever preparing for the exhibition unfortunately. However, I have got through all very well.



On Sunday the 4th there seemed to be a close to my troubles, being delivered of my pictures for the exhibition. Next day I made chiefly a holiday for air and exercise feeling a degree of relief and happiness which I have not experienced for years. . . . I have got over all extraneous troubles' my heart is light, my mind easy, I have now, thank God, plenty of business, in perfect health, and only one load on my mind, which is my debt to you, but which I feel confident the year 1815 will clear off under the arrangements I have made and the prospects I have. . . . I forgot to mention that the Highland Society has got so saucy that they have raised their admission money to 25 guineas! at once. The Duke of Kent on his way to the Anniversary Dinner called on the Prince who seemed much pleased with their conduct and desired that he might be named as Patron. The Duke of Kent who knows the tone of the Society, said it was not one which required *patronage*, whether he said that it would patronize the Prince I have not heard. However, on that day, I understand that he was appointed Chief. All these details must be very tiresome to you, at a distance from them, but at some leisure moment, it may amuse you, from the part which I have had to act.

As in a former letter, I *entreat* you to bear in mind that this is the *sole* purpose of so much detail, and were you to shew or communicate such rigmorole to *any one person*, however much my friend, it might become a subject to fill up a vacuum in conversation, when it might be said that I am my own trumpeter—although it does little credit to my judgment that I was so imprudent as to commit myself on such a scale. . . .

I have kept this letter for some days to get it franked. I was this morning at Kensington with the Duke of Sussex, who did this for me, I believe I have sent you his hand before. . . .

Believe me to remain, my dear Sir,

Your affectionate and grateful,

A. ROBERTSON.

To the Duke of Sussex on Westminster General Dispensary.

Sir,

The fostering hand of your Royal Highness has probably never been more opportunely stretched forth than on this occasion, in behalf of the Westminster General Dispensary. The health and happiness of thousands of individuals, perhaps thousands of families, every year, is now at stake. I cannot resist the impulse, therefore, of informing your Royal Highness, with the most dutiful respect, confidentially, of the real state of that hitherto much neglected Institution.

Having last year become a Member of the Committee, I am enabled to state the source of its misfortunes to be the insufficiency of the late Secretary who, overwhelmed with other business, permitted the Institution to fall into decay. Instead of nominating an efficient Committee, for such was the general neglect that scarcely any one attended to it, he proposed, and I may say elected, such as would not trouble him with their attendance, and even they were not required to accept of the office, but were merely informed of their having been appointed. To make up a Meeting, therefore, to pass the accounts it was often necessary to send for a few individuals in the neighbourhood. Your Royal Highness will easily conceive the consequence of such a system pursued for 25 years, which I have every reason to believe has been generally the case. The Apothecary held the Medical officers at defiance and crippled their exertions. There was no certainty that the Prescriptions ordered were made up, that others were not substituted in their place. Only such, and so many, patients as he chose were permitted to see the medical officers. In short the institution became a mere wreck. In spite of which, such is its extensive utility that it still maintained an existence. The Secretary died last Autumn and his son was elected to succeed him. I did not prevail in getting the election thrown open in principle, though it was so in form. By goading on the Committee, however, considerable amelioration has taken place and much has been done.

The Apothecary does his duty better. The character of the Dispensary has been raised through the exertions of my friend Dr. Nuttall, who was elected one of the Physicians last summer, and who until lately did the duty of both in the absence of his colleague. He has devoted five and six hours at the house every day to perform that duty which used to be gone through in an hour, in this as well as other Dispensaries, besides visiting patients at their own houses from morning till mid-night.

Your Royal Highness knows enough of me to believe that, while the former state of things existed, I could not look on and quietly permit such a system to prevail. For some time, therefore, as I expected, I became obnoxious to those who considered themselves the props of the Institution: I was a troublesome fellow. I must be got rid of, everything like energy or activity was called innovation, and a reform in Parliament could not have excited a greater alarm in some of them. When I heard of these remarks, they only excited compassion for the individuals who now affect to join cordially with me, since they cannot openly disapprove of activity in the service of the Institution. Your Royal Highness will know, however, what injury may be done by the parish jobbing influence of even a few contemptible but active individuals, however well-disposed may be the body of subscribers, as is the case.

Several times during the past year Dr. Nuttall has been thrown down by illness, the consequence of extreme exertion and anxiety. Heart-broken at

the misery he saw and the difficulty of obtaining pecuniary relief, for he has not confined his humanity to professional duty. The consequence is that patients flock to the Dispensary from the most remote parts of London and from a considerable distance even in the country. The number has therefore nearly doubled, although from *particular management* this does not appear to the public. The laborious exertions of Dr. Nuttall are so universally known and justly appreciated that in all probability your Royal Highness may hear something of them at the dinner, although there are not wanting those who would wish to repress those exertions, since comparisons are drawn so much to his honour. In consequence of these and other circumstances, the Committee has been better attended, and at the last general Meeting there were 50 Governors present, a number unknown for 30 years. Until lately a Meeting of 4 or 5 could scarcely be obtained, while, had only common exertion been made for the last 20 years during which the medical officers have relinquished their salaries, amounting to £400 a year that sum at least might have been raised and added to the fund so that we should now have had 8' or £10,000, instead of the trifling sum of £1,000. Such is the General Interest now excited in behalf of the Institution by the appeal which I had the honour to lay before your Royal Highness, lame and imperfect as it *has been contrived*, that subscriptions are coming in daily. It *was* intended to have solicited others generally by personal application as stated in that appeal. A rich harvest is now fully ripe before us, and only requires to be gathered, but it is my solemn belief that matters will be so managed that it will rot on the ground. The fact is this, the present prospects and daily success of the Institution inflict deep distress on those who have so shamefully neglected their duty and in every way that can be conceived, consistently with decency, means have been taken to counteract and repress the energy of those who would avail themselves of existing circumstances. I have not a doubt that the income of the Institution might be doubled, people in a manner hold out their money, we have only to ask for it. Notwithstanding which, some do not hesitate to say already that as there was a good collection at the Church, it will be sufficient for the present year, forgetting that such circumstances do not always exist, that we cannot publish an appeal every year, and that such an impression may not again be made to so much purpose. From these and other circumstances I am grieved to say I have too much reason to fear that a party is being made to bring things back to their former disgraceful state by electing a convenient Committee. The only hope will be the successful humanity and zeal of Dr. Nuttall and some new medical officers; but if the Apothecary again resigns, their exertions will be paralyzed. Much of the above information is, as your Royal Highness will perceive, confidential, but to be used as your experience and humanity may be pleased to think proper. I would, in the meantime, humbly suggest the points contained in the enclosed paper, as the most important to be urged at the dinner.



I ought to have addressed this letter to your Royal Highness sooner, but it was not until now that this last hope of saving the interests of the Institution occurred to me.

Your Royal Highness will be pleased to hear that Dr. Stewart, an active and zealous member of the Loyal North Britons for many years, was lately elected P.M.M.W. and that he manfully responds to the example of Dr. Nuttall in the conscientious discharge of the duty. Your Royal Highness will most probably think it expedient to hint at anything which may be amiss in the charity. To enforce generally what is important and beneficial to every Institution, more especially to this, will answer every good purpose. Thus may the evil be anticipated and prevented, for party and prejudice will not dare to shew itself while your Royal Highness appears to take an interest in the Institution.

I have found it necessary to say so much of Dr. Nuttall and even of myself, that it might seem there was no other purpose in addressing your Royal Highness, but it does not appear to me that I could possibly explain the situation of the Dispensary otherwise, and no injurious consequences either to him or myself will ever deter me from fulfilling a duty, but I know the goodness of your Royal Highness too well to fear any such result.

#### Separate Paper.

1st. To impress on the minds of the Governors the necessity of soliciting subscriptions from door to door, and that if the present occasion be lost, those concerned will have much to answer for, since an appeal published every year would cease to have any effect. That we are committed to fulfil this duty, having stated such to be our intention.

To request those Gentlemen present who are inclined to join the Committee and Stewards in fulfilling this sacred duty to send their names to the Chair. Thus if 30 or 40 individuals take a part, the trouble to each will be trifling. To recommend in the choice of a Committee that they be guided by a true regard to the interests of the Charity in selecting men of energy and humanity, and above all men acquainted with public business. If your Royal Highness would also condescend publicly to request that a list of the Committee should be sent to you once every year after the election, in the month of June, with an annual report of the progress of the Institution, it would have the most beneficial effect. It is not necessary that your Royal Highness should take the trouble of reading these, but a better class of individuals who do not now take any interest in the Institution would be ambitious of having their name sent to your Royal Highness—and having a report to make, they would endeavour to have something to report.

My dear Sir,

London, July 12th, 1815.

The loss of a month or six weeks by illness in the beginning of the year, throws a professional man back more than can be easily conceived, as the effects remain in a degree of languor. Thank God, I never was in better health than since, excepting that in consequence of sitting so much for the last two years, night and day, my feet are apt to swell at night. Until lately, I never observed it, but last year I used to complain of my shoemaker for making my shoes small, as I thought. All I want is exercise, a moderate degree of which prevents it. Having had plenty of employment and my energies more alive than ever, this will, I believe, turn out the best season I have ever had, which has in some measure prevented me from finishing many of my pictures, which I am now hard at work with, for which, when I receive the money, I hope to enjoy more ease of mind than has fallen to my lot for the last year or two. . . . I intended, if possible to have come to Aberdeen for 2 or 3 weeks this autumn, as I am advised to take a month's recreation, but as politics have taken such a turn and I am almost the only artist who did not go to Paris last year to see the great works of art, I have changed my plan and shall go there, having a double object in view, professional improvement and the entire establishment of my health, as I hope that the exercise of walking about so much there will entirely remove the tendency in my feet to swell. . . .

Believe me to be,

Dear Sir, affectionately yours,

A. ROBERTSON.

John Ewen, Esquire,  
Aberdeen.

My dear Sir,

London, 27th July 1815.

As there is considerable fear that many of the works of art will be immediately removed from the Louvre, I am making every exertion to set off at once for Paris, getting in all the cash I can, etc. to raise the means of going and to do what is necessary before I go. . . . I have the first introductions to all our great people in France and hope to paint the great Lord and his officers—if so I may make some start in France. . . .

My dear Sir,

Garth, 15th August 1815.

Owing to my having paid several visits by the way, I did not reach this house till last night, when I was favoured with your letter of the 3rd. I am very vexed that the Picture should have been so long kept, but I hope it has been returned long ere now.

I enclose you the two letters for Paris which I hope will be of use to you. Sir James      you know perfectly by name, and Sir Colin Campbell is a leading man in Lord Wellington's establishment and may be of use to you.

Tell our friend Hamilton that the Earl of Airly wishes much to have his name added to the list of Chiefs who are to produce the Plaids and Banners. I have seen several since I came to Scotland and all approve in the highest degree of your suggestion and are anxious to follow it up. I hope that Hamilton will send the letters soon. They should be signed by the Duke of Kent.

With wishing you an agreeable excursion, I remain,

Yours very faithfully,

Andrew Robertson, Esquire.

DAVID STEWART.

My dear Sir,      33, Gerrard Street, 19th August, 1815.

Unexpected business detains me till Monday when I shall positively set off. . . . I have seen Captain Gordon and made arrangements to meet him in France . . . you may write to me as before, I have means of getting my letters forwarded to Paris. . . .

Most truly and gratefully yours,

John Ewen, Esquire,  
Aberdeen.

A. ROBERTSON.

My dear Sir,      Paris, 1st September 1815,  
Hotel Tinet, 52, Rue Faubourg, St. Honoré.

I drop you a few lines merely to say that I arrived here safely a few days ago and as I find the pictures and statues going every day, I have *lived* at the Louvre ever since. About a quarter are already gone and they will soon have everything down for which an owner can be found. An English artist who is painting there, told me that a Prussian Prince or some great man was loud in his execration of the French, saying to him publicly in the Gallery that he would sooner see all the pictures in h—l than leave one in the hands of these scoundrels as he called them. I am happy to find the people very well pleased with the conduct of our army—except when an individual now and then gets drunk and then we know the consequence, even at home.

The Commissioners from the Pope arrived a few days ago and will immediately remove all the Italian pictures and statues. I have not, therefore, a moment to lose. It would take volumes to describe the effect the pictures have upon me. Before the Transfiguration I was almost tempted to fall down and worship it—it is quite overpowering—the triumph of art, and



what I did not expect from the Roman School, its colour and effect are equally grand and beautiful.

All this makes me miserable that I am condemned for life to crawl on in shoemaking miniature. I have heard from the best authority that the Apollo Belvidere is to come to England as a present from the Pope and no doubt many others. The magnificence of the public buildings is not to be described, they must be seen.

It makes one start into a fixture of surprise like a statue, the same may be said of the bustle noise and gaiety.

Ever sincerely yours, in haste,

John Ewen, Esquire,  
Aberdeen.

A. ROBERTSON.

P.S.—The streets are filled with military, chiefly English and Scotch. Where I live is opposite Lord Castlereagh's. The Emperor and King to the right and left with the Duke of W. so I am in the thick of it. Paris is perfectly quiet. The people very civil—a few look sulky now and then.

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## Visit to Paris in 1815.

## IMPERFECT DIARY OF TRIP TO PARIS.

Starting from London by Coach to Brighton,

*Friday, 25th August 1815.*

"Now, Gentlemen," said the coachman, "if you please to stretch your legs up the hill." "We dine at Horsham," said a Jew looking little Cockney. "I 'ope there won't be no *weal*, I 'ate weal. Nothing but *weal* to be seen on the road, and the worst part too, a coarse fillet o' weal. Been six times to the sea-side in two months, quite tired o' weal, can't bear to look at it. Margate much pleasanter than Brighton, much genteeler. No use to go to Brighton unless you have friends there, I 'ave some coming down to-morrow night, drive down all the way, pretty light work an't it, eh!?" As I mounted, I heard my Cockney friend expatiating, as I thought on the *veal*.

"Always likes to look at the *veals*, makes a point of it." All I could catch was now and then the same word, a little improved, as, I thought in the pronunciation. "Wat a many this coach carries, vat a many it do carry." It was pretty well loaded, to be sure, only 14 outside and 7 within. A double row of large trunks on the top, crowned by a young grocer, like a weather-cock on the top of a steeple, besides large, heavy trunks hung on behind, portmanteaus, baskets, hat-boxes, etc. all round, till it looked like a basket-making hawker's cart on its way to Bartholomew's fair, or a regimental baggage cart, or that of a strolling company of Players. No wonder then that my Cheapside friend made it a point to look at the *veels*.

At Brighton. My first inquiry was in regard to the Packet. "Here I am," said a smart young fellow, the captain, "as nice a vessel as ever swam, the 'Eliza,' once a Berwick smack, a great recommendation, Sir—excellent accommodation, sails to-morrow night." How lucky, I thought, this will just do. As I like to know the plans and regulations of things, I asked how often the packets sailed. "We sail from Brighton every Saturday and from Dieppe every Tuesday, here's a ticket, Sir." "Does any packet sail before you?" "She is an excellent vessel," said a seafaring man whom I afterwards found to be the owner, on duty to put in his word when any crooked question is put. The fact was that a packet sailed every evening and sometimes one in the morning. At Brighton, one who has not travelled in England might (but for the language) fancy himself in another country. The appearance of the Town—the gaiety, the promenades crowded with ladies, hussar cap, brass helmets,

etc. enlivened by a military Band on the Steine. The Pianoforte and Harp at the Libraries. When an Englishman travels, he does not open his eyes till he hears another language spoken, and then he stares, everything appears equally strange. Whereas, if he would not eat so hearty a dinner, so that he might resist the attacks of Morpheus as he is carried along—would he but examine everything at home with half the friskiness of attention which he does on the continent, he would find things less strange there. He would see less difference between France and England, he would express less of that surprise which is always the effect of ignorance or want of observation of his own country. In this view I am prepared to see less difference between many of the appearances I shall soon see in France compared with England, than the latter with Scotland and Ireland. At Brighton, the first thing that struck me was the peculiar character of the houses, which belongs to every particular town, from the variety of materials for building which the neighbourhood of towns affords. From the whimsical taste of the builders who began the town. Many of the houses seem varnished, from the bricks being vitrified.

At this gay place, all is holiday, all is fair, all is market for the display of marriage articles. The daughters decked out in their best feathers. The promenades are the seat of the market by day, the public libraries by night. A library—a farce—who reads here? This is their only use, and they were first contrived by some cunning mother. Books are there, to be sure, but they are secondary to the lights and music. “No. 1 3 6 8 ladies and gentlemen, excellent numbers, ladies and gentlemen. No. 1—3—6—8, 1 3 6 8, thank you, Sir.” 1—6—8, 1 6 8 never ceases to interrupt the music, but that is of no consequence, it is not for music that people come here—but it is all right, daughters must be married.

At the old “Ship.” I enquired more particulars about the packets. After one or two questions, a vocal trio struck up outside, not a word more could I get from the waiter, there was his body, certainly, in an agony of delay, but his mind—phew! it was fled, and after a writhe or two, off went his body. To remain in an empty Coffee House, full of empty boxes, where the only response I could expect was from the three walls and a large window, would have been useless, and perhaps I was not altogether deficient in the curiosity which had so moving an effect on the waiter. When I came out I found 3 or 4 men singing a Glee, and as many women. Hostlers, waiters, chambermaids and cooks, leaning on the rails opposite the house and its lights, their backs towards Neptune, who perhaps sometimes displayed a want of taste similar to that of the English, who never make so great a noise as when there is music. They therefore seemed to appreciate very justly the more refined taste of the cooks and chambermaids, who were all attention and delight.

Every Orpheus had no doubt his Eurydice on this happy night, and if I judge of their practice by their proficiency I should be inclined to think



that this was generally their evening amusement, for it was really very tolerable.

Soon they struck up "Robin Adair"—in which my friend, the waiter displayed no common taste in an occasional counter-tenor part accompanied by all the half burlesque, half serious action in imitation of the Opera, and appearing to aim only at a quiz, really exerting his utmost to impress upon the mind of his fair Eurydice what a wonderful performer he would be if he were to condescend to degrade himself to be an actor.

I left them singing, as their harmony died away on my ear, it was lost in the increasing sound of a Pianoforte in a house which I passed, it again was lost in that of an organ in the street. The sound of the drum, although perhaps in tune with the military band of the Steine was so little in unison with the organ, that I thought it high time to give an account of this and the other wonders I had seen during my two hours residence at Brighton. According to the custom of tourists, I immediately went into a Tunbridge ware shop to buy a book which cost me 1/- and two of Brookman and Langdon's best double H.B. black lead pencils, that this record might be rendered as durable as possible. One would have been sufficient, perhaps, but I had heard a French artist admire our pencils, and thought I might not be equally polite to theirs. I forgot to mention that being in my travelling dress, I did not venture far into the libraries, as I was not arrayed like my neighbours.

I do not hesitate to give this as a full and true and particular account of Brighton and its company—at least, as much as tourists generally give, for two hours is a great deal for one town. But, seriously speaking, had an English tourist seen all this at Bordeaux he would not have failed to exclaim how different this is from England—dull, beer-drinking foggy England. The surface of the English Character—and surface is all that a tourist has to do with—is the same as France, and I am determined on one thing, not to see things differently in France from here, nor to fancy myself in the moon, or another world, because the people talk French. I have been interrupted by a couple of fiddlers, murdering the Fife Hunt and as it is time to go to bed, I shall not begin again.

*Saturday, August 26th.*

Went and saw the Pavilion, and in the evening embarked in the Packet. From the beach to the vessel, I attempted to resist one of those impositions to which travellers are liable, in the charge of 3/- for taking me on board. My argument was a fair one, the Captain agreed to take me from Brighton to Dieppe—not from the roads. Finding myself unsupported by others, I was compelled to submit, altho' all agreed that it was a shameful imposition. When one has sufficient public spirit to resist imposition, it requires little from others, merely concurrence.

Among the passengers was an interesting young woman with two children, one at the breast, to whom the Captain had given a passage. Affliction and anxiety of mind rendered a beautiful Madonna countenance in the various actions of a Mother, a subject more fit for the pencil than one generally meets with. Her tall and graceful figure was such as a painter would select for a model. Her husband was a Corporal in the Coldstream Guards, who at the battle of Waterloo received one ball thro' his leg, another thro' his arm, had two balls thro' his cap, and his knapsack shot off. Having been refused permission to join her husband at Paris, she was not to be stopped, found her way to Brighton, there she was refused assistance from the parish to enable her to proceed, of which poor creature, ignorant of the laws, she bitterly complained. Contrary to all advice, she had thus smuggled herself on board the packet, and on representing the case, that she was going to a strange country without a penny in her pocket, having sold part of her dress to buy a loaf for her children as sea stock, that without a word of the language, or knowing a soul, she must beg her way to Paris. Another gentleman and myself found it afforded pleasure to every one on board to contribute a shilling each, which raised a little fortune for her £2:6:0. She was overpowered, and shed tears of gratitude. How easy is it often to do good and afford pleasure to all, and how often do we omit the opportunity, when a word only is wanting, a spark to inflame the train of charity. An American merchant, in half Dutch, half English was delighted and proposed three cheers.

*Sunday, August 27th.*

Having been becalmed most part of the day, when we had crawled within 7 miles of Dieppe a boat came alongside. The most part being young travellers and tired of the passage, were glad of any kind of change. The boat was immediately boarded at six o'clock, not sword, but bag in hand. If the packet had that moment been on the point of sinking, they could not have displayed a more topsy turvy eagerness, and most of the ladies of course followed, in hopes of getting into Dieppe by 10 o'clock, while our vessel will arrive by 12, and if a breeze springs up, perhaps not half an hour after them. If they could set off immediately, there might be some reason, but till morning they cannot receive their luggage from the Custom House. . . .

All was quiet, and not a breath of wind, the sea like glass. The vessel a fixture in it, nothing to be heard except now and then the pilot humming a tune, the intervals supplied by a Solo from the Captain's nose. I therefore turned in about 10 o'clock and was soon, deaf to the Pilot's cantabile as well the Captain's accompaniment. We were then about 20 miles from Dieppe, altho' only 6 or 7 from the light, which like an ignis fatuus, led those in the

boat to believe that this was all the distance from Dieppe, whereas it stands on a point of land 14 miles distant.

While we lay thus quiet, the boat, being large and heavy had made little progress, and the passengers, one and all, soon tired of their situation, particularly as calculating on a comfortable late dinner, most of them had left their stock on board. They were glad to commute their hopes for a late supper. At last it came on to blow hard and they considered themselves fortunate who escaped a wet jacket. . . . Through a heavy surf, they landed at the mouth of the harbour, about 12 at night, that is, they grounded, and it was necessary for ladies and all to go into a smaller boat to get on shore. Whether they paid anything additional for this, I know not.

By this time the packet was not far behind but as the tide did not answer, it did not get in till 3 in the morning, I half awoke with the noise, and heard every one get on deck, but I lay still, or rather turned round. Whether the noise continued, or not I have no recollection. At six, I got up and walked to the pier, along the beach, stripped and had a dip in the sea. As I returned, I perceived one of the large and deep boats, such as had conveyed my hasty friends from the ship, then entering the harbour. It soon grounded on the steep gravel-stony bar which fills up two-thirds of the Channel, rising as high, almost, as the pier. Seven or 8 of the crew immediately jumped down on the beach, one after another, like so many frogs. It is impossible to describe the ridiculous effect it had, what with their red and green caps and the noise of their boots, as they alighted on the stones. One or two, who were too old, very cunningly slid down two of the oars, which were placed together. The others displayed an agility which can belong only to a dancing nation like the French.

At the pier, there was a battery of 3 or 4 guns, near which was a watchman. I could not call him a sentinel, as the only military article about him was a belt and a cutlass by his side. On the beach there was another battery of 7 or 8 guns and a howitzer in which was something more like a sentinel, as he had a short blue coat, and walking up and down with his sword drawn, amusing himself with cutting at the long grass as he passed. There were no embrasures, only a high parapet, on which the muzzle of the gun seemed to rest. The guns were elevated, each on a wooden platform, supported by small wheels, an excellent plan, as the whole can be moved more easily than by handspikes. I walked towards the battery to examine this construction, but was soon arrested by the sentinel who roared out "*Allez à côté*"—making a signal with his sword.

The first impression on my mind, when I came on deck and looked round, was the wonderful similarity in the appearance and effect of the people and the buildings to a Scotch town, Leith for instance. The pier is high, as well as the houses, the river, or rather the rivulet, about the same size and is capable of containing as many vessels, altho' there were not more than 20,



while at Leith there are generally 100 to 200 of all sizes. I question, however, whether Dieppe can receive large ships, altho' with us, it would soon be made to do so. The houses bore evident marks of a decayed trade. Having been bombarded by Benbow in 1697, it was rebuilt on a great scale, and must have been one of the handsomest towns in France. The houses are of stone, in a grand and picturesque style of ornament, very much in the same plan as Leith or Edinburgh, with a common stair, the windows of which fall to decay and become so many holes. The doors also in a ruinous state. What is every one's business becomes no one's. The exterior ornaments, cornices, windows, etc., are often grand and picturesque, varied in every possible way. Gables, and sides of the houses to the street. Most of them seemed to have been built for wealthy merchants, and are now inhabited by fishermen, etc. with all their picturesque variety of filth. Warehouses, crumbling to decay. The streets are narrow, but for France, I am told wide. The appearance of the people was also very striking when I first landed. In many respects not unlike those of Scotland in a sea-port town. At first, chiefly fishermen, and women gabbling French with the appearance of intelligence far superior to what we see in England or Scotland. The dress of these men and women is very similar to each other. The women are, in general, well-made, and shew good active legs to counteract the awkwardness of their slippers or wooden shoes, which often leave all the heel sticking out behind, making them go along, clink, clank. The chief difference in the dress of the fisher-men and women is in the cap. The men wear high, Spanish looking night-caps, chiefly red, blue, or striped. The old women have something like what they wear at Edinburgh, often red also, while the younger ones wear the same, much exaggerated, but always white. High behind, and the border or frill so broad and long at the sides, turning down and round behind, till they almost meet. Still, altho' they are quite caricatures, they are so nice and clean, being their chief pride, seemingly, that the effect is by no means displeasing. As the morning advanced, porters and other working people formed part of the different groups. A porter in a large cocked hat, often with a military loop, has at first a singular effect on an English eye, more particularly as they sometimes take them off, bow to each other when they first meet and not unfrequently salute.

As the day advanced there was every variety of these women's caps to be seen—in which they display all their finery—sometimes a separate part before and another behind, like the front and back of an old-fashioned grenadier's cap—light blue or pink velvet embroidered in gold or silver—family finery descending from mother to daughter perhaps—as there is a great deal of lace manufactured in this town, the better sort of people display their wealth on their caps, which tower above and fly away still more than the common people—but on children they look quite ridiculous—those of 4 and 5 years of age have caps half as large as themselves. I understood however that the better

sort of people let them go without caps as a distinction, and were poor people to do so it would be considered an affectation of style. The number of beggars, wretched old people and children, lame and deformed, is proverbial and distressing. They annoy one like so many flies in Autumn, go where you will, if you stand but a moment, there is a hive round you—from the window of the Inn I wished to see all that passed, but we were obliged to shut it every five minutes. While we were at breakfast a common working man with a huge cocked hat fore and aft, met a farmer-looking man, his wife, son and daughter, hats were off immediately to the ground, they bowed gracefully all round, the old people saluted first on one cheek, then on the other—the cocked hat was off again to salute in like manner the wife—the same ceremony took place with the daughter and son. In order to do this with all becoming form ab initio, he always put his hat on before saluting each.

Among other strange looking figures which passed the window, was a military-looking old gentleman, with a large cocked hat, of course, button, loop and cockade, an old plain blue coat buttoned up close, with a single row of large buttons—stand up collar, tails hooked together, two stripes of silver lace on the fore-arm like our generals, a large short quene, of course, large curl at each side—buff coloured waistcoat, spotted pea-green breeches, striped, as were also his silk stockings blue and white—buckles in shoes—nor to complete the toute ensemble was there wanting an old family snuff box, if I might judge by the oval protuberance sticking out from under his coat in his waistcoat pocket—and the hereditary gold-headed cane, entwined with silver, had no sinecure office. I soon heard drums, etc. As I had never seen any French troops, I was anxious to see the character and look of those legions which had struck such consternation into the continent of Europe, rushed out—but such a motley mixture would require the humour of Falstaff to describe—all had firelocks, bayonets, and swords, to be sure rusty enough, every other figure (men I could not call them), had something or other in his dress that was military, or had been—some had a large cocked hat, others a blue coat, a third a black handkerchief, a fourth an old pair of black gaiters, but for any *one* to have *two* articles of military equipment would have been too much happiness, the greater part were old working men, some with dirty aprons—others were young, and seeing some English they looked fiercely at us—as for a line, it was like a crooked saw, there were about 100 of them and 3 or 4 officers besides the old gentleman who was either the Commandant or the Prefect or Sub P. of the town—one of the officers better equipped than the rest had a white neckcloth, coloured waistcoat, dirty nankeen breeches—and do. white stockings and boots spurred—the fact may be anticipated, these were the National Guard—after about 10 minutes they were huddled, I cannot say marched off to their different posts. That in such a town as Dieppe, they should appear to have become so much tired of the pride and pomp of war is surprising, while at every turn of a street one meets a young

Marshal of France 3 or 4 years old, perhaps even less, beating a drum with 5 or 6 boys (always older than himself and girls still older) marching in line or in file, through the dirt—almost in every house a drum was to be heard constantly—nothing else seems to amuse even infants in arms.

As I returned to the Inn, I saw an English carriage preparing to depart—and a mob of English collected round somebody or thing on the ground. At first I thought it must be an arch lame boy, one of the multitude of beggars—who had sometime before introduced himself to my notice, as I stood conversing with some of my fellow travellers, by stroking and patting my foot as he crawled on the ground—a sort of salutation which being unexpected put me in some alarm, producing a convulsive motion, in what direction the surprise did not enable me to recollect, but I know that when I looked down to see whether it was a toad, a frog, a rat or a mouse—the only animals of which I am afraid, I was apprehensive that I had hurt him and considered him therefore entitled to the two sous at least which I gave him. As I made my way through the crowd I got a glimpse of the top of something like a bucket which one of the gentlemen held up to the entertainment of all around and my own surprise when I at last had a full view of two engines, the use of which I could not conceive from their shape till I saw the spurs. Surprise is the offspring of ignorance, I had heard so much of France since the communication was opened, that many things which would have struck me as new appeared by no means extraordinary. Some manners, customs and costumes, however are such superlative caricatures that they exceed the most extravagant idea that can be formed—so much so that if truly represented and even softened, they will appear exaggerated to an English eye. The horses soon arrived—rather less in size than ours in England, but very active. I was beginning to admire the elegance of their equipment, the rope harness, etc., when my attention was arrested by the approach of two more horses, on one of which was mounted a machine, the counterpart of the engines above—which I have combined to make the whole complete, when the pen must yield in descriptive power to the sister pencil. The posting in France is chiefly in the hands of government and this was one of the public postilions. Being market day, I had an opportunity of seeing many of the country people coming to town—chiefly women riding on a horse with a cart, as much at home as men are with us—or behind baskets very much like the creels in Scotland in the shape of a W. Sometimes sitting on one, balanced by fowls, butter, eggs, etc., in the other, their high towering caps white as snow, with the fly away frills and flaps had a singular but not displeasing effect—ornamented often with a profusion of lace, and sometimes with embroidery—the fish-women in the market, for the same reason, looked smart and pleasing altho' the rest of their dress was a complete contrast. The carts of the country people are not unlike those used in the South of Scotland, only still longer, consisting of two very long beams laid across the axle, connected



with cross pieces and sides, or such other additions to fit on as may be required.

We found every one very civil, no doubt it is their interest to encourage the English to take the route of Dieppe—at the Custom House they were particularly so—looked into our portmanteaus of course, and put in their hands *pro forma*, but that was all—we had nothing to pay—but it is customary to give them 2 or 3 francs—it is pleasing to a stranger to experience the politeness of even the lower ranks—they will scarcely permit you to take even your great coat to the Inn from the ship—a dozen of mouths are open, old and young, to offer their services, and when you have passed the Custom House they are so pressing civil that you are obliged to gratify as many as possible by letting them divide the pleasure, each carrying only one thing—then of course one man bows, he carried your portmanteau, another scrapes, he carried a small box, a third holds out his hand, he carried something else and when at last you bless your stars that you have got rid of them, a new set of locusts fasten upon you. “I carried your portmanteau to the Custom House,” etc.—it is in vain to argue, for there is for some reason a rule that it must be done by a different set of people. The Inn was filthy enough, altho’ one of their best and according to them very clean “*bien propre*”—the floor of the room covered with sexagon tiles was comfortably cool—no fire place, but instead, there stood at one side a stove of a cubical form, about two and a half feet high made of china or stone ware with a small furnace from which a pipe ascended to the ceiling where it entered the wall, with a thin projection on each side from the wall of about a foot all the way up. I looked into the kitchen, where I saw what I knew before, that they burn wood laid on the hearth with a movable iron check each side to contain it—over this they have iron grates for whatever they want.

Here ends Dieppe. *Grâce à Dieu.*

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Dieppe, 28th August 1815 (Monday).

Having taken an early dinner at half past 12 and seen our luggage deposited in the Diligence we got into it and drove off. As we walked up a hill we saw 5 or 6 horsemen approaching—to our surprise and gratification they turned out to be a letter-party of the 2nd Dragoon Guards on their way to Dieppe. When we had reached the top of the hill and had to get in, I found neither steps nor door to the carriage. I then discovered that I was on the wrong side, *the* door being on the other. As we passed along the fertile country of Normandy the prospect was exactly like England and as well cultivated, but the only difference I could perceive was that the fields were not enclosed—in the foreground by the side of the road, I was every instant reminded of Scotland—the appearance of the people and

their occupations, every where the women spinning after their daily work was done. The houses are so exactly those of Scotland that I was only surprised to hear the people speak French—the thatched roofs—substantial stone walls, their hugger-mugger state and picturesque effect made me feel quite at home. A representation of the articles which people sold being painted outside—tobacco, sugar, coffee, etc., and above all the bottle of beer decanting itself into a glass as in Scotland, would hardly allow me to believe that I was in a country where the latter article was until lately unknown and the others in a manner prohibited. We stopped at a long avenue at the end of which we saw part of a magnificent Chateau which had belonged to some nobleman and is now possessed by one of the wealthy cotton manufacturers of Rouen, whose son, a smart handsome, well dressed fellow, mounted on the imperial, there being no room inside. The Chateau had gone much to decay—the avenue and entrance looked miserable. As it was very hot, I also got up and gave my place to another passenger who was about to mount the imperial, but seemed well pleased with the change. Nothing particular having occurred, I entered into conversation with my fellow passenger on the state of the country and of parties when, altho' he was at pains to conceal it, I could easily perceive that he was a Buonapartist—while he execrated the conduct of the Prussians, he paid I hope a merited tribute of praise to that of the English army. He gave me some account of the cotton trade of Rouen which is immense and after a friendly chat, concluded as we entered Rouen with asking me what would become of England if the war had lasted one year more! He agreed that Louis was an amiable monarch. I said that I had no doubt so devoted was he to his people that to render them happy he would be contented to lose his life. He had pointed out several cotton manufactories of great extent altho' nothing like ours—some built of wood and whitened all over. The houses of the work people seemed superior to ours and built on a considerable scale—but it had got so dark that it was difficult to judge of them. As it rained we put aside the boxes, etc. in the imperial, lay down at full length and sheltered ourselves with the leather cover which goes over it, so that we seemed as if in bed. It was quite dark as we passed along a seemingly magnificent avenue 2 or 3 miles long leading to the town—a lamp here and there suspended from the middle of a rope stretched across the road only tended to render black what was before only dark—every now and then we heard crick, crack, crick, crack which is the mode those driving carts and waggons take to give notice to those whom they meet.

Rouen is the capital of Lower Normandy, it is a large and very ancient city about the size of Edinburgh or Glasgow and seemed a very bustling place, most of the inhabitants being engaged in manufacture—the narrow streets seemed to have no end, as we passed along the shops displayed their articles with much splendour—being in a blaze of light and their coffee houses like the sun at noon. At the Theatre which we passed, we saw some National

Guards, very different in appearance from those at Dieppe being well equipped, we also passed several groups of the 11th Dragoons standing up from the rain. Having made the necessary arrangements for our departure we sat down to coffee after our long fasting about 10 o'clock—annoyed by a noisy set of people in a recess separated from the public room by a curtain. From their mixture of English and French we soon made them out to be 3 English officers, altho' we could not see them. Their manner was that of too many of our countrymen who in their frolics assume a character at times which does not belong to them and would lead strangers to think that Englishmen were all mad. Altho' we did not wish to hear a word of their conversation, we could not avoid it, when by degrees their voices raised from "No by G—d I'll take no more. I shall be drunk by — and that won't do in travelling." "Well but in such a wet night a little brandy—and on the top too. Hollo! holloah! G—d, you parlez vous, why don't you bring what d'ye call it. Oh, yes, la notice by — Garçon." This sort of thing repeated with noisy intervals of conversation and exclamations which were irresistibly ridiculous—at last ended in a dispute respecting the bill which they did not understand, altho' I dare say the woman explained it very accurately. By — it's all i' my eye—vous, what d'ye call it—vous tromp—tromp—trompez us. "Whit boutells de vin . . . what is whit bottles?" "Huit bouteilles," replied she. "Well, and combien, etc. etc. the what d'ye call it? lodvi? What is that?" and so on. "Come, get on by — you take as long to make out a bill of 50 francs as an Englishman would take to pay 50 pounds." We could stand this no longer and burst out in a fit of laughing. "Your good health gentlemen," said one of them lifting up the curtain, when we discovered that these noisy fellows were 3 of our quietest fellow passengers who never opened their lips on board the ship except to eat or drink—they were on their way to join their regiments—after they were gone the quietness of the place seemed like the silence of the dead—we mounted up 7 or 8 pairs of stairs of this immense inn, went to bed at 12 and were called at 4 to go off at 5—all the places in the Diligence are numbered, and belong to the passengers in rotation as they take them—as two or three had got on the top before us—the conductor obliged them to descend, when he called each to ascend according to his list, to take his choice of the places.

The court yard was surrounded by lofty buildings irregular and picturesque beyond description and exceeded in grandeur all those works of art which I had till now considered imaginery, the conceptions of prolific genius, but which I now found *fell short* of common nature in such a town as this.

If I was pleased with Dieppe in this respect, it now sank to nothing before Rouen which is one of the most anciently built cities in Europe—it would indeed be well worth every artist's while to go to France if it were only to see this court yard.



*Tuesday, August 29th.*

I was all amazement, astonishment, and delight as we passed thro' this glorious town, I felt perfectly intoxicated, the twilight heightened the effect—but when we passed the celebrated, venerable Cathedral I was lost in amazement at this immense and grand pile of buildings, the more so perhaps, that like the rest of the town it is falling to decay, for altho' now a thriving town, it had fallen off so much that many houses are uninhabited, and but for their strength would be in ruins—it once contained 90,000 inhabitants and now only 60,000. It is surrounded by hills of a magnificent and beautiful character, particularly on the road to Paris, where we climbed up steep pathways, while the Diligence made long and slow detours, which afforded us time to look back on this heavenly scene with its never ending variety of beautiful and picturesque foreground. The valley of Rouen is a garden, partly occupied by the town with its towering Cathedral, etc., vineyards and gentlemen's seats or perhaps now farm houses, thro' which the Seine winds gracefully, leakey islands here and there, the whole beautifully wooded, as to Richmond, it is a lump of fat, void of character. Most reluctantly was I torn from this scene, and I have half a mind to change my plan that I may again see a place where I could wish to live and die—if all France is like this, said I, they may well call it beautiful France—but Normandy is its garden. I have been thus particular in the description of the towns, from which a very good idea may be formed of the villages, and the country thro' which we passed—among our passengers there was in the Cabriolet a very comely and lively girl with whom we entered into conversation and, to our surprise, found she spoke very good English—she had been educated in a pension or boarding school where it often forms part of genteel education—towards the top of the hill we found one of the 7th Light Dragoons, who told us his regiment was quartered in the neighbourhood, and pointed out the house or Chateau which was head quarters, where Colonel Sir R. Kerrison lived—at the top we found a stall with some fruit and brandy which we were happy to lay under contribution. A cross was hard by, for people to bless themselves and thank God they had got so far—we then mounted and drove off—if I had the power I would describe the engine which conveyed us but any description however much softened will appear a caricature to an Englishman—however as I write this merely to refresh my own memory I shall make a faithful sketch.\*

As we passed along the road the country appeared well covered with wood—having no coals they encourage its growth. I have before observed that the carts were long and narrow, sometimes only a foot or 18 inches wide, but by means of the sloping sides which they fix to them it is inconceivable what a

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\* The pencil sketches referred to are lost.—E. R.

quantity they carry—this form is well suited to the narrowness of the streets in the towns which they have occasionally to frequent, but lest any advantage should thus arrive from their shape, it is ingeniously contrived that the axle should project at least a foot beyond the wheel, which is invariably the case, and those who wish to be very smart, have them to stick out farther—as we passed I saw one cart stuck fast by the projecting axles in a narrow lane between the houses and a garden wall, a dozen of people had collected to, consult and help the man out of his difficulty—in an enclosed country this would soon remedy itself—the collars of the horses too partake of this fashion to an extraordinary degree, having fantastical boards sticking out often 18 inches each side, sometimes finely decorated and painted—these boards join together rising 9 inches or a foot above the shoulder and lest the horse should not be sufficiently oppressed by the heat, they ingeniously guard against anything like comfort by padding from the top of this board, half way down the back, covering the whole with sheep's skin—one fashion, however, has much good in it, they clothe their horses from head to tail, and from the sides there hangs down a net work and fringe of twine, the motion of which drives away flies and insects, from which their bodies are protected by the covering—they wear something over their eyes also to save them from the sun, and I should be inclined to think that the number of blind horses in France is not so great in proportion as in England—all along the road there are occasionally rows of apple and pear trees which, not being enclosed, are I suppose common to the poor—soon after we left Rouen we happened to admire some beautiful clouds, when one and all agreed how much more fine the blue of the sky was than in England, I have since made the same remark to an English artist in the Louvre in regard to France generally—when he immediately said that he remarked it particularly on his way to Paris near *Rouen*!!

A great part of the road from Rouen to Paris, particularly near towns and villages, is paved in the middle about 8 or 10 feet wide—and for 12 or 15 miles from Paris is uninterrupted and kept in good order in summer, carriages drive on each side—a road of itself, and when these are deep in winter or wet weather, they no doubt find advantage from the pavement in the middle, of which we stand much in need in England, particularly near London—but the expense would be enormous, while here it is nothing being a stone country—as we approached Paris within 10 or 12 miles, the number of troops in the towns and villages seemed to increase—they appeared British, but were Belgians and Dutch in English clothing. I thought they often looked saucy and insolent at us. I sometimes raised myself on my knees, the better to observe the buildings in the towns, which constantly increased in number and size, with villages on each side at a little distance, by this means I could not avoid seeing into the apartments of the 1st floor, when on the chimney piece I often saw a small bust of Buonaparte—at St. Denis, we alighted from the imperial, 5 in number, and got into a Cabriolet, it being contrary to

the Police of Paris to carry passengers on the top—an admirable regulation, much wanted in England—where if such a law were passed, they would soon form contrivances before and behind the carriage, by which 12 outsides might be carried—suppose a basket behind and before—or a double seat—a postilion must then be employed, and the guard or conductor might sit on the top. At last we entered Paris, between 5 and 6 in the afternoon, after passing thro' streets, narrow, crowded and not very clean, altho' a stream of water ran thro' the middle of each—we encountered endless stoppages, to which the horses seemed accustomed, and were very expert—one little horse half the size of the other went alongside without any other harness than a rein, collar and rope traces, it seemed of no other use than for the driver to exercise his whip, and to vent his spleen, accompanied by a loud cry or noise such as one sometimes hears around when crossing the sea in bad weather and indicating the discomfort of the passengers. This same horrible cry was applied to the foot passengers—we soon arrived at the place near the Palais Royal where we found the Diligence had driven into a large building nearly the size of Westminster Hall, full of similar carriages—adjoining we found an open yard full of carts, waggons, etc. etc. and round the yard were different Bureaus or offices for all parts of France and Europe where the luggage was deposited—the advantage of a great central establishment for the conveyance of travellers, goods, and parcels must be great, while the very extent and seeming confusion must give rise to system and regularity—of these establishments there must be many in Paris.

The conductor of the Diligence was a very sharp, intelligent man and conversed on politics with much ingenuity, except that like all other Frenchmen he had a Buonaparte twist, was devoted to the gingerbread tinsel goddess of military glory, and if he had spoken out all his mind, he would have said that France was the only civilized country in the world.

At the Bureau des Diligences there were abundance of people from the innumerable hotels near the Palais Royal, each sticking a card into your hand, a gentleman and I took one by chance, saying we did not want expensive lodgings at first—we entered at a shabby, dirty place up a common stair to the 3rd floor, half way up the house, set about making ourselves comfortable and ordered coffee in half an hour—having first deplored the misery of appearances—brick floors and broken folding windows that could not be shut. However, we promised ourselves a reward for our want of comfort since we had left England, in a dish of Coffee after having enjoyed the comfort of ablution and clean linen, etc.—on our way to Paris we had consulted on this important subject, and had ultimately determined on Coffee, rather than dinner, altho' we had breakfasted, or dined, I knew not which *they* called it, at 11 o'clock—while I was drying myself with a hard towel, perfectly naked, a boy came in with a small tray, two cups and saucers a small tin plate, shaving pot, containing exactly two cups of coffee, and another



of the same containing milk—two rolls, a small silver foil saucer about the size of an oyster-shell containing butter, and two small knives like a sailor's without a joint.

There was no table in the room—the top of the drawers was occupied with my shaving and washing apparatus and clothes—as a French man or boy is never at a loss for expedients—holding the small tray with both hands, while the few things on it were crowded and ready to tumble off, he managed so as it should find its own way on the drawers by pushing the washstand plate or dish (I cannot call it basin), etc. before it—then taking away his hands smartly and gracefully—he turned round—and with a smirk, a bow and a “ça” as much as to say “Won't that do”—seemed to think all was wonderfully right—and that there was no danger of tray and all finding its way to the floor for it was only balanced, half of it stretching over where it stood. “Bless me,” said I, “we did not want our Coffee in our bed-rooms, take it into a room below and we will come down presently.” The boy stared, he did not understand, as I thought, my bad French, altho' I was at great pains—at last I discovered or suspected that the rooms below were occupied. “Is there no *salle*, no public room?” he shook his head. “Non, *m'sieur*.” “Well,” said I, “let us see if we can find a chair, steady enough to put our coffee upon”—no such thing—at last I saw a table in a small closet. “Come,” said I, “not so bad”—but alas, it could only stand against the wall the legs being broken—turning round I perceived another in the window a round one with a flap at each side—more filthy than the former—in bringing it out, one of the flaps fell down, suspended by one hinge—all the legs were loose, like so many pendulums, moving in an arch of 6 inches—but with care and contrivance I succeeded in arranging it on the inclined plane which formed the floor—so as to look as if it would stand if left to itself, but with the addition of the Coffee apparatus I trembled for it—to eat off of it was impossible it was so dirty—to look at it was breakfast, dinner, tea and supper—so much for the comfort we had promised ourselves in a cup of coffee—with the aid of a towel, however, appearances were restored so long as we did not look at the room—being reconciled at last, we soon discussed our cups of Coffee, which was very good, and it was necessary to get another supply—but alas, there was no bell, and we were on the 3rd floor and strangers to the house—we sallied out to the dark stair and sang out “*Garçon*”—but no one answered—at last looking up in despair at the hole which was intended as a window, I thought I saw a thread or wire running down the middle of the wall which was about a foot in circumference. I pulled it up, but alas, heard no bell—tried the other way—pulled down. Toll, loll, de riddle lol, lol—etc. for 5 minutes ling-ling-ling-ling—sounded a bell about a foot over our heads. “*Garçon*.” “*Oui Monsieur*”—we were delighted—almost fancied ourselves in England. “Bring us more coffee.” “*Oui, Monsieur—tout de suite*.” However, he did not take away the shaving

pots, we were again in despair lest he had misunderstood us—till at last the *boy* made his appearance with a tray—bread—butter—shaving pots, etc. complete as before—determined not to stay longer in the house—we asked him which were the best hotels. “C’est un très bon Hôtel, un très excellent Hôtel”—was all the answer we could get—even when I asked him which was the best Hôtel in Paris—next to this—but all in vain—there was no help—and we made up our minds to put up with it as it was only for a day or two—we therefore went out to look about us—returned to the Hôtel and retired each to his room. I sat down to write, and as it was very hot I left the window open—in the court behind, thro’ which we had passed, there was a continued noise, not so much like Bartholomew fair, as the opening of it at 12 o’clock when all the musical corps of drums, trumpets and organs strike up in full chorus—ballad singers—fiddlers, etc.—people selling things, and with stentorian lungs descanting on their merits—about  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 10 the noise began to abate, and I had hopes of being able to do something, as with the help of a chair I had contrived to half shut the window. At last I heard only a single violin playing Concertos in very excellent style and tone—this was so much the worse at a moment when I wished to be busy—for to my ear it was irresistible—an excellent tenor voice then joined, singing Italian or French Recitative and Air with perfect emphasis and expression. I could resist no longer, threw away books and pens—looking out I saw a crowd assembled round 5 or 6 candles stuck on the bare stones—the performers at one end—an air with variations on the Spanish Guitar followed—the best performer by far that I have ever heard—this was succeeded by another song accompanied by the Violin and Violoncello—again another, but a new man came, whose deep bass voice coming in opposition drowned this party, which soon retired speechless, and in a musical point of view I was no loser, for this man’s voice and science and taste was worth all I had heard—he would be considered a first-rate singer in England—if not superior to every one—such talents so prostituted only prove that the man must be a thoroughbred blackguard. Next morning as soon as breakfast was over I rushed to the Gallery of the Louvre—here I saw the first and greatest productions of human genius, and then the bare walls and frames where a number of the pictures had been taken away by the allies and the original proprietors—for obvious reasons, strangers only were admitted, and of course the friends of those on guard—the National Guard. Lest more of the pictures should be removed, I devoted the whole of my time for the first 8 or 10 days—the impression which  $\frac{1}{2}$  a mile of paintings and  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile of antiques—of such pictures, and busts, and statues makes on the mind, is not to be described—a number of people were copying and drawing—to a Frenchman who was making a copy of *La Belle Jardinière* by Raphael or rather a notorious bad copy itself—I said it was a good *copy*—he shook his head—it was rather impertinent, I must confess thus to address a stranger—nettled at receiving so eloquent a reply, I continued by saying the original

was in England "et vous avez aussi l'original de ça ?" he said, pointing to the transfiguration. "Non, Monsieur, nous n'avons pas même une copie, mais nous avons certainement l'original de ceci," I replied, and pointing to the gross clumsy parts, he was obliged at last to confess that this was not even like Raphael! So much for this picture which has been considered a favourite, several of the statues and busts, etc. had been sent away and a number were in the yard packing up—there were some ladies drawing from different statues. One day I was admiring a statue of Marcus Aurelius, some English soldiers stood before it also—a sergeant asked me very respectfully who it represented I told him Marcus Aurelius—I soon after heard them whispering and telling each other Marquis O'Urillyus. One day Ben Boville was walking over the gallery with his brother, in extasy, as his happy disposition makes him with everything that affords him pleasure. I would give 20 guineas, said he, that my friend Robertson were here to enjoy this glorious treat. I was at the moment not 3 yards from him, leaning on the rail admiring a beautiful Terburgh.

He immediately placed his arms in like manner to examine it for a minute or two—we both raised ourselves at the same moment, and were equally surprised and pleased with the rencontre—as for Ben he almost shook my hand off, and alarmed the whole gallery with his shout of surprise and joy much heightened by his preceding remark.

A few days after I arrived I met a gentleman and his wife at the Louvre who had arrived the night before—the poor woman was miserable under the privations and want of comfort which their hotel afforded, and as neither of them spoke a word of the language, they could not make their wants known. She would not unpack her box and was determined to return immediately. Having by this time become in some degree acquainted with the mode of living in Paris, I told them not to be alarmed—that the only use for a house or lodging here was to sleep in it—every one lived at Coffee houses, men and women—she might therefore feel no delicacy in going there to breakfast, and to a Restorateur to dinner—she was a little reconciled and said she would try it. For the above reason Paris appears 10 times as populous as London, nobody lives at home unless he is married and has a family—this alone would make it appear twice as populous, and instead of one family in a house as in England, each contains 4 or 5, they are so lofty—go where you will, to the most retired places, there is always a bustle and crowd. The French nation seems not to have the smallest conception of domestic comfort—the houses consist chiefly of bed-rooms—few have sitting rooms except the wealthy and those who have families besides which each house is like two or three, one above another—all these circumstances combined make Paris at all times one eternal fair—the streets filled with shows, music, stalls, jugglers, etc. etc. Gambling prevails universally among all ranks—no sooner is a party seated at a table in a Coffee house and have had their tasse or demi-tasse de café—than before the things are removed



they have made arrangements for some game—which enables them to join in the chorus of noisy quarrel, disappointment and altercation—in short the very idea of it makes me put up my hands to close my ears and the wonder is how these people contrive to live, perhaps they take this mode of spending the money which their wives earn, for I observe that the shops are chiefly attended by women, and I must do the French justice to say that they do not sleep over their work—work hard and live hard, seems their motto.

I sometimes observe the servants of tradespeople, when their work is over spinning at the door, this seems general in the country, as it is in Scotland, where in hiring a servant, the first question after settling wages is how much they can spin in a day—besides the work of a house—women also work very hard in the fields and seem quite au fait in the management of horses and carts. They have been some time at work on the triumphal arch at the Place Carrousel, taking down the basso relievos—it has a curious effect to see common old mason bodies thus employed, many of them with large cocked hats—and no less so to see miserable objects, begging, thus equipped. While we scarcely see a pair of jack boots without laughing, it has a singular effect to see a man at work making them and keeping his gravity as if there were nothing ridiculous in them. Mason labourers use no hods, but on their heads they lug up the ladder a large clumsy square box filled with lime and plaster.

I met besides Boville, Lane, Jones, Beechy, Dr. McLeod, Davis, Garrard, Daw—afterwards came Stothard, Chantrey, Westmacott, Lawrence, Hayter, D. Robertson, Shaw, Salt, Cooke, Harrison, Reinagle, Phillips, Hilton, Perigal, Saunders—private individuals without number.

When the King goes out there is a little fuss. “Vive le roi,” etc., but nothing like what ought to be and might be expected while affairs are so dubious. Houses inside and out, streets, etc. exactly like Edinburgh—water-carriers have a horse and cart and large butt—saving in water is one cause of filth—houses so high that the stacks of chimneys are large and heavy—as wide nearly as the whole house. In the gardens of the Tuilleries one meets such figures as these at every step—a General Officer or Colonel—blue coat and epaulets—cocked hats—nankeen dirty breeches, ditto grey worsted stockings, ditto  $\frac{1}{2}$  boots—blue coat, turned up and lined with red, dirty yellow leather breeches and waistcoat, grey clouded stockings, the clouds running across, dirty shoes tied.

Long waggons composed of two beams a foot asunder—admirable contrivance for carrying barrels—waggons and carts on the road often carry a board 6 or 8 feet by 3 or 4 suspended by 4 chains at corners—generally they have a windlass by which means one man can load and unload the heaviest burdens.

N.B.—A man never leaves his purse behind him unless it is full, the day he goes to his banker’s he is sure to leave it in a three halfpenny public house

at the further end of the town as I did to-day. Here and there as you pass along you see a blaze, people emptying straw from lids and setting fire to it.

"Sacre, Dieu—quelle cuisine," said the tailor who took my measures, meaning for size and strength no doubt—ha!—at the next measure—"Sacre Diable!"

At the Hôtel des Invalides I saw the models of all the fortified places in France, etc.—some 40 feet by 20 or 30 including 6 or 8 miles all round exactly like a bird's eye view—the vegetation being beautifully represented—24 had been taken away by the allies—the kitchens are admirable, in many of the large        was a furnace 8 or 10 inches in diameter—the men have soup, meat, plenty of bread and a little of wine. I conversed with some Austrian officers who took me for a Frenchman!!!

One woman charged 20 francs for a room, at another house 10 francs another only 2 francs. I suppose the former must be very sly.

I dined with Saint, alone with Mr. Burgess—first the *salle d'entrée*, from which opens the *Chambre à coucher*, and the *salle à manger*, from which last opens the *salle pour peindre*, and another *chambre*—all decorated with busts and fine pieces of furniture, in the painting room, no two chairs alike but all superb—likewise the couch.

At dinner first vermicelli soup, excellent, then mutton chops and afterwards a large sole, fried with wine and butter, all were discussed in this order and put on the table at once—delightful wine—Burgundy, Champagne, etc. the best quality—plates changed but not the knives and forks—then came roast beef—potatoes fried—little things and *Frangipani*—then came fruit of all kinds, peaches, pears, walnuts, grapes, cakes and sweetmeats—more new wines—walked on the *Boulevards* could scarcely move for the crowd—saw thousands of women well dressed, and respectable, I was told, sitting as close as they could sit on the walks.

Went to the Feast of St. Cloud with M. Capellan, people seemed all as happy sober, as the English when drunk—the lowest people well dressed and smartly—here and there a band of fiddlers, etc., humorous groups of all ranks (not very high) dancing—was astonished to see how well the washerwomen and their beaux danced—saw the water works play—frippery nonsense, but just suited to the French. "Ah, si beau—c'est charmant," etc.—it has a singular effect to see a poor miserable object talk—french beggar lame from birth, scarcely able to hobble along, must have a huge military cocked hat fore and aft.

#### *15th September, Friday.*

I was introduced to David and had an hour's conversation—if war continues in France, he has some thought of coming to England to found a school—never allows his pupils to go to the Academy where as there is a change of masters every week or two, there can be no fixed system—but

constant contradiction which must bewilder a student—a lump inside his mouth distorts his countenance, yet his expression is agreeable, he complains of a want of spirit and feeling in his pupils, which he says the English possess in an eminent degree. The land of Shakespeare, Milton and Addison must ever produce genius—wishes to see my works.

Went over the Palais Royal with Garrard and Robertson, what a scene at the gambling shops—all nations assembled round Faro tables—one in each of a suite of rooms—went to three places, at each they play for lesser and higher sums at different tables, at some only gold—then went to Café des Aveugles, down stairs, where is an Orchestra of blind people who play in perfection and sing well what they do, because they must have it by heart, it was capital—thus all ranks and degrees meet working and country people, servant maids as well as those of higher degree—drinking small beer, etc.

The common people here and all over France are always well dressed when they go to pleasure.

Robertson told me that having bought a book at a bookseller's, he asked the young lady to let him look at another which lay open, she gave it to him it was embellished with improper prints, she then shewed him another with plates of a most lascivious kind—adding that if he wished it they had others "*beaucoup plus piquantes*."

A Frenchman is never at a loss—difficulties are to them the seasoning of life which would otherwise perhaps be insipid to such active and unsettled spirits—having written a letter, I wanted wax, as I passed along the street I knew not how to ask for it, not knowing the name, at last I made myself understood—after putting it into the Post Office I dined at a Restaurateur's; the table where I sat was soon filled with half a dozen blackguard cut-throat young looking men in black handkerchiefs—some in cocked hats (of the army no doubt, those only are allowed to wear uniform who belong to Paris, who are born there or near it) the black handkerchief they take pride in. I rather think they talked at me, but in a slang of their own which I could not make out—another choice spirit soon joined them, he had dined—called for pen, ink and paper—told them he had spent all his money, to get more he wrote to his father that he wanted 100 francs, that he had been very ill and this was to pay the Dr.—while I was engaged eating my dinner, he dipped his hand into the crumb of my bread—saying "*pardon*"—stunned with surprise, not quite certain how to take it—while I was considering whether it was by mistake, or a premeditated insult, he put it in his mouth, and in place of a wafer for which I perceived he was at a loss, he took a little of the bread from his mouth and closed his letter. I was so pleased with the expedient that I quite forgot that he had no bread, and that it was not only a piece of impertinence towards me but a dirty trick—mean time the others had called their bill—the woman at the bar was writing it out on a *plate*—thus from my back being almost up, I was quite pleased with the adventure.



*17th September, Sunday.*

Went to the top of the great pillar erected by Buonaparte, and had a fine view of Paris—they gave me a lantern as usual to shew the way up—on the top I met with a young man, one of the Imperial Guard—he did not know I was English I am sure, was wounded in 3 places at Waterloo. *Sacre bougie—quel jour—*spoke well of the allied troops—they fought well. I depreciated the English, that they were, as they certainly are the worst looking troops of all the allies—“*mais ils combattent bien, et les Ecossais—bougie! Comme ils combattent.*” I said the Scotch were still worse looking troops, poor shabby ill-made awkward beings—“*eh bien, ils sont très braves, bougie, A Quatre Bras—sacre, il y avait une fosse.*” He added that the ditch was filled 8 feet high with dead French and Scotch—*un tel combat avec le bayonet—pang--pang—pang—sacre Diable!* I said the Prussians were the best looking troops—he said they had not the cool steady courage of the English—he said Buonaparte had 150,000 men—but 40,000 were 12 or 14 leagues off—at one time there was no firing—and when the smoke cleared away, they saw the whole plain covered—black with dead and wounded. I am inclined to think that this sight cooled their courage and when the grand attack was made they failed—when armies move from the ground in the course of a battle they are removed from much of its horror, they then see none of its effects—*all* then are alive and full of spirit, here at every attack they had to march over their dead and dying—most of the allies under Lord Wellington were dressed like the English—that is, the Hanoverian, Belgians, etc.

From this I went to the Panoramas, that of Calais is the best—but by no means equal to those in London. I expected to find at least the figures good, but they were still worse—ill-conceived and badly executed—slovenly—this Panorama is renewed every year and is chiefly attended by the Parisians. At the other place there are three, Naples, a small one—totally destitute of colour and effect, a nasty thing, a mere crowd of outlined walls, not even an accidental shadow of a cloud, to give distance and the extent of the town. Boulogne is better, tolerably well. Buonaparte is viewing the engagement when he sent out some of his craft to see the effect—singular, far from pleasing, as there is no sun, it is all black and white—tears up one's eyes—sunshine would have made a medium between the black and white—parts of this are very well painted indeed—particularly the footmarks in the snow, and footmarks representing the snow when it almost thaws—this one is very good—the others are torn and worn out—in a ruinous state—they seem to be ill painted in oil, and the man told me so, yet Boulogne looks in some parts like distemper—in short I have no hesitation in saying that those in London are superior—the price is at Calais 2—50 at the others 2 francs each—a great deal too much, the consequence is, they are ill attended.

I next called on M. Aubry—Miniature painter, Saint's master—very much in his style but not nearly so good—his price 20 louis (400 francs). For my 40 or 50 guinea size, he charges 30! and a full length 80!—this won't do, and he only paints these for himself and the Exhibition—the Empress Josephine had sat to him, he shewed me a full length he had begun of an immense size—he had a number of landscapes and historical pieces by modern artists—his friends, which he had taken in exchange—in chalk he has very great talents—one head of a female, from a favourite model of the artists, was not inferior in grace and expression to Raphael—as large as life—also a head of Jupiter—colossal—very fine indeed, from that of the Museum No. 116—he puts silver behind his ivory for the flesh—as Saint does.

M. Bidault paints landscape very much in Nasmyth's style—or Reinagle rather—his studies from nature in oil—finished on the spot, are delightful altho' often not well chosen—the most minute parts copied exactly—these are really excellent—but he does not seem to make that use of them which he might by placing some of them by the side of his pictures, which he seems to paint like Nasmyth from recollection or intuition—they want everything like truth and he has no great idea of effect or generalising nature to make up for it—he shewed me one picture painted on the spot, about 2 and a half by 2 feet—a cascade in Italy in a deep glen—beautiful indeed which he had sold for 200 louis—very minutely finished—correct—beautiful—the effect, etc. good—like Ruysdael, or between him and Vernet—very like *nature*—his tones like the old Dutch Masters, altho' he does not glaze—a mode of painting which the French consider only as an expedient for failure, he seems, however to smooth a good deal and paint thin—his figures, horses, etc. are very good.

After dinner I walked in the gardens of the Tuileries and Champs Elysées, I cannot say that the women are more handsome than the English—but I must confess they are much better dressed, and the fashion not so outrée as their imitators in England—but their clothes were good, clean, and well put on—the most common people nice and clean—we cannot say so much in London—the fact is people here are well paid, and things are cheap—in the Champs Elysées are encamped several English and Scotch regiments among the trees—the 52nd, 95th, 71st, etc. Towards the further end of the Champs Elysées is the Salle de Mars, a large Rotunda 60 or 80 feet in diameter, splendid, and lighted up like day—about 10 or 12 feet next the wall, which is windows and doors all round, is full of small round tables on a square pillar fixed in the ground, where 3 or 4 people can sit at the lemonade, coffee, small beer, etc., and see the waltzing—the only dance here—round this space is a barrier, having an entrance at each side, a space of 10 or 12 feet is left for the dancers, and inside is a similar barrier, forming a smaller rotunda with 15 or 18 elegant pillars with beautiful lamps between, and a large chandelier with lamps in the centre, filled with tables, stools and chairs—outside the space in front is filled with tables and chairs, and at one side is a similar rotunda in the

open air for dancing on the ground when the place is crowded—the musicians sitting in an open space in the wall between those within and without—round this there are beautiful arbours, circular in form, to hold 6 or 8 people who can see everything and not be much seen as it is only lighted from the rotunda—altho' on particular occasions no doubt it is hung with lamps. People can walk in and out to drink or not as they please all over the place. A few danced well, but the greater part very awkwardly, and many waltzed who, I am sure had never been taught dancing at all—the rage for dancing is so unconquerable that I saw many bobbing about who had not even the smallest ear for music—as fatiguing—laborious and painful to themselves as to the beholders. In the Champ Elysées, as at all public walks, there is every sort of amusement. Paris is one great fair—every day—tumbler, jugglers—show-stalls and show-folks' tents—so that those who cannot afford the most expensive may have them at any price, and those who have no money may be well entertained—plenty of music—and where there is none, children, strangers to each other, will form rings, one within another, sing French songs and dance round—the effect is quite poetic—here a man singing to his fiddle—another plays French songs on an organ, and accompanies it with his voice (to a crowd all round him) in very good taste—with his back to the rails, and an English sentinel with a crowd of soldiers behind him—the rail being the boundary of the encampment.

18th September, Monday.

As I passed along the Quai D'Orsay—(formerly Quai Bonaparte) I counted 137 cannon with carriages at one end, and balls without number—ready to be embarked—part, I believe of those with which the environs of Paris were fortified—they have continued to lie there some days—more are constantly arriving—of the people who look on, some put on very black looks—all silent—except here and there a *true Frenchman*—who on the day after his brother was hanged for murder would talk of his humanity. I dare say they were in high glee fighting over again the battles of Austerlitz—Marengo and Eylau. The gens d'armes, the military police, are the most civil people I have met at Paris—if you ask them a question, they are not content with giving you an answer, whether you will, or not, they *will* accompany you. I experience this civility every day. Few Frenchmen get drunk, but when they are so they are outrageous. I overtook a drunken Frenchman—he was old, but endeavouring to walk as if he were young (no doubt forgetting his age) he ran against everybody, whether in his way or out of his way—he talked to himself incessantly—abusing everybody for their stupidity in running against *him*—and even went so far as to turn round to knock them down with his stick, in attempting which he never failed to run against 2 or 3 others.



The paper used in hanging rooms is often varnished and may be washed—an excellent invention.

Called on Gérard—did not see him, but his wife very civil indeed—saw a few portraits, very good, in the style of David—did not like his Emperor of Russia, of which he has two, one in a bright deep purplish blue sky background—the other grey—had none of his mildness of expression—the King of Prussia, also full length, was much better in expression—very like him indeed—but none of them very well painted—he works very thin and seemingly with great certainty—a thin preparation in a transparent brown forms generally his shadows—he does not seem to glaze at all—some of his sketches I liked very much—they were spirited—had considerable breadth and effect—often graceful—*these* he did *after* his picture was painted—his wife told me that he began his pictures at once—all were portraits, except his Homer.

Guérin—his picture of Æneas and Dido is singular, the composition beautiful and poetic—distinctly drawn, and the background is as bright as yellow and white can make it—the reflection of the sun on the portico against the light from the ground, etc. is light and beautiful—but having expended his palette on his sky, his only resource was to paint the drapery of his Dido, the purest white he could get—it therefore looks decidedly blue—his Æneas is quite in shadow, but from so much reflection looks quite illuminated, shewing too many forms—the hand of Dido is wooden—altho' the subject is simple, there are so many forms made out that the eye is distracted—the landscape is very indifferent, and like the drapery of Dido does not partake of the colour of the sky—his Cupid lamenting over the tomb of Eurydice is warmer and more pleasing, drawn and modelled like a statue—painted very thin and seemingly with great certainty—his death of Cato—tho' an early production, I like still better, it is very fine in colour, execution and effect—like a picture of Poussin—small size 4 feet by 3—admirably told as most French pictures are. I was delighted, and I thought he was mortified—he is a good-natured small thin man about 40—in a recess of his room there was a multitude of busts, casts, etc., and a small lay figure about 18 inches high. I perceive that they all have a multitude of materials from which to steal, but which they do well—with books, prints, lay figures, draperies, plaster casts, public collections of pictures, and encouragement from the state, they ought to produce something great and I must confess that they do.

In the evening I went for the first time to see Talma—he is a capital actor, but his voice is rough and disagreeable—his action very natural, but to an English taste extravagant—something between the English tragedy and the Italian Opera. He does not reserve his powers and therefore where all is accented or all is action, there wants much of action, accent, and effect when it is most required, but I must see him again before I decide—the play was Philoctetus and when he complains of being left for 10 years on a desert island and prays Pyrrhus to take him away, there was a burst of applause

—indeed wherever there was anything that could accord with Bonaparte's present situation—the costume of the French stage is a perfect study for an artist—it is glorious—they avail themselves of it—perhaps too much, for there is something of a theatrical air in all their Greek subjects—yet perhaps this may be in some degree owing to the correctness of the costume in both.

19th September.

Called on Dezier, he was not at home, but saw his wife, and had an excellent sample of the feelings of the French. "Ah! when I came here 4 years ago I found my country the first in the world, and now it is the last. Bonaparte had made France what it was—formerly all was filth, he made the streets to be kept clean and paved—then erected monuments, etc.—business was brisk—money and gold rolled in every direction—but now ah, mon Dieu!—last year this country was betrayed—sold—as to the king he is an unfeeling monster, he came to Paris over the dead bodies of his people, his children, as he calls them, he, a father, what do the French know of him—25 years ago the present race were all children, it is as if some one were to come and say, 'that is not your father I am your father.' I would say, I do not believe it. I know my father ever since I was a child, and I will acknowledge no father but him—the king turned every one away who had shed their blood for their country, and took round him a parcel of nasty beggarly emigrants; he cannot pass the place de Louis XV. because his brother was guillotined there, but he can live in his palace, and perhaps sleep in his bed—moreover he has called to be his adviser one of those who voted his death. France is ruined—will never be what it was, but Bonaparte is to blame, he only loved France *too much*, that was his failing, he wished to make her too great! and the French love his very name—they will soon make another government and proclaim his son, since they cannot have him—he landed with 1,000 men, and Louis could not get one man to fire a gun for him, how could he? there is that nasty Duc de Barry—when he was reviewing troops he would walk along the line and say to a soldier—'what is that?' 'it is the reward of courage in the service of my country for which I have often bled'—'take it away'—the soldier was stripped of his honours, of his medal—was it not natural to join him who had given him this reward—and they have taken away all the pictures and statues—there are the nasty Prussians too, they have robbed the Invalids of those models of fortifications which have taken France 150 years to make—they were the property of France—(they have taken 24 out of about 100) now we are starving—nothing doing and heavy contributions to pay, what will become of us God only knows."

I next called on Gros—with whom I stopped an hour and a half—in his painting room are two of his greatest works—the plague at Jaffa, Bonaparte tending the sick—and his battle of Eylau at the moment when, after it was over, he raised his eyes to Heaven and said "did sovereigns but



see a field of battle they would no longer make war"—in the former the surgeon seizes the arm of Bonaparte to prevent his touching the sick—an officer behind him who dare not appear afraid, to his face, holds his handkerchief to his nose—a surgeon is dying from the effects of bleeding a man who is now dead, a soldier blind of the plague, unable to find his way, is charmed even with the voice of his general—on the other side is represented all the different stages of the disease, one is frantic, and grasping his cloak round him, half covering his face he raises his arm, grasping as if a sword were in it, his eyes flashing fire—another in the cold fit—a cloak round him, every flexor muscle action from finger to toe—some lay dead, others famished, hold out their hands for bread which is brought in baskets, some only endeavour to do so and want the strength—the legs only are seen of a dead body which they are carrying away—in the distance they are throwing them into the sea—the yellow discoloured skin and spots or parts of a mortified colour is also represented—in the man next to him whom Bonaparte touches, the veins of the hand and forearm are distended from their hanging position—in the other picture the episodes are equally good—the representation of the snow on the legs and feet of the Arabian which Bonaparte rides—the boot cut open of an officer who is wounded, to enable the surgeons to dress it—the hands and feet of several swollen and frost bitten—the warm blood dropping thro' the snow on the ground—giving brandy to the Russians and French indiscriminately—finding a wounded officer under his cloak—the snow melted into water or ice beneath him—the ice and frozen blood on a soldier's bayonet—a French officer entreating a wounded Russian Grenadier to receive assistance, who spurns it while others endeavour to hold him—a wounded *Cossack* looking towards Bonaparte with an expression of wonder at his humanity and gratitude for his *goodness*—in the distance is represented the French army which kept possession of the field of battle which presents a dreadful scene of carnage—lines of dead bodies and wounded lying on the snow discoloured with blood—a shocking spectacle, yet so distant as not to be too dreadful—lying on the spot where as they retreated a few paces, they made a fresh stand. In these pictures I must confess that I found what I did not expect—connection, colour powerful, to a degree, breadth and effect—firm, bold, and decided execution, suited to works of that magnitude—not unlike the decision of West—his picture of Sappho is delightful, elegant, poetic. I was charmed with it—the expression and action is so suited to the subject, so elegant that I should have deemed any criticism vulgar as to mechanical excellence, if it was even open to it—but its mechanical excellences are great—the devotion to love, the sinking despair with which she does not throw herself from the rock but sinks into the sea is exquisite—the effect of the moon, the colour of the moonlight—the transparency of the mantle, is altogether so true to nature, that the whole is enchanting—there is an ingenious attempt to make the figure pronounce the name of her lover Phaon, as her last word—the upper teeth and under lip are brought in



contact as if to pronounce the letter F—without in the least affecting the expression—it thus does all but speak—it is a charming work of art. Gros is a fine figure of a man about 45—full of animation and hates the English—in other words he loves his country—and like myself has no objection to a dish of politics—he said the Romans conquered these works from the Greeks—the French *were* the Romans of the present day but now the English were—he expressed the utmost indignation that the pictures and statues should be taken away to enrich England, a nation which did not know the value of art and gave no encouragement (or something to this effect). I assured him that not one would go to England, but that they were taken away by their respective proprietors. If the government were to bring one of these to England, the people would be enraged. “With pleasure,” he added. I said England went to war for an object more noble and elevated, the peace and happiness of mankind—he shook his head—to restore the balance of power in Europe and to secure a lasting peace—in short that Great Britain was more the friend of France than the present generation would or could believe—he said Great Britain went to war on the same principle as Bonaparte, to extend her Empire—look at our wars in India—this war in Ceylon. I replied that perhaps there was much of the conduct of Great Britain in India which was not to be defended, but as to this war in Ceylon—the King of Candia had made incursions into our territories, and had cut off the ears of our people—would not France resent such an outrage and go to war—he was silent—he said we made war on France to secure all the commerce of the world to ourselves—it was no difficult matter to upset this by proving how little any, the most commercial country, can export. “It is the gold of England which has brought all this misery on France.” I replied that England, to be sure, paid five millions to the allies, £5 per man, but could that produce such an exertion, or continue it—he said there was England, Russia, Prussia, Germany, Spain, etc. all against France—was this manly? for 7 or 8 people to attack one man. I said Great Britain had the same to combat for years and years. “Ah, but you are surrounded by the sea.” “So is Europe”—“and look at the difference of extent and population”—“the sea was open to Europe united”—“what would have become of you but for the sea?”—“it would have cost us more blood, but Great Britain would still have been Great Britain”—he smiled. I added that so patriotic, so firm and united was England that there is not a man who would not have died e’er it was conquered—and 15 millions of people united and determined can resist the power of the whole world—he spoke of the Battle of Waterloo (Mount St. Jean they called it)—and acknowledged that the English fought better than all the troops they had met—yet I said they were the shabbiest, most ill-looking troops of all the allies, he paid a high tribute to the Scotch (he did not know I was Scotch, nor did I tell him). I said they were still worse looking troops—he said, however,

that they were considered by far the best troops in the English army. I saw no portraits at Gros' except a bad one of the king.

I then went to the Museum of French Monuments and was highly gratified—met Stothard and Chantrey there, who told me the Louvre was shut for a few days—as they are taking away the Dutch pictures. I suspect it will not be opened again.

I called on Lefevre—a good natured man about 50 or 55—his portraits are solid and good, as also his historical works—many of his sketches and compositions are excellent—some of his portraits very like Vandyke—as a portrait painter, I prefer him—he sold a small picture a few days ago of Annibale Caracci to Sir John Murray for £1,000—*the sum it cost him!* hein! Holwell Carr saw it—many of his works, however, were Frenchy.

*20th September.*

Went to the Museum of French Monuments again—spent the greater part of the day and was highly gratified, only was much interrupted, meeting so many people whom I knew—the Louvre having been shut for 3 days, was again open—it seems the French would not agree to part with the pictures taken from Holland and Flanders—the Duke of Wellington at last said he must take them by force. Muffling the Prussian Governor of Paris was yesterday refused admittance—he flew into a rage—tore down the notice, sent for a Prussian Guard and threatened to break down the doors which were immediately opened—and have continued so to-day—when I went there I saw a terrible scene of confusion and a strange sight—English sentinels all along the gallery (the 71st Regiment, Scotch) one division of the room almost entirely naked—the large works of Rubens being taken down made a dreadful blank in the wall—this gave the English artists an excellent opportunity to see them, I perceived some disputing and countermanding, but I could not make it out. Mr. Salt told me that a few evenings ago at some great party, not one of the French would speak to Lord Wellington—at the door on the outside was a guard of 100 men—of the 71st—in the evening a little after 7 when the passage through the Tuilleries is shut, I happened to pass the triumphal Arch where the gate is—two Prussian soldiers wished to pass through—the sentinels (National Guards) displayed the insolence of office and turned their back with considerable roughness—the Prussians looked back—grumbled and threatened. Having occasion to pass the Boulevards, I saw a well dressed man sitting on a parapet in a dark part, playing the fiddle admirably—he wore a cap—under it something white like a night cap over his eyes and ears—with a bandage over his mouth—so that only his nose could be seen. I dare say he was some person of talents and

conduct reduced to this extremity, I therefore put something into a little slide which lay on a chair before him.

The people are in a rage—the Coffee houses resound—there is mischief at hand—if the allies go away something will happen to the last division—they will return and pillage Paris.

To white wash a house—they hang out a knotted rope from the top—a man climbs up with a seat suspended by a sort of double hitch which he removes from one knot to another—with a similar contrivance for his feet—so as always to have one support while he removes another.

*Thursday, 21st.*

Went to M. Bon Maisons—saw a middling collection of pictures and 2 of Raphael brought from Spain by Joseph Bonaparte—the Madonna della Piche and Christ bearing his cross—pictures of the highest class, and his *best* time, particularly the latter—which although not half the size of the transfiguration is almost equal to it—but alas, they were in a terrible state—great pieces, particularly of the former, peeled off—it is said Joseph left them exposed to the weather—gauze was pasted over them, to prevent them falling to pieces, but the application of turpentine here and there shewed their rich quality—and the general composition could be seen through it.

As I entered the Louvre, a waggon was loading with pictures, without packing cases, (chiefly of Rubens) of immense size—many on panel—feeling tenderly for works of such excellence I was fearful that they might shake to pieces or at least be broken or injured—I spoke to the workmen—but, what did they care—at last a gentleman who I found was from Antwerp and who superintended the removal, came to the door and entreated the English Officer who commanded the detachments not to take away the guard till 5 o'clock, or as long as possible, he said that as there was to be a grand Review to-morrow, the men must have time to prepare themselves—but consented to stop till then—the gentleman thanked him saying that they would work night as well as day, but after the guard was gone they could not—this being settled, I took the liberty to intrude—expressing my fears for the safety of works which every artist looked upon with tenderness as if they were his own children, adding that I was an English Artist—he was delighted to find anyone take an interest in what was so arduous and painful to him (I had seen him yesterday engaged in altercation with some Frenchmen) he told me that it was necessary to remove them without delay, that as Ministers had arranged that they must be taken away by force—they could only work under the protection of a guard, that the French would not allow them the use even of a hammer; that they were therefore obliged to remove them to a place of safety to pack them up properly, (at the distance of a mile and a half,



Rue Mont Blanc) that fortunately, all had got there safe which had been removed—he thanked me most fervently for my attention and begged to know my name—gave me his address at Antwerp at some Chateau—he told me also that the French wished to shut the Louvre and conceal all this, but that the Allies wished the whole nation to know, as the truth must be known at last, it is better that it should be so at first. I found that the National Guards at the door had been removed—there were a few Prussians and a strong English Guard—a Prussian Sentinel at one side and a British at the other—the British Guard were sitting near, their arms piled, and not scattered over the place looking at the shows and listening to the people singing and playing, as yesterday. I found also Sentinels at all the avenues leading to the place as if to prevent a surprise—terrible work this—upstairs, I found the same scene of noise—hammering and confusion as before, among others, I met Lawrence, who said that every artist must lament the breaking up of a collection in a place so central for Europe where everything was laid open to the public with a degree of liberality unknown elsewhere—talking of the merits of the works, he did not hesitate to give the preference beyond all comparison to the painter of the human soul and passion, Raphael, in his transfiguration—he was delighted to find that all he had heard of its being injured and painted upon was false—it is in the most perfect state of preservation, as the pictures in general were, and if it was painted upon, it was done with the utmost skill (but he could not perceive it) and whatever it was before, it would not be so great a work were it otherwise than it now is—the next picture he thought was the Peter Martyr of Titian, and after that a small Coreggio. I said I was divided between that and the entombing of Christ by Titian, he said we had given one Titian and that was enough—after him, he gave the palm to Coreggio. I pointed out La Belle Jardinière, which he thought looked *like* a copy—as I came out I surveyed the crowd of common people, who are there all day long (there used to be nobody) I saw fury and despair in their looks, like the brewing of an insurrection and their silence reminded me of the awful scenes of the revolution, coupled with what I hear in the Coffee houses—there is a volcano at hand, and as soon as the allies are gone from Paris it will burst forth, and the whole will light on the poor King, who, poor man, has resisted all this—they do not blame themselves, but throw all upon him—they will throw off the Bourbons—and instead of a greater victory will gratify themselves with this—it will be all one to them—for when they have not anything great to glorify over, they will be in equal extasy with a trifle—in the absence of news, they have all sorts of reports. Lord Castlereagh and Lord Wellington have quarrelled about this—it is all Lord W.'s doing—the Emperor of Russia!! anything to encourage resistance and insurrection—perhaps to the assassination of Lord W. Paris is in a ferment about these pictures and the review to-morrow of the whole army under Lord Wellington is a very prudent measure.

Called upon Augustin—his miniatures are very fine, but the same work in a large miniature as a small is sickening—a waste of labour is always distressing—his price for a small enamel as No. 1—100 guineas—a miniature No. 2—30—No. 3—40—large 80—larger 100—a full length 150—his small enamels are the most perfect things ever seen—not a trace of work can be seen in them or in his works generally—he uses gold and silver.

*Friday, 22nd.*

Went to the Review of all the English troops, etc. under Lord Wellington—near Paris—some said there were to be 100 others 60,000. There appeared to me to be about 35 or 40,000—although the number was so great, and the apparent confusion still greater, I soon found myself among the Highlanders—Kemp's division General Pack's brigade—composed entirely of Scotch—the 42nd, 92nd, 2 Battalions of Royals and another regiment. In the next brigade was the 79th, etc., the 42nd had no Grenadiers, *every* man of them was cut off at Quatre Bras—but the 92nd had a fine company though few of Grenadiers—sturdy hard looking fellows. In examining and observing the remains of these brave fellows, my mind was filled with mixed sensations of pride and sorrow, by which I was alternately and deeply affected. I almost wished and fancied that I could make a speech to them, concluding with "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled." The troops were drawn up, or rather assembled, in three lines of close columns of companies in line right in front—with a brigade or two of guns in the intervals between each Brigade of infantry—they were drawn up rather irregularly, being only the point of assembly from whence they were to move to their destination in line—from Kemp's Brigade Lord Wellington gave his orders. The chief distinction between him and all his staff was that his small hat had no feathers, and on his breast, instead of a star, he wore a constellation, that is, a circle formed of stars. I thought he looked thin, he rode a white horse, and I think without housings—he was surrounded by the Emperors, King of Prussia, and all the great men of the world now here. Swartzenburg accompanied the Emperor of Germany, to whose mildness and gentleness of character his gruff and warrior-like appearance formed a striking contrast. I was quite close to them all a dozen times in the course of the day—about half past 10 or 11 they were set in motion—they moved without much apparent regularity or rather formality—quite at their ease and less regularly than we used to do in Hyde Park—having advanced about a mile and a half, in the course of which they made a detour round Montmartre—each brigade halted about the same time in its place—the light companies had moved forward about  $\frac{1}{4}$  of an hour before, and were already on their ground extended in front of the position—the word of command was instantly given to deploy into line, and nothing could be more beautiful or striking than the appearance of three lines arising

from apparent confusion. Lord Wellington and the cavalcade immediately rode up to the Grenadiers of the 92nd. The Emperor of Russia took off one of the men's caps and looked at it all round, then took off the officer's sword and having examined it, said something to him—they then rode away—it is hardly credible the name which these Highland regiments have acquired—just before the cavalcade rode up, I overheard some English gentlemen on horseback who were near them say—"What a right these fellows have to be proud." The line advanced for a mile, or a mile and a half—nothing on earth could be more beautiful, more steady, or more straight, the whole were like a single regiment. The cavalry then moved forward round each flank—there were few, but the horse artillery, of whom many were stationed here and there, along the line, made a great appearance—after some movements of the cavalry and artillery which I could not well see for the dust or follow being on foot. I heard a band playing, and hereby knew that the troops must then have begun to pass in review—after a few regiments had passed, the cavalcade crossed over to the left flank of the column, the dust blew in their faces so that they could not see, the officers then moved on the pivot flank—the best looking troops were certainly the Guards—Cavalry and Infantry—as well as the Regiments from Canada, which were very strong. The Waterloo troops had lost their best men—the worst looking were the Germans and Belgians and next to them, the Highlanders were the worst except the 92nd, which looked tolerably well—but the Highland dress made a very martial appearance, their bare legs, perhaps, contrasted with the wide pantaloons have made much of the difference—and made them look small—the Belgians are the most ill-looking, town guard looking fellows I ever saw, and their black belts and yellow sashes did not improve their looks.

All the dragoons looked well, except the Hussars who appeared a set of little fellows on less horses. As the last Highland regiment passed (the 79th) the pipes struck up the "Highland Laddie." I had only one wish to complete the enjoyment of this glorious day and that was Hamilton to partake of my delight. About 2 o'clock the review was over—for such a review there were very few people there—the Parisians are tired of military and reviews—perhaps this would not have gratified them in their present humour—but the time was well chosen while they are so sulky about the removal of the pictures—I heard scarcely a word of French on the ground—nothing but English, Scotch and German—there were enough of French, however, to describe it all over Paris.

From the review I ascended Montmartre to see the fortifications and the view of Paris, towards which it appears almost impregnable—every accessible point being palisaded—loop holes in the garden walls, places for cannon, etc. Then went to the butte (or hill) de Chaumont where the warmest fighting was when the allies first entered Paris—the position is so wild, perpendicular and strong—the whole so broken that I was astonished they should have attempted



it—at the barrier de Combat where there was much warm work there are intrenchments, redoubts, the walls loop holed, etc. At Montmartre I ascended the tower, on which is a telegraph—then at work—the man who has the charge of it explained its nature with much civility and attention, it communicates with Lisle and Boulogne—there are two very large telescopes, one pointed to the telegraph in Paris, the other to the communicating station on the opposite side, a small telegraph inside corresponds in motion with the large one above, in a quarter of an hour he said they would work again. I stopped—as he told me it would, the following signal appeared **T** the signal from Paris of “what news from Lisle,” he added that in 6 minutes there would be an answer—it was so—three or four signals were made, each of which he repeated and wrote down stating the exact minute, then there appeared **T** “answer received at Paris”—he waited for the next signal\* which was to say when it would work again—it soon appeared—“in an hour”—he immediately took out his watch, on the face of it wrote the exact minute after the hour fixed—“now”—said he—“I can go and dine”—the work of this day filled about  $\frac{1}{2}$  a folio page, they seemed to have worked every half hour on the average—but in time of commotion they never stop. On the top I had an admirable view of Paris and the surrounding country—it was not only gratifying but afforded room for study. I observed what never struck me so forcibly before that nature seen from a height or at a distance is always broad—looking towards the country, my back to the sun, all was light—the colour yellow, green, etc., fainter, of course, as the objects were distant and the extreme distance only partook of the grey or thin air tint—the trees alone were dark—running in lines—the different colours of the fields forming here and there zig-zag stripes of green mixed with yellow and this chiefly at a distance and without partaking of the dark quality of the trees—although there was in the other half of the circle some light and shadow, the latter increasing towards the sun—on the whole it appeared lighted up except between the eye and the sun where all was one mass of grey tint, except here and there, the sun sparkling on a roof—dark ridges of houses appearing through the smoke which often appeared to rise from behind, here and there, in more considerable masses. As air affects chiefly darkness and shadows, its effect appeared even in the nearest houses on Montmartre, just under the tower where I stood—while I observed that the colour of the objects on the other side, where the whole was illuminated, in one blaze of light, was scarcely at all affected by the air tint—what adds to the breadth is that looking towards the sun, every blade of grass shews its dark side—the lights, therefore partake much of the general tone—while looking from the sun—all is light—every leaf shewing its light side—on the dark side, nothing appeared very light except the Seine which reflected the sky beyond it—but the slates which sparkled were twice as bright (although dark in themselves) because they reflected the sun, the

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\* Not legible.—E. R.

lightest parts of the smoke were nearly as light as the water—the public buildings which towered above the little smoke that Paris produces had more of their natural colour and appeared darker—to represent a town in morning therefore, all should be nearly one tone as it is less affected by the smoke—the principal buildings which had this effect were the Hôtel des Invalides and Military school domes—as well as that of St.\* near the Place Vendôme—its pillar also—the Church of St. Roche—the Tuilleries and St. Sulpice, the Military Hospital—Panthéon—Notre Dame, and some other churches—3 or 4.

I saw a cart unloading with casks of wine and had an opportunity of witnessing the advantage of the windlass and rope—as well as of the hinge between the cart and the shafts.

*Saturday, 23rd.*

The same scene of confusion at the Louvre—the guard in the room was doubled about 50—the 95th half on and half off—the gallery looks quite empty, about two thirds gone—little left but the French school and the Italian, of which last, part are gone. In the evening I went to Lafont's concert at the Odéon, or Opera House, which is commodious and splendid, being lighted with lamps the effect is striking and brilliant—5 large lamps suspended over the front of the stage and a very large lustre of lamps half way up over the pit—behind the orchestra there are three or four rows of seats at the highest price, 5 francs—the music being on the stage, the orchestra was filled with people—the Pit not nearly so large as Covent Garden was filled at two and a half francs—projecting about 2 and a half feet over the pit is the gallery 2 rows all round at 5 francs—the rows behind are divided into boxes at the same price, I believe—under the projecting gallery are dark plain-looking boxes all round the Pit—like square windows—over the gallery, and not projecting so much by about 2 feet, there is another row of boxes—above this another, projecting still less—the price, I believe, diminishes with the height—between the boxes there is no division higher than the seats or pont, nor any pillars of support, so that it looks very like old Covent Garden—above the fourth row of boxes the wall is divided into alcoves, or arches, forming part of the roof—each of these contains 4 small boxes with lattice curtains formed of tapis the same colour as the wall—just room enough for two to see but two more may sit behind and hear—these hiding places are admirably contrived to form part of the system of intrigue in Paris—it is impossible to see into them and it is not easy to open the view by drawing aside these curtains—there was not one woman in the pit—although the whole was splendid, the house is by no means kept in such good order as the London theatre. There were more fine women and better dressed than I have seen at any of the other houses, and the display

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\* Left blank.—E. R.

almost equalled that in London—when a house is not well lighted, women will not dress. The plan of the Orchestra on the stage was good—behind there were 6 double basses and the drums—before them was a line of 6 Violoncellos—in front of these was a line of wind instruments—before these were one or two principal violoncellos and bassoons—at right angles to these were two rows of Violins and Tenors—and in the centre of each in front were two principal 1st and 2nd Violins—as soon as they were ready to begin, there was an universal cry of—“hush.” All were silent and the overture “Haydn”—opened with all its effect. How different in London, when nobody listens to the Overture—we are far behind them in love for the arts—to describe the effect of the overture is impossible, I can only say that I never heard one before—it was glorious—here there was power because there was piano, which cannot be heard in London for the noise.

Lafont's performance exceeded everything I ever heard—he beats them all here—the singing was no great things Madame Morandi sang well, as did Signor Caselli, a very handsome man—then appeared about 7 or 8 virgins in a semicircle—all in white—so that when a puppy, handsome, certainly, dressed in black, appeared before them, they formed a striking background—the effect to the eye was good—he came forward and bowed with a smile of confidence—my expectations were raised to the utmost pitch and I expected to hear a 2nd Tramezzani—but when he opened his mouth, alas, what a falling off was there—although I was alone in one of the holes above, I could scarcely restrain a burst of laughter—had even a dog or a cat been present to enjoy it, I am sure I should have exposed myself. Lafont played three times and he was not above having a virgin background under pretence of forming a chorus to vary the air with variations which he played. Signor Caselli also must have a similar background, but he sang tolerably enough, the scala of Righi—a woman sang a Polacca very well, her voice not unlike Catalani—but not equal to Mrs. Salmon.

*Sunday 24th, September.*

Went to the Church of St. Roche where they were chanting high mass in the choir (I believe) or centre aided by two serpent bassoons which moved about in processions and ceremonies, to me, unintelligible—chants were endless—unmeaning and void of air or connection—were performed by men. Many of the people (also men) seemed to sing from notes in their books—sometimes two priests walked up and down joining in the chant—one of the processions which seemed the greatest, ended by coming down the centre—two boys carrying on small poles over their shoulders a round loaf about the size and shape of a small carriage wheel but a little thicker—round which inside stuck up about a dozen thin wax tapers about two feet high—two more boys in like manner—these were preceded by a virgin without any particular



costume carrying a long taper and stand—the former 5 feet high—some of the priests, or perhaps choristers, did not fail to pass some jokes with people (women of course) as they passed—then instantly their countenance fell into the proper gravity, to chant—all over the church I found people kneeling at a distance from any service, muttering pater noster and crossing themselves—beating their breast; here and there a miserable object of a boy in rags—filthy, reminded me of Murillo's boys—not seeming to have learned any prayer—he would kneel on the stones—look vacant and think all was right—that the theft he had committed yesterday was forgiven—few seemed to join in or mind a service unintelligible to them in language—but kept muttering their unmeaning syllables and beating their breasts—some at different altars, all over the church before their particular saint, of whom there are good marble statues here and there, so that there might be 50 masses going on at one time, if necessary, without interrupting each other—for the priest keeps it all to himself, filling up with signs and ceremonies but nobody minds him except when the bell rings, then those who choose squat down. Without the chanting to fill up or music on great occasions, the Roman Catholic form is dull enough—over and beyond the altar in the choir I saw a marble monument of the Virgin on one side, an angel on the other, and the Child lying on a sort of couch on linen, between—in the centre over it, a large opening—clouds in marble all round, and very high beams of light—marble, once gilt, spreading out in all directions, here mass was going on also—being tired, I sat down on a chair—a woman came round collecting charity as I thought—having no half pence in my pocket and only having sat, or intended to do so, for a minute—I stole away. I perceived afterwards, she was collecting one or two sous a piece for the use of the chairs—with which I found many parts of the church piled up—there being no pews. Through and beyond the opening above mentioned I saw a small Crucifix—to which I found my way and discovered that it was as large as life or larger—this was Mount Calvary—rocks or a cave represented in marble with an altar. Another mass was going on, surrounded by a crowd of people as before—more than at any other place; here and there were begging boxes affixed to the wall—for the organ—repairing the church—the poor, etc. without end—everything was degrading to human reason, the only circumstance that afforded me gratification was the costume of the different priests, choristers, etc.—this was truly grand, picturesque and beautiful. I could not help regretting on account of the arts that England did not continue Roman Catholic—if the people of England had as much taste for the arts as France, they would have not changed their religion—it is certainly a *beautiful* religion and I think I must immediately turn Roman Catholic—on each side of the church where places were built to receive them were two immense French pictures—by no means bad nor yet good—altars of course—here and there in chapels or recesses were hung some other pictures, sometimes places built for them—but generally merely hung

up—angels praying for the souls in purgatory and drawing them out of the flames, while others were tearing their hair, men and women. On the piers and pillars other pictures were hung up—here and there—generally very indifferent—in about a dozen recesses there were as many basso relievos—very good—an altar of course before each—the passion of our Saviour. I saw also notice stuck up that those who had gone through certain ceremonies before each were to receive absolution—the arts ought to be very high in France, what with their architecture—religion—its costumes—its want of works of art—its public collections, its encouragement and love of art—and they are high in historical painting.

At the Louvre I found the Italian pictures going fast, the same scene of confusion, the guards trebled, there being also a Prussian and Austrian guard—the French are in a fury, and they are now admitted—it is open to all—the French Ministers wished to conceal it—fools—the King of Prussia walked through the room alone in uniform—a mob followed him—few of the Frenchman took off their hats—some pretended not to see him, others stood in his way purposely, and did so repeatedly on purpose to keep on their hats and look furious—soon after I met Gros. I have never seen a volcano—but after this interview I can conceive an eruption of Vesuvius—he would scarcely speak to me, and when I introduced Mr. Salt, he turned away—said a time of vengeance would come. France was the garden and cradle of the arts—the only place where these things ought to be—said nothing but what every one acknowledges—but a Frenchman sees no further than his own interests—to consider how these things were brought together, of the vengeance due on the part of the allies towards France, that they are content with having their own, and leave all theirs while they would be justified in taking everything away—that to leave these works in the possession of France would only remind them what they have gained by war, and encourage them to renew it—that it would be a precedent for armies to carry off works of art at every change of success, which would end in their destruction—a Frenchman will not look thus far, because he then would see the justice of restoring them to their original places, recognising the principle that they are never to be removed, for if they are left at Paris it would become a precedent for 50 removals by which they would be destroyed, it is true they were acknowledged to belong to France by treaties at the point of the bayonet—confirmed by their being left last year at Paris—justice requires their removal to their original place. “Justice equally required it last year”—say they exultingly—true but the allies wished to induce France to conduct itself well—they therefore said nothing about the pictures and sketches. France has not behaved well, it therefore has no right to expect such a boon for misconduct—at all events they belong to the allies by right of conquest—therefore for the future preservation of these works, in justice to the owners—in policy as regards France, and by right of conquest, they ought not to be again left at Paris.



After dinner I went to see the dog-fighting and baiting of animals at the barrier des Combats—a shocking sight—all would be happy and friends but for sovereign man. At the command of man, they worry each other, dogs against each other were the most furious—two small wild bears old and young were brought out—it was with difficulty they could get the dogs to attack—till a small bulldog was brought which faces and will fasten on anything—the others had more sense and thought it disgraceful to attack an animal which is not well calculated for fighting—then came a small wolf, of which the dogs seemed afraid—and although less than the dogs it was a match for them all, its bites and motions were so quick and furious, had it been at liberty it would have baffled them all—then came an ass—shameful—the dogs would not attack it for a long time—at last there was a furious battle between it and a bulldog, by which I saw that it could fight—then came Bruin—it was dark and I could not see further than that the battle was furious and I could not perceive that any of the dogs were much hurt—at last came a bull, which only the bulldogs would fairly face—he did not do much against them, nor they against him, till the number increased, they were then in each other's way and by making a toss right and left, he was sure to catch one or two whom he tossed like lightning to one side and the other, 10 or 12 feet. I could not see whether they were much hurt but they always got up to fly at him again and again and were as often caught by the men and taken away—it was a horrid sight. I went more to see the brutes who looked on at 24, 12, and 10 sous a piece—they applauded occasionally, and I dare say the dogs were much flattered—it gave rise to many reflections. I could not help considering the keepers as sovereigns, and the animals as their people, who could love each other, were they not set on to display courage, the most intrepid and unabated, on the contrary more and more furious—the dogs after being taken from each other were placed, very likely, in the same kennel and eat out of the same dish.

t At Girode's I saw some very fine pictures—his deluge is frightfully grand—but I question the propriety of putting a purse in the hand of the father, who is on the shoulders of his son—the tree is just broken by which he held fast, while with his other arm he supported his wife and child, the other child feeling that they are plunging from the frightful precipice, holds by the hair of his mother, it is magnificently drawn and boldly attempted, it is not badly painted—the figures almost entirely in shadow—his Hippocrates, refusing the gifts of the king for curing the plague, and painted 23 years ago, is better painted and admirably composed. Their school of history is really great, it is magnificent.

One Frenchman said in the gallery of the Louvre more than once, "Ah, les français ont besoin de souvenir"—another, it is said, harangued the people publicly—that it was a shame to permit it—that there were only a few soldiers—that it would be easy to destroy them and carry off the pictures—



but nobody joined him—perhaps it was for this reason that the guards were doubled.

*Monday, September 25th.*

Not knowing what may happen in the present disturbed state of the public mind on account of the removal of the pictures, and as in case of any commotion the bankers might refuse to pay, I went to Perrigaux and drew what money I had remaining there. I then went to the Louvre which was shut against every one, not excepting artists—and all my endeavours to gain admittance were unavailing, I therefore went and saw the Catacombs—the conductor of which, walking through these depositaries of the dead, described their beauties as if it were a flower garden—showing us here and there a beautiful specimen—in one cell were deposited a number of broken bones united in all manner of ways—at another was an inscription to say that it contained the ashes of those slain on one of the days of the Revolution—at last, we ascended the stair and blew out our tapers.

At the Jardin des Plantes, I was highly delighted with the collection of natural history and preserved animals, arranged in the most superb order. I could not help again feeling, as I do every day, the superior liberality of the French nation in opening its stores to the wondering multitude, of which I formed one, being only capable of admiring the arrangement—the birds were very beautiful—such a display in every part of Paris must excite as great a desire to study, as they afford the means of cultivating science in every department. The gardens I only looked at slightly, being no botanist. I was highly gratified in seeing the wild beasts fed—it was frightful—they were all hungry of course—notwithstanding which one Lioness lay down and would not touch a bit till a dog, to which it is tame and much attached, had fed—the dog was in no hurry—but teased the lioness with it, snarling if it by chance turned its head towards him or the meat—the lioness lay quietly and dared not look at the dog—in the afternoon as I returned home, I found the Louvre open and the Venus gone, as I was told, for I had not time to go in. I understand that the French threatened to disarm the guard and carry off the remaining works of art—perhaps this is the reason why it was shut. I had heard that one or two madmen actually harangued the people in the room, exciting them to insurrection, whether true or not I cannot say—but the manner in which the King of Prussia was treated yesterday makes it very probable. I hear that a strong guard is under arms there all night, and at the triumphal arch, from which the Venetian horses are immediately to be removed—perhaps in the night—it is said one or two soldiers are assassinated every night, but I do not believe it.

N.B.—The colour shops here are the most tempting imaginable—as indeed all the shops are.

*September 26th.*

At the Louvre all day, making a coloured sketch of Coreggio's holy family—the Peter Martyr and St. Lawrence of Titian were taken down—it is said, his flagellation of Christ and a number of other pictures disappeared since yesterday, and no one can tell how or where they are gone.

*27th.*

The Italian pictures going fast. Went to Notre Dame, a fine structure, but inferior to our Westminster Abbey—in all the Cathedrals and churches I observe that the organ is not in what is I believe called the choir, interrupting and dividing the magnificence of the structure, but at the opposite end, very high—the altar is magnificent—the small elevation for the host is red velvet and gold—the coverings and seats the same—which mixed with the gold candlesticks, lights, etc., has an elegant, magnificent, yet simple effect—a priest was on his knees pretending to read prayers, but said not a word nor moved all the time that I surveyed the building—a few poor people were also kneeling, and it seems prayers for 40 hours at all the churches successively are given during the sitting of the chambers, perhaps this was the form—it was no more, and I should not be surprised if it was a secular book he was turning over all the time—on each side of the choir are 4 French pictures—scriptural subjects—above or behind the altar is a monument of the Virgin—our Saviour dead lying on her lap, it seems a fine thing. In the different chapels all round the Cathedral there are one or, more frequently, two large paintings, some are full of pictures, statues and basso relievos, which are to be seen in every part of the church all round. Looked at the Hôtel de Ville and Place de Grève before it—went into the Palais de Justice where they are trying a man for uttering seditious cries and endeavouring to raise an insurrection—behind the seat there seemed to be a good French picture of crime (a murderer, the dead body under him as he flies) followed by justice, as I supposed, for I could not see it well—a figure with a torch flying, and another—justice I suppose.

*28th.*

As I passed the Triumphal Arch I saw crowds of people at different places round it looking sulky, others furiously addressing them—all seemed engaged in the subject of the Venetian horses. I understand they were dispersed several times to-day—in the evening I saw a number of people taking a last look of them.

*29th.*

Still the same crowds of people looking at the horses. One or two gendarmes riding about leisurely, and whenever they saw a dozen or two

of people walked through them to separate them. During the day half a dozen were so employed. The French are naturally bitter and satirical—even when they least wish it, they are most so—the Catalogues of the Louvre are bitter enough against themselves—for as there has been no alteration—they still contain their original bombast—“this statue was conquered in Italy”—“that picture in Holland,” etc. In the former Catalogue they give a history of the Venus de Medicis, her travels and the different nations which have possessed it—“but the victories of Napoleon the Great have for ever fixed her destiny in France!”

This would be the acme of everything that is ridiculous, but for what I this day happened to observe. In the vestibule, as you enter there is painted on the ceiling a figure holding a label—“The fruits of victory!”—to any one who reflects on what is now passing—the total breaking up of the collection when at last Europe has been roused to crush the serpent which has so long outraged every principle of justice, and by a long series of crime, he forgot that virtue, principle, and justice ever existed—that mankind are endowed by nature with the same feelings as Frenchmen who, corrupted by vice, are so reconciled to sin and crime—so sunk in iniquity that they are blind to every moral principle—deaf to the voice of reason and truth—so inflated with self-love and pride that they would hardly believe that other men were of the same species with legs and arms until they now feel the force of the latter. To a reflecting mind this triumph of virtue cannot fail to point out the hand of Providence which directed them 20 years ago, perhaps, to employ their own art in perpetuating their disgrace by writing on the entrance “the fruits of Victory”—achieved by crime—for 25 years they have been the scourge and now they are the laughing stock of mankind—and who, under Providence has effected all this—the whole world—even France cries—“ENGLAND!”

But as if their disgrace were not complete, their presumption was permitted to go so far as to place in the sacred assemblage of ancient art some of their own statues, and (what could hardly be by chance) under the above ceiling they have placed as the first object that strikes the eye on entering (you can see no other, indeed, till you do enter) a colossal statue of Hercules killing the serpent, and a frightful one it is, so much so that I can only compare it to the Tigers and Lions when I saw them fed, the other day—or to themselves, being unable to conceive anything more ferocious or diabolical, the analogy held good, even in the action and expression of the Hercules, whose gigantic power and benign expression afford a complete personification of Europe, roused against France.

### 30th.

All the avenues to the Tuilleries shut up by Austrian dragoons—a regiment of their foot drawn up inside in a semicircle round the triumphal



arch, where, on the top, people are at work erecting machinery for taking down the horses—the ferment in Paris is universal—the Louvre still open—as I entered I saw about a dozen boys with sticks, playing at soldiers—very well commanded—the word as well given as possible—they marched through the rubbish of buildings as if to storm a breach—of such is the nation composed with which Europe flatters itself, there can be peace. A rifleman was looking over Cregan as he painted, having entered into conversation with him, he found he was an Irishman. “Were you at the battle of Waterloo?” “To be sure I was, and don’t you see what I have brought away with me”—pointing to a hole in his cheek, part of which was carried away.

*October 1st.*

The horses are gone—a number of people looking at the place which they occupied. I was anxious to hear what was saying, but it rained and I went into the Louvre to work—in the evening went to the Opéra Français—there were two pieces—the music chiefly compiled from Mozart—the singing barely tolerable. After this came a ballet—the dancing is truly *astonishing*—there is always a ballet introduced in the operas—their knowledge of stage effect is very wonderful and the arrangement of colour in the dresses admirable beyond conception—on the stage they display a spirit and taste in colour which is seldom to be found in their pictures, and the principle being distinctly shewn I have learned much this evening—there can be no doubt that they try the effect repeatedly before the piece is represented—when they no doubt find that a figure in white must stand here, one in yellow there—another in pink next to it, one in light blue in another place, varying all the colours as in a picture—becoming deeper as the figures are retired on the stage—hence a bit of red is wanted here—clap on a red body on a white dress—perhaps it requires an edging also—on the blue dress perhaps they want a bit of red—add a sash or a scarf—thus they give spirit and harmony to the whole by repeating the colour of one dress—in another taking care not to break up the mass, or predominant colour of the dress—this principle is attended to in the retired figures—and were one to be out of its place, the harmony of colour would be deranged—how different is this in our theatres, when all is done by chance higgledy-piggledy—scarcely attending even to the harmony of one dress, and totally neglecting the tout ensemble—the ballet was political—expressing the enthusiasm of the people on the return of peace—thus were white flags, cockades, processions of National Guards, etc. soldiers, returning from the battles and joining the dance and embracing—a lady is in grief till she hears the fate of her lover—she is told he is killed—her agony was well expressed and would have its effect on the people, but for the enraged and mortified state of their minds—at last he appears with an

English Hussar Officer who saved his life—the tune of Henry IVth was repeatedly played to the dance—it was applauded, but partially—all in one place—people were paid no doubt—these called for it vociferously in the beginning of the evening, before the curtain rose, but they were not generally joined, it was played, however, as usual, and I could not help thinking how phlegmatic the French nation is compared with the English who without any convulsion shew ten times as much gratification when “God save the King” is played—but the French nation we know too well is *not* phlegmatic—they are cold only to the Bourbons.

*2nd October.*

The Transfiguration, etc. gone—having been at the Luxembourg all day, I just looked in at the Louvre—the whole gallery is now stripped except a picture here and there—they have now begun upon the pictures belonging to France, it is said, but not truly—La Belle Jardinière is gone, but to be sent to Sèvres to be copied in porcelain, etc. I believe the others are taken down by themselves. The Madonna della Sedia is gone and I understand all the rest will go in retaliation for Titian’s picture of Christ flagellated, which with some others disappeared a few days ago, nobody knows how—but must have been taken by authority, some say they contend that these were purchased, there is now no bounds to the rage of the French. I understand there were some high words in the gallery—when two or three soldiers were brought in and the picture in dispute carried off. I am surprised that no attempt has been made to rescue them as they pass along the street, carried by unarmed soldiers with only a guard of 5 or 6 sometimes only one, and often none—the Austrians have been at work for the last week—for the two or three days before, the guard were British, while the Belgian pictures were taken away.

At Girvené’s I found a little girl 8 years of age serving the customers, find everything, count up the amount with as much intelligence as a woman of forty, with all the politeness and manner. “Oui Monsieur,—ah, ha—ça—Monsieur, si vous aurez la complaisance de passer demain, il sera tout prêt—oui, Monsieur, oui.”

*3rd.*

On my way to the Luxembourg—I saw something moving before me through the mud, on the top of which was a military cocked hat—on coming up, I discovered it to be a boy about six years old going to school with a cloak something like the cape of a military great coat—blue pantaloons and a pair of half boots! All boys at school, I am told, wear something like a military uniform and a cocked hat, of course—all boys that I see except those of the lowest order, who are not educated, wear cocked hats and some sort of uniform of a military character. What peace can there

be in the world while such is the case? They must and will have war while this system lasts—it instills a love of war, but does not make men fight one bit better. I was not at the Louvre to-day, but one man was heard to say he had nothing to leave his son but, (thank God for it) one thing, and that was hatred of the English, and thirst for revenge.

I understand that the name of Lord Wellington has been taken from a print of his portrait and the name—"Blucher"—has been put instead. Row in the Palais Royal this evening between some English and French officers, in which it is said some people are wounded—for several nights there has been some disturbance, it is said.

*October 4th.*

I understand the French pictures belonging to France, which have been taken down have not been taken by the allies, but by the French for the purpose of being hung in the compartment where the French school is—the first as you enter—so far good. Called on Prud'hon, his pictures are charming, full of grace and elegance of feeling, good effect—fine colour and free from much of the hardness of the modern French school—he does not have any edgy outline, all is blended—still preserving all the accuracy and undulation of form. Nothing can be more beautiful than his Venus and Adonis—the landscape beautiful and simple in composition, colour, and execution—he is called the Coreggio of France, and deservedly—a portrait of a gentleman was very sweetly painted, but rather wanted vigour in the head, the background being bold, quite grand and forcible—in tone, like a Titian or Gainsborough landscape, dark and the form simple.

Went to the Café de la Paix—Hayter, Hilton, Grogan,\* and Perigal—a well-known assemblage of loose characters—but some people seemed to bring their wives, and I saw even children, little girls—there used to be a band of music and singing, but as it was made a hot-bed of sedition it was prohibited and the place shut up by the King. Since Bonaparte's return it was opened and continues so—two men play duets on the Guitar—it was formerly a theatre, and a most beautiful thing it is—between the boxes two thin iron pillars 2 inches diameter run up, a foot asunder, so that with a small wooden pedestal and column they look like the front of light thin pilastres covered with mirrors—for in France they keep their mirrors so clean that it is difficult to distinguish them from an adjoining open space looking into another room—the stage is shut up and its front filled with plants—the boxes are open all round forming an elegant gallery with small round marble tables in front—women of bad character walk all round expressing their civilities to the English and others, the only English words they know are not fit to be written—the pit is a flat floor filled with ranges of oblong tables (all marble

\* Indistinct.—E. R.



in every Coffee house)—the place was in a blaze of light—nothing can be more characteristic of the French nation than that such a sink of iniquity should be suffered to exist—plenty of officers of all nations from the Palais Royal—yet perhaps if there were such a place in England women could go to theatres more comfortably, for they would be deserted by that description of people—but public morals require that this should be submitted to rather than publicly encourage vice, besides in England were even *a man* to be seen in such a place he would be lost for ever.

#### 5th.

It is still insisted that the pictures are taken in retaliation for those seized by the French. I dare say that in their hurry the allies have not inquired sufficiently respecting some said to have been presented to Bonaparte, that they have taken *all* which ever belonged to certain powers, and that the retaliation has begun with the French seizing the Titian (Christ Crowned).

At the Restaurateur's where I dined were two boys in military uniform—belonging to some school, about 12 and 14 years of age the most natty and complete little fellows—little men in every respect apparently from their ease and manner—huge cocked hats—one of them had a small firelock (for a boy about 8) a most complete model—he was pointing it at everything—handling it with the utmost dexterity—they are taught all this at every school—the old woman who attended was in ecstasy, almost kissed them—they went about shewing it to everyone—the Frenchmen were as much delighted as if France *had* not been conquered—but as if she had conquered all the world—and as if they thought it a duty to encourage these little hero cutthroats. At different shops of curiosities, the most prominent objects are little cannon of all sorts, some as large as swivels, carriages, tumbrils, etc. complete—mortars, little guns, pistols, etc.—tents, swords, etc.

Looked in at a gambling shop—a woman was playing deeply and eagerly. Coming home there was a row, I crossed over and found a Prussian officer in altercation with a gendarme sentinel—the Prussian was furious as they always are—the soldier was probably in the right, for the insolence of the Prussians is intolerable—but the French visit all the misconduct of the allies on the English.

#### 6th.

Went to Monsieur Samariva's, now in Italy, a great and rich amateur and patron of art—saw some beautiful pictures—a small Titian "Holy Family," equal to *anything* in the Louvre—a beautiful picture by Prud'hon—seems to be a Venus and Cupid in the clouds—but I was so delighted with it that I thought only of the art—a charming picture by Guérin—Aurora waking Adonis (in the clouds) her hands raised to remove the veil which had covered her—Cupid gently seizes his hand—opposite was

a large picture by Meynier—stiff and hard, but well drawn. A beautiful little musical piece by Paul Veronese—but a still greater treat was offered by two statues by Canova—his Venus, very fine—but his Magdalen, his chef d'œuvre, is quite affecting and sublime, equal to the Antique—grand in conception, beautiful in execution—such feeling I have not seen—the texture, skin itself—particularly where the action of the foot bends the skin—it is a thing to be worshipped.

Went to Notre Dame to hear the grand mass and see the King—a grand sight, on one side were seated the Peers, on the other the deputies—the former are the only set of men I have seen in France who look like gentlemen—many of their countenances were full of character—they had gold embroidery and fleur de lis on the cape and sleeves of their coats—the deputies silver, all dressed alike—when the King arrived, the first in the procession were the Marshalls, etc. and just before the King were the other branches of the Royal Family—over his head they carried a crimson velvet canopy—the shouting was universal—“Vive le Roi”—one lady next to me almost made me deaf for an hour—at each time it was like the shrill report of a small pistol. I do not, however, gather any idea of public sentiment from this, for whoever is King, it is chiefly his own friends only who take a particular interest in his movements and follow them—were the *same* people to cry—“Vive le Roi”—one day and—“Vive l'Empereur” the next, they would be volatile and frivolous indeed—at the further end of the choir in the gallery over the altar, there was a grand chorus of singers and musicians—the effect was truly imposing—the place is so large, that it subdued that harshness which would offend in a theatre—grand as it was, when the organ at the other end began, it made all I had heard like a penny whistle—when I mention that the front pipes of the great organ are 30 or 40 feet long some idea of it may be conceived—it was like thunder—as to Religion—I saw nothing approaching it—until the bell rang, then I saw people all over the place here and there squatting down upon their knees—some officers put something under their knee, others merely bowed down. I suppose this was the elevation of the host, but few could see or hear in the least, not one twentieth part, and I dare say that this bell interrupted many a joke and saved many a girl being stared out of countenance—the bell rang again, those who had bent before now dipped a little lower—again it rang—silence began to prevail after another ring or two—even the National Guards who lined the place went down like front rank kneeling—not to be singular I bowed down too—there was a very fine woman and man singer whose voices filled the Cathedral, in spite of noise, the accompaniment of the band I could comparatively scarcely hear although it was very numerous—a proof in some degree how superior voices are to instruments in filling a large place. Perhaps the band being in the gallery behind the arches—tended to subdue the sound of their instruments. After stopping an hour I left them at work.

## 7th.

Went to see the Conservatoire des Arts at the Abbey (?) St. Martin—filled with the most beautiful working models of every machine or engine that was ever thought of—various steam boats—(very probably Fulton took his idea from them—he was long here)—all sorts of engines of war, pontoon bridges, etc.—buildings of all kinds, shewing their frame-work—roofs of houses—churches—domes—steeple—stairs, single, double and treble—architecture—palaces and Churches complete—mills for everything—Cranes, interiors of every sort of trade, etc. and manufactures shewing the mode of making everything—a carpenter's shop with every tool that he can use, complete planes not above an inch long—some half an inch yet complete for the use of a lilliputian—a blacksmith's the same—plumber's—china manufactory pottery—founder's—distiller's—chemist's, etc. beyond all number. I could only stop an hour, and to see and understand the whole would take years—there were deposited samples of all kinds of raw material and manufactured goods—cutlery, cloth, locks and bolts—a great number seemingly of the most ingenious construction, some of the latter for bolting huge doors were very ingenious—as curious a thing as any is a clock on the stair (a magnificent entrance) facing you as you go up, hung before a looking glass—it seems only a pendulum—the clock being inside the ball—and there is no connexion through the pendulum—but I immediately saw how easy it is to contrive what appears wonderful—again I was called upon to reflect on the superior advantages over England which France affords in laying these open to invite study and afford means of instruction to Genius, but the frivolity of the French nation counteracts all this—while John Bull goes on—but were British genius encouraged, what might not be done?—it is true, any man of a certain sphere can get access to these in England at the Adelphi, but where are they open to the ingenious workman? In the evening I went to the Italian Opera which belongs to Catalani—she was supreme beyond anything I ever heard, in her best character Semiramis. I was close to the stage and could not but feel enchanted—her beauty is almost perfect—her head and arms are like the Antique—her hands superior, quite ideal—no painting or sculpture has equalled them—in this Hayter and Crigan\* agreed—in her singing she was as far beyond what she was when she came to London, as she was then beyond all others—she excels herself to the utmost, from a similar cause it is like coming out again with this difference that she is much improved, first in England and since here—she does not go so very high as before which is no loss, her action and feeling are still better—and what is worth all the rest she is amiable, correct and unblemished—in short she *is* an *angel*.

## October 8th.

Frenchwomen are the most masculine of any nation—with all the affectation of the most refined delicacy, when I speak to them I cannot but consider

\* Indistinct.—E. R.



them as an intermediate third sex, they are all politicians, and when such is the case their violence knows no bounds—totally ignorant of general principles, they judge only from the feeling of the moment—the best of them remind me of the friends who fanned the flame, and even executed the crimes, of the Revolution—it is true I have not been much in society and my judgment can be but partial—if this does not produce another revolution (for what can men say or do when their wives call them poltroons) it will be by measures of greater energy than I fear any minister of Louis will adopt. In the Coffee house where I took breakfast to-day, there sat at the next table a young woman surrounded by newspapers which absorbed her whole attention—she seemed to be a dress maker or some sort of work woman, a neat cap, common printed gown and blue apron with pockets outside (as these people generally wear) so bewitching and *devilishly* handsome—the finest features possible in spite of the devil's own expression, that had she stopped half an hour more I should have been tempted to speak to her—although she seemed what is call decent, for were she a woman of the town, her appearance and dress would have been first-rate. At last she called the man —“Garçon”—with the utmost sang-froid, just as a man would do, asked what was to pay (an empty coffee cup stood before her) paid him and walked out the same as if not even the people of the house were present—her hands in her pockets.

On the Boulevards and all over Paris, there are stands where everything is sold, some for 6, others for 10, 15, 20, or 30 sous (so many halfpence)—for 28 sous each I bought 3 small neat scent bottles, the finest cut glass—stoppers of the same, and silver gilt top and ring to hang from a lady's necklace for 15. I saw blue and red gilt leather pocket books with silver clasps, almanach, pocket, ass skin for memoranda, paper and pencil, there were snuff-boxes, etc. at the same price—the woman, the lowest possible in appearance as to situation, counted up at once 3 times 28—84. I had to consider sometimes—in this respect their intelligence, even that of children, confounds me—country carts are more frequently driven by women than men, indeed universally so—a friend told me that he hired a cabriolet driven by a woman for the fun of the thing—went to the Review—walked about for 3 or 4 hours and could not find his way back to the place, the troops had moved so far—in the country they do half the hard work of the men, in town they alone attend the shops to sell while their husbands go out of doors to buy—they are a most intelligent people from the highest to the lowest—but all ignorant or deaf to every moral or general principle, where these are concerned they see just as far as their nose, or as accords with the glory and interest of France. This is their measure of truth, justice and principle, whatever does not come within that measure, must be false, unjust, unprincipled—in ordinary things they are on the contrary quick beyond all conception—if well governed they would be a wonderful nation—every evening one may see some persons, men and women, selling and begging

with a handkerchief over their head to conceal them, this is perhaps only to take in John Bull and make him believe they are respectable people in distress.

*October 9th.*

The Duchess d'Angoulême came to the Luxembourg to-day and remained about an hour, she had only one or two female attendants, all dressed in the plainest manner, she has a fine countenance, prim and expressive, the character rather masculine—when she came to David's picture of the Horatii, whether she expressed anything unfavourable of it I do not know, for I continued at work, or whether it arose from French self-love which considers David and the modern artists equal if not superior to Raphael (for wherever there is a French picture nothing else is looked at), but the superintendant of the gallery *was* at great pains impressing upon her mind its excellencies and beauties in a tone which seemed like justification—she did not however, seem to receive pleasure from it—out of compliment to her, perhaps, he was in the costume of the National guard.

Looked into the church of St. Sulpice—a heavy large thing—in some of the recesses or chapels there were some very large, so so, French pictures, the altar piece at the end is seen through the pillars of a rotunda, half of it open towards the Church, with pictures and windows between, except where the altar-piece is seen—it consists of a statue of the Virgin and Child, larger than life considerably, one of the best productions of French Art, that I have seen, full of grace and nature, surrounded by clouds in marble with cherubim—the whole admirably and gracefully arranged—tho distance from the pillars is considerable and the light being admitted from behind, the effect is broad and imposing, the lower part is dark and unites in harmony with the pillars, which tell dark against the upper part—the dome of the rotunda highly ornamented and gilt, with pictures between, is open at the top, through which is to be seen the Virgin, Child and hosts of angels and saints in the clouds, painted on an outer dome, although the painting is on the whole but so so, an appearance of breadth is given by this arrangement—for being apparently removed from what one at first conceives to be the termination of the building—it appears like a vision—as usual people were kneeling in different chapels at prayer (most fervently) before their favourite saint—what absurdity! here I met Reinagle, Hilton, and Perigal.

After dinner we went to the Théâtre des Variétés, and although I did not hear or understand much, I was highly gratified with the acting which was nature itself and by no means so overcharged as the comic actors in London—the first piece was a satire upon bad painters, or rather on painters in general—it would be unintelligible to a London audience, but here the lowest people are familiar with, and admire, the arts—they therefore understand the

jokes—it was called, the “Rage of the day for Signs”—(which shop keepers have over their shop doors).

A sign painter, jealous of his reputation, and ever alive to the dignity of the art, brings a sign which he had painted for 5 francs, a highly finished work of art—consisting of a golden arm and written over it—“O Bra dor”—instead of “Au Bras d’Or”—after putting up his vile daub with all the consequence of Michael Angelo, he rapidly descends the ladder, saying—“now let us see the effect”—taking every one to a proper distance—the shop keeper mustered courage enough to find fault with it—the spelling was not correct, the painter smiled with no small degree of contempt—“bless your soul,” said he, “you are not in the right point of view, there, look at it now!”—this is not very unlike many better artists.

The church of St. Eustache (I am now in France and it is quite orthodox to go from the theatre to the church and vice versâ) the church of St. Eustache is a noble Gothic building, the best by far that I have yet seen, and it seems all in harmony the windows filled with the purest painted glass gives a sobriety, and solemnity of effect, highly suited to the architecture and its purposes—there I found some of the best pictures that I have seen in any church—a fat little old woman was not contented with the usual dip of the holy water—as water at home perhaps is a scarce article—having to be bought—egad, she fairly washed her face—bless her comfortable round jolly looking mug—as she walked across the church at the opposite end from the altar—when she came in a line with the Virgin in the middle, she dropped a very pretty, how d’ye do kind of a bob.

#### *October 10th.*

About one third of the statues now gone from the Louvre—the confusion is great and the appearance melancholy—to an artist it is affecting, I said so to Girodel’s assistant who was there, he flew in a rage—“it is to your government that we owe this.” I said—“you pay too great a compliment to the power of England in conceiving that she should dictate to the whole world—and to her disinterestedness, that she should do this as much to her own loss as that of France. Government have their reasons, but all artists must lament the event”—with a shrug he made a certain motion with his hands, as much as to say he admitted that it is a loss to the world—you admit everything—so far can a Frenchman see and no farther—they consider the arts the first step towards the happiness of the nations and of mankind—they neither know nor care what is most conducive to this latter object, so as there is splendour, show, fêtes and fine pictures—among themselves they no doubt quote that even English artists admit the loss to mankind, while it is only admitted to be a loss to the arts, and this is sufficient proof to them of the atrocity of the act.



As I passed through the Palais Royal, I heard from below some fine music and singing. I dived and found a large place full of low people chiefly, and others perhaps like myself for curiosity—there was a small band of Music, half a dozen women and men singing choruses in very good style—they ceased and most of them disappeared. I got up and walked farther, at last I heard another band whom I found to be the same singing to a finger organ—such a thing as this in London would drive people to spend their 2/- or 3/- and would be good practice and employment of the chorus singers of the theatres when not better employed.

*October 12th.*

Went to St. Cloud and Sèvres with Reinagle, his son, Hilton, and Perigal, where we saw considerable magnificence in the old French style, and some rooms in good taste fitted up by Bonaparte. At Sèvres we were much gratified—saw some beautiful specimens of their painting—a round table with antique heads in imitation of cameos, wonderful—the ornaments, part exquisitely painted on gold, with basso relievos from Giulio Romano or Polydore, almost equal to the antique—if one dare say so—the price 16 or 1,700 guineas—if brought to England, it might excite emulation—the Prince Regent has done many things more foolish than to buy it. Except this, I saw nothing which is not equal, perhaps excelled in England, for all the fuss they make.

The Louvre is truly doleful to look at now, all the best statues are gone, and half the rest, the place full of dust, ropes, triangles, and pulleys, with boards, rollers, etc. They build up half way with stones and plaster, those statues which are not solid below—in the picture gallery there are still many fine pictures, the property of France.

*October 13th.*

Catalani still miraculous—the Opera was Semiramis, her chef d'œuvre—the management of the French stage, the correctness of the costume, the arrangement of colour in the choruses is an admirable field for the study of an artist—the light blues, whites, and pinks in the masses of light, with here and there the same colours darker, of the men behind, appearing between, give brilliancy and spirit to the masses of light which become lower as they recede from the lights, until the lowness of tone unites with the dresses of the men who extend beyond the women—sometimes masses of these follow the Prima Donna, producing more effect from the breadth and quantity, than the mere opposition of a single figure, although sparkling against the dark, could possibly give—a wonderful and dreadful effect was produced by the appearance of the ghost of her father—face, hands, and dress stone colour the exact tone of the tomb, from the door of which he first appears and then advances, a single flash of lightning shews him for a moment and then he can no longer be distinguished—his whole appearance

was horribly awful. The choruses are perhaps more numerous, but they are ten times as effective as in London from their being perhaps more certain and better performers and from their coming more forward on each side, near the lights—the last chorus and scene of Semiramis was the finest I ever heard. Before the overture began, as soon as it was seen that the Band was all ready, by the leader taking his place after going round to hear that all the instruments were correctly in tune, he looked round to the house, there was as usual an unusual hush-sh-sh through the house—the lamps on the stage rose—three knocks were given behind the curtain as a signal—the leader gave his usual sound with his fiddle-stick, all the bows were raised, and they struck off with glorious effect—there are no lamps round the galleries or boxes—one immense chandelier of lamps illuminates the whole house—this is the universal mode, and although perhaps from the distance there is not a quarter part so much light on any given countenance, you can see it much better than by the mode in England when the glare of the candles opposed to the people renders the latter less visible, together with a confusion of lights from all sides and below—while here, there being but one light, the countenance is seen as God intended, lighted up by one light—the sun—this gives a character and expression to the people which cannot be produced by our mode. A French audience express their extasy without interrupting the performance, a hush represses the applause till the proper moment, they understand this well—they have mercy on their actors and never encore what requires exertion, particularly in a female—in this respect we are very savage—one can easily see the high consideration in which they are held. Next, or perhaps equal, to a prime minister in France is a great actor, or an eminent painter. Whatever run there is at a French theatre, there is no crowd—no one need encounter it—if the doors are opened, say at six, every one must go to the Bureaux or Offices, of which there are generally two, and on particular occasions more to buy tickets, none of which are issued till the hour arrives—here the crowd is great—often tremendous, in spite of sometimes a strong guard of gendarmes, who place themselves at an angle from it, so that only one or two persons can pass at a time, but they are often pressed close to the wall and the passage stopped—porters take their stand often for hours before, and purchase a quantity—anyone who wishes to have a good seat by getting a ticket immediately or to avoid this crowd can always have one by paying ten sous or a franc more, this they no doubt raise occasionally according to the demand, and if one fights their way, as I have done, the pit tickets are often all gone—sold to these people—for the pit is the cheapest and best part of the house—something like this is often the plan at Edinburgh—if there is no more room in the pit (they never issue more than the house will contain) you go to the Bureau of supplement and pay something additional for the Orchestra gallery (or front of the 1st Boxes) the 1st, 2nd, 3rd, or 4th boxes, or the Amphitheatre, the same as one gallery, the Orchestra—that is three or

four seats of the pit railed in—the gallery and the two premiers (for there is one below) are the most expensive—the 2nd, 3rd, and 4th, diminish in price with the height—the Parterre or pit and the Amphitheatre at top are the same—sometimes they have a Chaussée at the back of the large pit, five or six seats railed in. No women go to the pit. At the Italian Opera—there is only an opera—no dancing, the performance is quiet enough.

At a Coffee house if you ask for a cup or half a cup of coffee—a tasse or demi-tasse—they always bring with the cup on the tray, a small glass for the brandy even if it is at, or after breakfast, for they always take it for granted that you have had a meat breakfast with wine at a Restorateur's.

### 15th.

Versailles is a hideous mass of bad taste, and presents an example of magnificence, misery, and desolation—the gorgeous painted and gilded ceilings remain, and the ornamented walls, but the glass and hangings have been torn away by the demons of the Revolution, it is a miserable ruin, patched up with the roughest coarse plaster. The first thing I saw was a very fine alto relievo, by Paget, of Alexander and Diogenes, larger than life—surrounded by soldiers and banners—the theatre is gorgeous in the extreme, its decorations, carving, painting, and gilding in tolerable taste—the ceiling is an immense historical subject, and seems well painted, the effect good as far as darkness would enable me to see—the pit is boarded over as it used to be for a ball room, and the stage corresponds and is the same size with the rest of the house—all of which when there were plays, large pillars were made so as to be removed in 48 hours—the place is as large as any public theatre—the Chapel is solemn and grand—in excellent taste, all except the roof—the galleries are supported by arches—over these, to the roof, there is a row of immense columns—all the ceilings are painted, and, as usual, in great force, to bring it down no doubt as low as possible, lest the grandeur of the columns should make it look too high and magnificent—except the ceiling, the whole is white and stone colour—it is stone and marble indeed.

There is nothing else worth looking at, except an ignominious picture of Paul Veronese in a hall of enormous size, the endless ceiling of which is well painted by Le Brun—with gods, goddesses, nymphs, devils, damned, etc. I was sorry to find that my taste in this respect was incorrect, for I met two artists in the theatre, one an A.R.A. who differed from me—the latter indeed has seen nothing in France but what is vile—the picture of Paul Veronese has been magnificent, but is ruined by want of attention, and doubly spoilt by some one, who has painted half of it over again, he deserves purgatory for three centuries at least.

There are two ceilings by Paul Veronese also which alone have given me any idea of this man's wonderful powers—his grandeur of conception in one, Jupiter drawing down the Titans (I think) is like Michael



Angelo—his drawing—colour and execution, each better and more grand than the other—our astonishment was such that at the risk of our necks, we all three at once mounted the rickety steps thirty feet high, which happened fortunately to be there to enable us to see it.

I dare say some confounded fellow is at work on it spoiling it. The other ceiling is charming, like himself, nymphs, children, etc.—not many figures, but is a happy effusion of his genius in grace—feeling—colour—there were other ceilings which the servant said were by Paul Veronese, I would not believe it—they appeared to me horrible things, in the worst taste of the worst French school—disgusted with several rooms, I overtook the A.R.A. who had walked on before and was admiring a ceiling as he thought by Paul Veronese. I was astonished, could not see a particle of his execution, style, or feeling, the servant came up, who told us it was by some hideous French name.

At Paul Veronese's grand ceiling I stopped in amazement—the A.R.A. had passed it and was in the next room, we called him back when he was in the same extasy. But the grand gallery. Ah, *c'est superbe, magnifique*, the pride of France. I dare say it is immense and endless in length and height, it seems as if all the carving, gilding and painting since the dark ages had been collected to overload this hot-bed of detestable invention—this Lazaretto of diseased art—this plague of taste, here you see Louis XIVth in all the theatrical grandeur of attitude, deified in the character of Jupiter ten times, with his thunder bolts in his hand as Mars, Neptune and every God or devil in the Heathen Mythology (never forgetting his wig!) it is scarcely credible, but there he is for certain—but enough! I am as glad to escape from the recollection of it as from the Purgatory itself.

My friends had been at Trianon and having seen nothing worth going for, advised me not to go—but dine with them and return to Paris. Having heard an A.R.A. say there were two small Claudes of an exquisite character there I persisted in going while they dined—they saw nothing in the gardens. In the way to Trianon however, through these, I found at the bath of Diana two Lions in Bronze of the time of Louis XIIIth the finest not only I ever beheld, but ever conceived, one killing a wild boar, the other a wolf—they are glorious—passing through the statues in the grounds, I was arrested by one which seemed to me like an apparition, so superior to the rest, although I merely ran along the avenue to be back in time—it proved to be the famous Milo Croton by Paget the pride of French sculpture—and cost 100,000 francs; the figure is Herculean—he was rending a tree with his hands, it snapped and enclosed his fingers, in this situation he was seized by a lion—the grandeur of style is like Michael Angelo—the conception wonderful—the lion equal to the others with superior action. I do not wonder that in the saloon of sculpture where there are four basso relievos, one representing Greece with Apollo—Egypt with the Isis

—Italy with the *Moris* of Michael Angelo—France should have its *Milo*. I was arrested also by another, said to be *Commodus*—but I was sure it was *Ossian*—on looking nearer I found the name of the sculptor—it is the *Ossian* of *Roland*—put up last year in place of *Bonaparte*, they say. *Trianon* is pretty, but nothing to interest one who has lately seen so much—as the devil would have it—a party of ladies came, old and young, they had to look at all the chairs beds and sofas—not forgetting the looking glasses, to see themselves. I went always before and to draw them on, I pretended to see something wonderful in every new room—we saw many pictures of the present and late French school, each worse than another—they do not shine here—at last, we came to a picture gallery—where I found the *Claudes*, one of them very good, the other so so—but just above them were two small pictures like *Metzer*—*Tertuy* and *Bigg*—interior domestic scenes, these pictures I shall remember as long as I live, they were different in style from anything I ever saw, but the most complete confirmation of the principle I think I have discovered in colour (that is known to me for the first time) and in a way which I hope will enable me to reduce it to a principle applicable generally—there were a pair of pictures by *Poussin*—one a sleeping nymph with satyrs and children, beautiful, a *chef d'œuvre*. Some capital landscapes like *Daniel* by *Roberts* an old French artist in Italy, truly capital—two noble pictures by *Valentin Moïse*, far superior to any of his in the *Louvre*—one *Susannah* accusing the elders taken before *Daniel*, I think the expression of *Susannah* is the most just that can be conceived—her beauty exquisite, all modesty—the other, the judgment of *Solomon*, and if *Haydon* had not painted his picture before he saw this, if he did see it, I should have thought he had stolen his conception of the subject—here the action is equally just—the execution, breadth and colour, such as mark the experienced artist compared with what I had ever seen of his—there was also\* picture of *Cupid* sharpening his bow—good, for the present school\*’s picture of the *Cupid merchant*—a woman selling *Cupids*, of both which there are prints—in short a number of pictures well worth going to see. At little *Trianon*, I saw nothing of art, but a beautiful garden view with a temple like *Tivoli*, partly seen through the trees—with water and a boat, from the window of the bed-room prepared for the *Empress Josephine* who intended to reside there.

As I returned I saw in the bath of *Flora* a statue in bronze reclining, with *Cupids*, equal to anything modern, it is quite perfect and beautiful—it must be so before a bronze statue can arrest my attention as it did—for to me the effect is always bad, there seems no light and shade, from the colour being so dark the shining parts destroy the effect, and often the form—looking from the West point of *Versailles*, I saw in the middle of a basin, something like the stumps of a wreck, or stones sticking up—as I went to *Trianon* I passed it and found that it was *Apollo* (they said) but it must be *Neptune* in a car drawn

\* Left blank.—E. R.

by sea horses and guided by Tritons—it seems to be a grand thing when so near it, but seen from the house the effect is bad—as far as you can see over the grounds and along the avenues, there is a marble statue at every twenty or thirty paces—and had I not been pressed for time lest my friends were waiting, I dare say I should have seen much worthy of observation. When I returned to the Hotel I found they were gone and could not discover that they had dined there—or that they had been seen by the people—although I went with them to know the place again. I hope Paul Veronese did not take away the appetite of the A.R.A. because I should be sorry, and as to there being nothing worth seeing at Trianon that is a matter of moonshine.

*October 17th.*

Looked in at the place where dead bodies are exposed to be owned, where there were three men, one a gentleman, lying on an inclined plane, their feet towards you, their heads raised to shew them, their clothes hung up above the head of each—they had been taken out of the river—at the Bridge of Sèvres, 4 or 5 miles from Paris there are nets at each arch to stop them—one of the men had been long in the water and was a shocking spectacle, his head swollen out of shape, quite red and purple—a wooden grating is between the spectator and the bodies.

*18th.*

Went to Malmaison with Cooke and Harrison, the gallery and the bedroom of the Empress are the most perfect examples of pure taste and splendid magnificence in architecture, decoration and furniture—the latter is circular, hung with purplish red cloth—20 or 30 thin gilt pillars or rods which are continued to the ceiling, (also cloth) to a circular painting in the middle, the bed or couch in which she died—the same cloth—massy and grand, raised on a platform—the chairs or settees are large, like a sofa at one side and an arm chair at the other—two windows shew a charming view of the grounds, the aqueduct of Marly and St. Germain—a large mirror over the fireplace opposite the door, the folding leaves of which are also mirrors—the clock on the chimney had been taken away by the Prussians and one of the vases broken. In the gallery were two excellent statues by Chaudet and Corbellier and a little sketch by David of his great picture at the Luxembourg, of Brutus, to which it is very superior in effect and colour. A statue of the Empress indifferent, some good Herculean vases and antiques—the pictures which I went to see were all rubbish, not one of them could have formed part of a collection so celebrated, or could have been admitted by the taste which directed the fitting up of the Gallery—they seemed to have been hung up for the occasion to take in the strangers. Sir Colin Campbell gave me a list of them to give my opinion for the Duke of Wellington who had some thoughts of buying some of them—there never was so barefaced an attempt



to commit the most impudent robbery, and so little trouble has been taken to conceal the deception that it is the grossest insult—the place where the original pictures hung is perfectly visible—these are hung liggledy piggedly with common green strings, thin, weak and knotted, strong enough for cabinet pictures which the collection consisted of chiefly but not fit for these—two or three pictures hung from one nail or hook, the whole seemed an abominable take in—there had been two or three statues by Canova, but they were purchased by the Emperor of Russia as well as, I dare say, most of the pictures—in short I found this quite a made up broker's sale—a garret was filled with Herculaeum vases, antique armour, etc., and a cellar with Mosaic and a few broken marbles, Roman and Egyptian. I did not fail to give my opinion of all this. The catalogues were ingeniously contrived to be of no use—it was arranged neither numerically, nor in the order as things were to be found—all confusion, the articles I looked for even not in it. The Duke of Wellington might have had the statues of Canova for £2,500 but missed them.

To-day at the Luxembourg 20 or 30 of the Peers came in—all in their uniforms, swords, etc., and looked at the pictures.

*October 22nd.*

Went to the Panthéon—and felt to a degree, far beyond what I ever experienced, the awful impression made on the mind by fine architecture—the Panthéon is beautiful, simple, grand, and sublime—to describe it is unnecessary, there are so many prints of it—but one must see it to feel its effect—like the aqueduct of Marly, which is nothing in design—size and reality are impressive. In the vaults below where are deposited the ashes of the great men of France—the mind is absorbed in a thousand reflections on the vanity of human greatness, of genius and military parade—there are to be found the tombs of warriors, statesmen, poets, painters, etc. but where is all their pride and strut? to this we must come at last—to the height of ambition—a tomb in the Panthéon, but do they see it? no, do they hear it? no—for wise purposes ambition is planted in the human breast, notwithstanding all its evils to humanity it must be so—for whatever is, is right—to feed this propensity, decreed by Providence, these tombs are made by men for the great, and in common Church yards for the little—be it so—and peace to the ashes of those who thus strutted and belloved their little hour on this roundabout—there are more fools coming, little thinking when all this must end, when their sixty minutes or years, 'tis all one, are finished.

It was evening—from the top, the view of Paris was magnificent and beautiful—Domes, Churches, towers, Palaces—raise their heads from a sea of houses or worm holes—a thousand reflections crowded upon me—the probability of a fresh war, success in the allies once more—in which case

"Delenda est Carthago"—if they fail, then some similar city must fall—and the worms must crawl out and die—the comfortable houses, the splendid furniture—the pictures—but what is it all?—viewed thus, all must die—all must suffer, those least who die first—all is right, providence alone knows what is best.

*October 26th.*

At the National Institute, I saw some very good statues—one of those who died 1656—by Gloses in 1789. Capital—Poussin by Julien in 1804. Montagne died 1592 by Stouf in 1800—very good, with an inscription "que sais-je"—one of Cassim 1712—very good, no artist's name. Of all the institutions and collections for the purpose of aiding the student in art and science, perhaps none is so effective as the Gallery of Architecture at the National Institute, where there are models in wood, painted white, of all the most celebrated wonders of architecture, from the earliest period, finished with the utmost care—the ornaments detailed with the utmost minuteness. The basso relievos beautiful works of art in miniature—at a single coup d'œil, the effect of each building is seen, in a moment you walk round it, you see all the variety of form, and light and shade, which change of position can give, to which the student who has time to devote, can add the variety of light and shadow which change of position in the object can give—for in the most simple building if the sun shines the effect is often intricate—but if the original form is intricate, the effect is confusion doubly confused—although these models are small, such is their simplicity and grandeur, so chaste is their design, that the mind is absorbed in silent admiration, I had almost said devotion—what the effect would be from the buildings themselves, when colossal size and grandeur are added, it is not easy to conceive, one only wonders whether it is possible for a man who has once seen them for a moment to produce anything that is not simple and grand—but all that our students of architecture have to see of these are outlines and elevations which, destitute of light and shadow, appear to admit of and encourage mere intricacy of composition—without such models the student of architecture in England is led into a vicious taste. Of this beautiful collection I particularized the Temple of the Sun at Palmyra—the Parthenon, and Temple of Minerva Directi\* at Athens—the Castle of St. Angelo at Rome, and a multitude of others, which, as it was my last day at Paris, I could not examine with the attention I could wish, which I much regret, but it shall be one of my first objects if I ever again visit Paris. The main building is occupied with the public rooms for meetings, the apartments of offices and the library—a range of indifferent buildings runs behind, which contains the establishments of the different branches, with their collections and apparatus. In the centre is that for Painting and Sculpture, therefore called the central Museum of Arts.

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\* Vietrix (?).—E. R.

This admirable collection of models was formed by M. Casas who resides at the Institute, and was I believe purchased by Government.

At the Gobelins Manufactory I saw a great number of pictures by the French school, ancient and modern, among which I observed the following:—Orestes by Regnault, one by Callet—Polyxenes by Ménagest—Ajax and Helen by Vien, etc., etc.

Of the tapestry I need say nothing, it is well known to every one—it is wonderful, not as possessing excellence in art, for they produce the most vile of all wretched pictures, but it is wonderful that anything resembling a picture can be produced by the worst of all materials and means so difficult of operation—and the price of this rubbish which no man of the least taste would admit into his house even as a carpet is 18,000 francs per yard (about £800)—each picture therefore costs from £5 to £10,000—I wonder however that they have never thought of increasing the difficulty and therefore the wondering amazement of the multitude by employing people without arms to do it with their teeth and their toes—or suppose blind people are employed—how miraculous it would appear—the pictures would no doubt be (if possible) more execrable—but how wonderful—the means so inadequate to the end—the judicious part of mankind wonder at actions and admire the man who effects great purposes with inadequate means adopted from necessity not from choice, but the man who trifles away a short life by selecting puerile objects and preferring the most inadequate means while 10,000 times better are at his command, can only excite contempt—such is the whole French nation of which this miserable carpet manufactory is one of its greatest prides, together with the porcelain manufactory at Sèvres, both of which are unable to support themselves and are maintained by government—the silly multitude even in our own country are amused by seeing a man run in a sack who would run much better out of a sack. Mamas admire the wretched imitations in needlework of the most miserable prints executed at school by their daughters. They are framed gilt and glazed to be hung up in the parlour for the admiration of every visitor who is destined to undergo the crucifixion of surveying it, while Mama in the most eloquent terms describes the pathos of the tale and descants on the notable qualities of her daughter—while the wretched print, although ten hundred times better than the family wonder, might be bought for two-pence and Papa has had to pay for half a year thus lost at school which might have been employed by the poor girl in learning to read and write perhaps even to keep cheesemonger's accounts in her father's shop—one picture of Miss Simonds or half of one by Miss Thornton in wool is worth all that ever issued from this pest house of vile art and manufacture. I saw one or two, however tolerably decent—the siege of Paris by Henry IVth and another its companion—one man was at work imitating the most wretched portrait that ever yet was produced in art—Louis XVIth; but the most absurdly ridiculous machine that ever yet was seen is a copy or rather caricature of Louis XVIII.—to describe



its misery is impossible—perhaps the only idea I can give of its execrable qualities is to say that it is the pride of the manufactory—as well as of the wondering crowds of Frenchmen who go to see it and exclaim “*c’est superbe, magnifique.*” As the price of these productions is so high, I was desirous of knowing the annual profits—but was told that they never sell anything, whether from choice or necessity I omitted to inquire—it is supported entirely by government at an expense of 15,000 francs per month for wages alone of 90 workmen employed, (some of the workmen gain 1,000 others 2,000 francs per annum) or 180,000 francs a year (£75,000)!! All for the purpose of amusing and juggling the French who are thus governed and only can be ruled by playing cups and balls—fireworks—waterworks—Elephants, theatres and puppet shews. Bonaparte knew them well and played his cups and balls most dexterously *in* France and sometimes contrived to cajole and juggle even Emperors and Kings—the cheat was, however, discovered. “What that great man did for France,” say the Parisians, that is for Paris, for beyond the confines of that sink of iniquity and folly, a Parisian considers all mankind, perhaps even in France, to be something of the hay and straw species, in the same manner as Frenchmen generally consider all other nations to be only skin filled with oil or stuffed with straw. “What the Emperor did for France!”—he built palaces, paved roads and streets, and above all, made the water works at Versailles to play the first Sunday in every month! here, however, he almost lost himself as he did in Russia for he proposed to sweep away the immense, cumbrous and expensive machine of Marly which raises the water to be conducted by an aqueduct (!!!) to Versailles and to substitute a steam engine which would only have occupied half the space of one of the 14 wheels for less than the expense of keeping this wooden earthquake in repair. This machine was an eighth wonder of the world when it was built by Louis XIVth when mechanics were in their infancy, and the aqueduct was in like manner a ninth wonder till the use of pipes was discovered for conveying water—but it is such a grand sight for the Parisians on Sunday to see such a quantity of wood in motion and it would be a pity by the use of pipes to see so fine an aqueduct rendered useless. These works were wonderful when they were erected—it was the fashion to admire and gape—fashion, custom and folly make them still considered wonderful—had he not abandoned the enterprise he might have lost the empire. But to return to the Gobelin manufactory—what would not £75,000 a year applied to the encouragement of fine art produce in England, compared with these vile rugs in France?—but we must not be too severe, if France is penny wise and pound foolish in some things, we are no less so in others.

I went to see the wonderful Elephant of Bonaparte that I might witness this acme of French folly and state juggling—but to my surprise I was struck with admiration and wonder, from its beauty and chasteness in design and execution—aided by the immensity of its size, its height

to the back is 45 feet—the tower on it 10 feet more, a staircase runs up the right fore leg—the tower is to be a reservoir of water, which, spouted from the trunk, is to rise as high nearly as the back in two spouts at each side—it is placed on a circular platform, round which 100 figures of men are each to spout water from their mouths 15 feet high! The Elephant is built of wood, brick, iron and plaster, with which, the outside being covered, it is admirably modelled—crosses are marked over it where, I suppose, the fastening is to be found for the brass, with which it is to be covered—the trappings to be painted and gilt with great taste, as well as the tusks—as I perceived by a beautiful small model which is shewn—in spite of the absurdity of the invention—such is the effect of fine art and colossal grandeur that I shall be sorry if it is not completed, it will be, it must be so, the French will rebel the moment that their governors cease to juggle them, and perhaps the worst omen for Louis is that he has given neither fêtes nor fire-works—he must fall—he does not know them.

The Elephant is placed on the situation where the Bastille stood, of which not one stone, even of the foundation, remains, the situation was well chosen by the juggler to remind the French that if he enslaves them with willing, but destructive chains—like *Candidus*, they might be still worse—for they would naturally draw a comparison between an elephant and the bastille.

Having before omitted to see the collection of Anatomy at the *Jardin des Plantes* I visited it, and witnessed one more triumph of French liberality towards art and science—in this collection are to be found skeletons in the utmost perfection of almost every animal on earth, at all periods of life, here is a glorious opportunity for the student of comparative anatomy—a very considerable collection of anatomical preparations in wax of dissections of the human body, and an innumerable collection of preparations in spirits. Having only half an hour to glance over it, I could not observe much, with that attention which I could wish to bestow—among other things which attracted my notice was an imitation in wax of a hen's egg, with the different appearances it assumes from the 1st to the 15th day when as a chicken it bursts from the shell.

At the school of Medicine, I found a collection of skeletons of the human body still more perfect, nothing that art, labour, and expense could effect has been left undone—preparations of all kinds, imitations of dissections, and diseased parts, in wax—diseased bones and skulls, with the most frightful exostoses as large as another skull—fœtuses of all periods, single and double with other monsters—calculi, some of wonderful size, 6 inches by 4, weighing 4 pounds. One room is filled with surgical instruments of all kinds displayed in the most perfect order—on viewing all these collections, the same reflection constantly occurs—admiration of the liberality of the French nation, their



love of art and science, with wonder that any other nation should be able to keep pace with them—but perhaps this is only another branch of the state juggle of government, and we may trace the liberality with which everything is laid open to vulgar gaze to that flattery of French vanity by which any fool at their head might govern them. Louis is not wise enough to see this part of their character—there is an old saying—"it takes a wise man to be a fool"—that is to know when to trifle—he governs France as he would England. If England equals France in mental acquirement with the poverty of materials and difficulty of obtaining the means of study, there must either be a superiority of intellect and perseverance in the former, or some miserable deficiency or frivolity in the latter—thus the wisdom of creation is evinced by forming some men who are excited with ardour in proportion to their difficulties, who perhaps would be careless, were these at their command—and others who will only persevere on a bed of roses where everything is brought to them, while under difficulties they would be lost—thus under any circumstances a sufficient number of men are found who will study and dig in the field of art, science and literature.

And what has been the annual expense to France in forming all these wonderful collections?—a mere bagatelle—perhaps not so much as one or two sinecures in England—let it be remembered that if now the contention of arms is really over, it will now be that of letters and arts—if they become superior to us, they will still be proud—they will forget how they have been beaten, and will soon fancy that if they are superior in arts they must be in arms. Greece was conquered and over run—still as it was and is, it ever will be, Greece, not by the military, vulgar and brutal power of arms—not by the extent of its empire, for its states were little petty countries and towns but by its triumphant genius—which, while the former expired under repeated conquests of barbarians, who have since over-run it, still illuminates the civilized world, and as ages become more remote will blaze with still more resplendent light. Let Great Britain look to this, and not forget in what consists her lasting glory—let us not be too secure and proud of our invincible spirit and strength, lest Providence should chastize us and decree our fall, for our punishment here and perhaps welfare hereafter.

At the Royal library there are 180,000 manuscripts, of course, many of the most exquisite perfection in execution and embellishment—there are many *miles* of shelves filled with books, and in the cabinet of medals there are 80,000. I unfortunately did not see the two globes 40 feet in diameter, to receive and suspend which the floor is cut away. I understand that the figures on the celestial globe are drawn and painted with admirable taste and care.

Having seen the Royal Mint in London, the beauty of its architecture and machinery kept in order more like an exhibition than a place for work—I could not help considering "La Monnaie"—as the filthiest thing in all filthy



Paris—the apparatus and machinery the most awkward and clumsy imaginable. They have a steam engine, too, but such a tool I never beheld—it looks like the first that ever was made—they have 15 coining machines, only one of which was at work, and the force was applied by 12 men, 6 with ropes attached to each end of a double lever, moving a strong screw—350 men were at one time in constant employment when they used to strike 600,000 per day—at present there are only 40 workmen. So universally is—“the Emperor”—uppermost in the mind of a Frenchman, that he never fails to inform you that such and such changes, this and that addition was made by—“the Emperor”—and if his head or bust has been removed from any place he tells you “here on each of the coining machines was a head of the Emperor, it was taken away not long ago”—there are lectures given on Mineralogy to all who choose to attend, in a theatre at the top of the building—the beauty and arrangement of which is a perfect contrast to the rest of the establishment, the specimens were arranged all round the room with the utmost apparent care, as well as in the gallery above, all round the room and in one or two rooms entering from the gallery—there are several glass cases of apparatus, etc., in one of which I observed a *perpetuum mobile*—simple and ingenious enough, it had gone for eight months without stopping—a small inverted pendulum, as light as air, vibrated between two small bells, from the one of which it rebounded to the other—the arm or leg of the pendulum was continued nearly the same length below the place whereby it was suspended as above—but, alas, like all other similar inventions, in certain states of the air, from its electrical quality, it stopped.

At the Palais Bourbon, the House of Deputies is fitted up similar to that of the peers at the Luxembourg, forming a semicircle, the president's chair and tribune in the middle, in which is a beautiful chaste basso relievo by Lennot in 1798—then only 18 years of age. If alive, we ought to expect everything of him.

Every member has his desk and drawer—some of the adjoining rooms are fitted up with admirable taste—in the waiting room, where the King puts on his robes, there is his portrait, as usual, the Attendant tells you with a knowing smile and a nod—“there hung the portrait of the Emperor and opposite that of the Empress”—in another room there are five or six historical pictures of the Modern school, some very good, two by Cheverrier—one by Taillasson—Hero and Leander—Philoctetes by Le Mière—Death of Socrates by Peyron. In front of the building is a chaste, beautiful design, a simple but magnificent Portico and stair extending the whole width—at one side a colossal statue of France, the other I forget, with two other colossal statues of French Senators in old French dresses—the columns look short, however, and the capitals large—which of course take much from the beauty. Probably the stair has been carried higher than was at first intended—the beautiful basso relievos in the front, inside the Portico, are covered up with

canvas and painted. Those at each side on the plain front projection beyond the Portico are now being demolished—men are at work stripping them off—barbarians! I pity the poor artist—why not cover them up or fill them with plaster if they are so bedded in the wall that they cannot be removed—on the canvas which covers the centre piece is *painted!* the arms of the King—red, blue, etc., the most brutal idea as to taste—has the most fantastical effect on a building so chaste, and forms a contrast to the taste which reigned under Napoleon, and is a laughing stock to all men of common sense. Bonaparte was no artist, but he knew human nature, and had the art of discovering who was the man of the greatest talent in each profession, art and science, to whom he confided all matters relative thereto.

My dear Sir,

London, 6th November 1815.

I have the happiness to say that my prospects were never yet so bright. If you did not think me too sanguine, I would say brilliant. First, I have found plenty of business waiting for me—next I feel a torrent of enthusiasm which almost makes me feel young again. I now see my way towards progress in the art, in which for some years I fear I have stood still. . . . In my last I had to thank God that I had seen the works in the Louvre, I have now to be grateful that I still see the day, the packet from Calais was driven down Channel by a dreadful storm, I never witnessed so grand a spectacle, not one of the Frenchmen was a sailor—all were in despair. The very face of the Captain was green. At last the passengers were fain to get into a fishing boat at the risk of their lives, as it was English, and for a guinea each we were landed on the beach at Rye in Sussex through a heavy surf.

Next morning the packet was discovered with a signal of distress, having lost both anchors and cables. At last it was brought in. Many vessels were lost—one at Ostend—but, thank God, ours was a fine little vessel. This took place on Sunday 29th Ultimo.

It is a mistake that the pictures in the Louvre were painted upon. They were put into the best possible state of preservation, and many have been saved from destruction—of this more hereafter. The French are a wonderful people, stout, active, athletic—handsomer and stronger, nay, heavier in size than we are. So far are we mistaken—that we should beat them is to me miraculous. . . . I was tempted to prolong my stay beyond what I intended. The purchase of prints for study (Dog cheap there) other professional articles—with a male and female lay-figure for £30 not to be bad in this country, the want of which in painting draperies from, has been

a constant drawback and millstone round my neck. The lay figures I have bought would cost £50 each if they were new, they are in such demand, the old ones often fetch the price of new ones, and as only one man can make them, people have to wait a year or two. I am particularly fortunate in getting two for £30.

I remain, dear Sir,

Most truly and gratefully yours,

John Ewen, Esquire,  
Aberdeen.

A. ROBERTSON.

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### Letters written in 1816.

My dear Sir,

London, 22nd May 1816.

. . . . I did not mean to offer any plan for the Waterloo Monument, but an idea has occurred so noble, so appropriate and so economical, that I cannot resist offering it—this therefore, fills up my evenings.

Coxe who never gives great hopes, is quite sanguine. To him only I have communicated the idea, that as an architectural design, it will be more beautiful than anything produced for 2,000 years. I need only mention that it is to *re-build the Parthenon*—since we have now in this country its most valuable remains. This is only to yourself—and to render it appropriate, I propose, in the pediment, to have sculpture expressing the contention of Neptune and Minerva renewed—not who shall have the honour of naming Athens, (see the history) but who shall produce the greatest heroes for Great Britain. In one, Minerva brings in her Car, or is surrounded by Wellington, Abercrombie, etc. . . . In the case of Neptune, Nelson, Howe, etc. . . . To render the situations equal, I place the building East and West instead of North and South. The interior will admit of due combination of the two services. On the frieze outside, instead of the Centaurs, I represent a soldier of each cavalry regiment. Under the platform or terrace on which it stands, there will be a cemetery for those who fought in the war, as they die. Immediately under the building for those at Waterloo. This will afford ample space for cenotaphs to the memory of those who fell, and to record the names of every private, statues of the Generals, Admirals, and statesmen, to be disposed about the building and terrace, together with the King and Prince Regent. The situation I have chosen is Primrose Hill, close by the canal in the Regent's Park, from which the hill is to be cut away, so as to form a sheet of water.

A magnificent stair and avenue, on three sides, forms the approach, at the end of one of which is to be the Caledonian Asylum, corresponding in character with the Parthenon. At the end of the opposite approach a similar building, as it is in contemplation to build a Royal Palace, and one for the Duke of Wellington, I would combine all into one great plan, by placing the one to the South, the other to the North.

The expense of what relates to the Parthenon would not exceed £200,000 which will be a great recommendation. The Architects are all mad raising

piles to cost millions, whereas, by a choice of situation, elevation and consequence are at once obtained. . . . God grant me success, it promises well. . . .

I remain, dear Sir,

With sentiments of endless gratitude,

John Ewen, Esquire,  
Aberdeen.

A. ROBERTSON.

London, 5th July 1816.

. . . . I am hard at work with my Monument, getting a model made. My designs for completing the general plan, and for the sculpture, go on like inspiration, every new idea accords and dovetails with the whole. It will take some time to complete it, and I cannot leave this till it is so, lest I should be detained beyond the time for delivering the designs, but I wish to spend the autumn in Scotland, wherever business may lead me, and shall remain in Aberdeen as long as business offers. . . .

24th July 1816.

. . . . Five or six public circumstances have combined to render my plan for the Monument more magnificent, each of which I should consider alone sufficient to ensure success. I combine with it the Caledonian Asylum to the East, at the end of a parterre, the new "York Hospital" on the West, which I have contrived to get James Forbes of Seaton, the head Physician, and others of the medical officers, to recommend being built in the Regent's Park, at least they approve of it, as I removed the grand objection; the government preferred the old situation at Chelsea, on account of receiving the sick by water, but the Regent's Canal offers the same advantage. On the South the New Palace, the canal being between it and the above; on the North a Chateau for the Duke of Wellington. All these to partake of the style of the Parthenon, so as to form one plan. Ground is already taken, I find, to make a new Ranelagh there. I had proposed to lay out the ground for fêtes to celebrate the battle of Waterloo, and one other victory each year in rotation, on its anniversary. The Elgin Marbles too, tend to prepare people to receive the idea. Pray do not drop it to any one, I entreat of you, for idle people talk, and it would find its way here, and any artist might take it up. There seems a providence in all the above circumstances, beyond human control. In arranging the sculpture to describe the purpose, it has cost me no effort, and I find that I can model in wax much better than I can paint, as my eyes are so good, and I know the figure well, and horses which I never did before, still better. It appears superstition, but I cannot help feeling the hand of Providence in every touch I give, and in every new idea as it occurs. God grant me means.

I met with a most ingenious workman for my model. I have, however, been sadly perplexed with the plan of the building. Stuart died before the 3rd Volume was published, and it is full of errors in the measurements. I have had all these to correct, and for a month past, I have been up almost all night. As a curiosity, the model will be beautiful, and if I fail, it will sell for a good price, having the tools made for mouldings, and the models of such parts as are cast, I can then easily get any number made at a trifling expense, and many will wish to have it. I shall only have to model the sculpture over again so as to be like the original Parthenon. At present I only model three of the Metopes. A life guardsman, a highlander in combat with a frenchman, (as being most characteristic of Great Britain in dress) and two sailors, the English boarding, each not much larger than half an inch square. They will make excellent warlike guns, if cast by Tassie, for I shall carry the finishing to the utmost degree of minuteness and delicacy. From what I have seen, I will venture to say that no man could build the Parthenon unless he first builds a model, and mistakes in building are awful in expense.

I shall only want one or two hundred Aberdeen masons, for it must be Aberdeen granite, there will not be a particle of wood, nor even iron, in the building, except the doors. This will be much in its favour. There is no part of the building requires better work than is on our Aberdeen Bank, in short, the chief part of the work would be done at Aberdeen.

Nash is hard at work, I hear, and if he produces anything better than the Parthenon I shall forgive him, if through the Prince he succeeds. I have not heard that many others are at work. St. Paul's is an acknowledged copy, or imitation of St. Peter's. Buonaparte's column is a copy of Trajan's column. The works of the ancients are legitimate materials, not so those of the moderns (as St. Peter's) instead of combining incongruous parts, I copy the whole, in short, it is not a copy, it is the thing itself revived, and excepting the sculpture, which will be respectable, will be equally good. . . . I cannot rest day nor night for this Monument. . . . To enable me to estimate the expense, will you be so good as ask Peter Nicol, or any other mason, what would be the expense of preparing at Aberdeen, and removing and erecting in London, a Doric Column 35 feet high, six at the base, or rather bottom of the shaft (there is no base) and about 14 feet of the entablature which is 14 feet high, above it. There will be 56 of these, you need not mention the number, as it might lead to the idea. Also a square, solid building, without windows 158 feet long and 70 wide, 42 high and three thick, of solid granite, not rubble work, also a pavement 400 feet square, a wall to raise it 16 feet above the ground with 22 steps upon each side, each step 200 feet long, the first step on a line with the wall—also whether an arch can be cast for the roof from the top of the wall of the building 23 feet high, and the expense. About one half of the space under the platform will be arched, as a burial place and to receive inscriptions, cenotaphs, etc., as well as public



monuments, and others presented by individuals. I only want a rough guess for the present. If I can do without wood, or iron, or brass I may say—  
“Exegi monumentum ære perennius.”

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[*Note by E. R.*—In 1816, my father entered his fortieth year, and the style of miniature painting which he introduced in 1802 had been encouraged and followed by the rising miniaturists, most of whom were more or less his pupils. His friendly rival, the amiable and gifted A. E. Chalon, R.A., was, I believe, two years younger, but he exhibited a year earlier than my father, who always regarded his works with admiration. Like Cosway, he possessed genius, which cannot be communicated, so that the imitators of each failed to carry on the style of either. Chalon was a pupil of the Genevese miniature painter, Artaud, he lived until 1860, when Sir William Ross also died. The latter feared that photography would ruin miniature painting, but Chalon did not think that it could be permanently discarded. I venture to hope that the latter judged rightly, and that it may be possible to use photography, just so far as to *save the time* of the sitter, for attitude, drapery, etc., and to paint the face from nature, so that perhaps *three sittings*, which were found sufficient for the small oval miniatures, might enable an artist of the present day to produce a work as good as one for which eight or twelve sittings were formerly required. Should the working details given in my father's and uncle's papers (written for each other) be found helpful to this end, one main object of their publication will be attained.]

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**Note A.**

(This note can only interest descendants of the family who do not happen to have a genealogical record.)

The Drumnahoy Robertsons were descended from a cadet branch of the Clan, which dates back to

ANDREW DE ATHOLIA, father of

DUNCAN DE ATHOLIA, Dominus de Strowan et Dominus de Rannoch. He was born about 1275 and was a renowned warrior. He was the *first* Laird of Struan, or Strowan, and was called "Donnachadh Reamhair," *i.e.*, Duncan the Fat, and the Clan was called Donnachaidh, or Donachy, after him. He left a son,

ROBERT—Named, by desire, after King Robert Bruce; he acquired lands in Perthshire for his services. He was *second* Laird of Strowan and he had one son,

DUNCAN, called *Robert's son*, and from whom the Clan was thus named. He was *third* Laird "de Atholia et de Strowan." He had three sons; the *second* was

DUNCAN, who settled at Inverness as a Merchant and prospered. He left a son,

ROBERT, also a Merchant at Inverness. He left a son,

JOHN, called *Robert's son*, who had two sons; but the elder, Lawrence, leaving no heirs,

WILLIAM succeeded his father. He was Burgess of Inverness in 1522. He left a son,

JOHN, Provost and Burgess of Inverness. He was called "Stalwart John," from his great strength. He was twice married. His eldest son, by his second wife, Janet Simpson, was

WILLIAM ROBERTSON, the Younger. He purchased the lands of Kindeace, in 1629, and his descendants were called Robertsons of Kindeace. He married Elspeth Howison, daughter of the Minister of Inverness. He had six sons and three daughters. His fourth son was

DAVID ROBERTSON. He was, probably, born about 1590, or later. He settled at Drumnahoy, in the parish of Cluny, where the Minister was his brother John, or Alexander. He is said to have lived to a great age. He had one son,

JOHN, born, probably, about 1635. He had two sisters who married. He died, aged 40, and left two sons; the elder,

JAMES, born 1671, died in 1765. He married Jean Reid, cousin to the Minister of Kemnay. They had a large family, three sons and four daughters married. (He had a brother who married Jean Tytler. Three sons and three daughters married.) His eldest son was

JAMES, born 1702, died 1735. He married Elspeth Milne of Glack, in Cluny, cousin to Dr. Hervey (his next brother, Andrew, who succeeded at Drumnahoy,

had a large family, three sons and three daughters married). He left a son and a daughter, who married; the son was

WILLIAM ROBERTSON, born 1732 died 1817. In 1764 he married Jean Ross, daughter of Alexander Ross, of Balnagowan. They had a large family, and three sons become painters; the eldest was

ARCHIBALD, born 1765, died 1835. In 1793 he married Eliza, eldest daughter of Andrew Abramse and Magdalen Lispenard his wife, of New York. They had a large family (Archibald's fourth son, Anthony Lispenard Robertson, became Chief Justice and Assistant Chancellor of New York); his eldest son was

JACOB, born 1795, died 1866. In 1831 he married Helen Ackerman, daughter of James Ackerman, of New York. They had two daughters; the second, Angeline Eliza, born 1834, married General Charles W. Darling, of New York City and Utica, N.Y.; the elder,

SARAH MATILDA, born in 1832, married Lieutenant J. P. K. Mygatt in 1858. Had two sons; the younger, Otis Angelo Mygatt, born 1863; the elder

ROBERTSON KIRTLAND MYGATT, born 1861, of New York; the present representative of the Drumnahoy Robertsons.

#### Note B.

It would seem that after the Volunteer Act was passed in 1794, the movement was vigorously taken up throughout the country, seeing that in Aberdeen there were two corps when my father was a mere youth, and he had evidently gained some experience before he came to London, where 10,000 at a time were reviewed in 1801 (see page 51). Little appears to be known of this, as it is often stated that the movement began after the Crimean War.

#### Note C.

The kind of stroke here referred to may be observed in almost any good miniature, or even drawing.

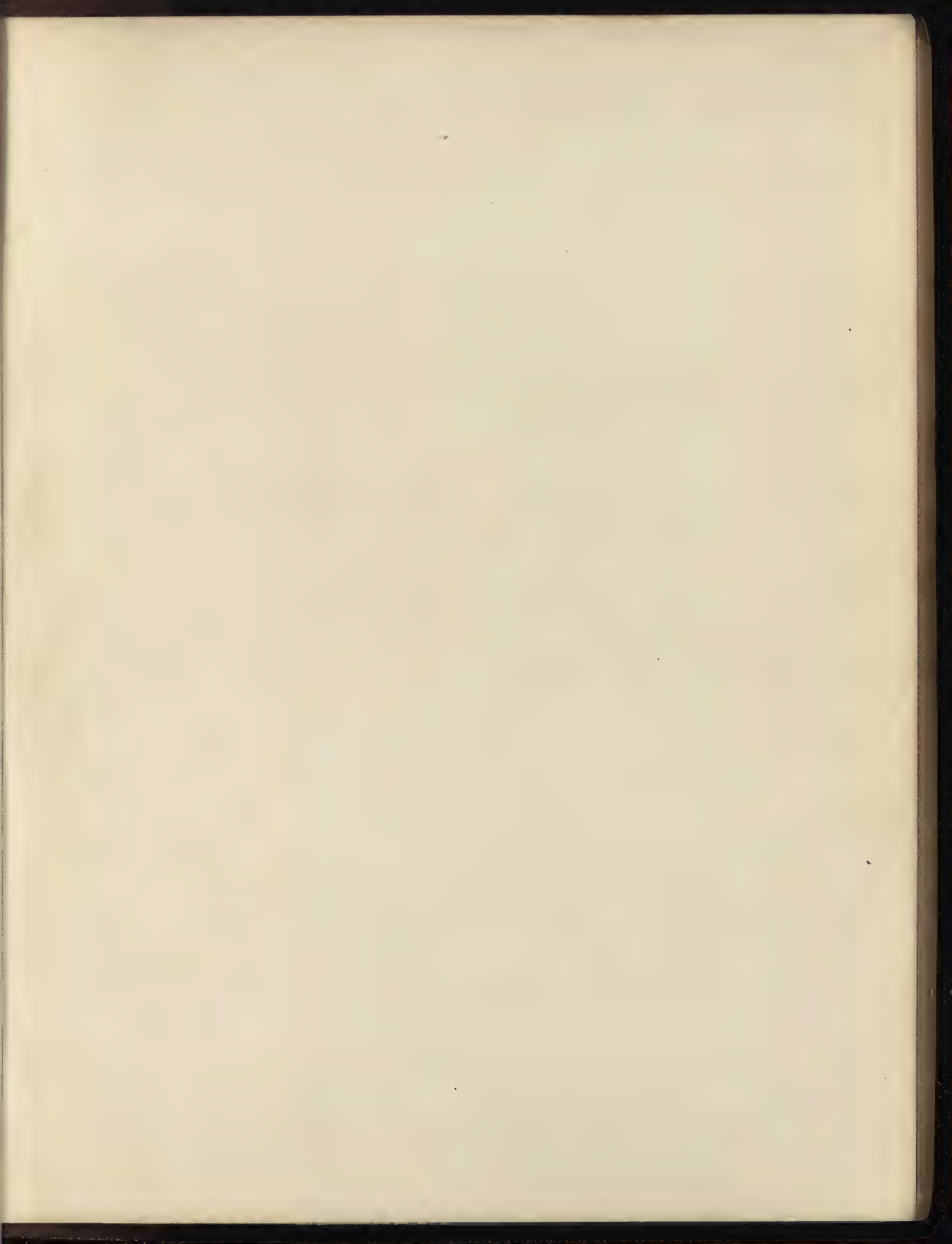
#### Note D.

Alexander (Sandy) married not long after. His wife was Mary Provost, a niece of Bishop Provost, one of the first bishops sent to America. Alexander Robertson was an amiable and talented man, but he had a numerous family and small means, which weighed on him through life. He died in 1841.

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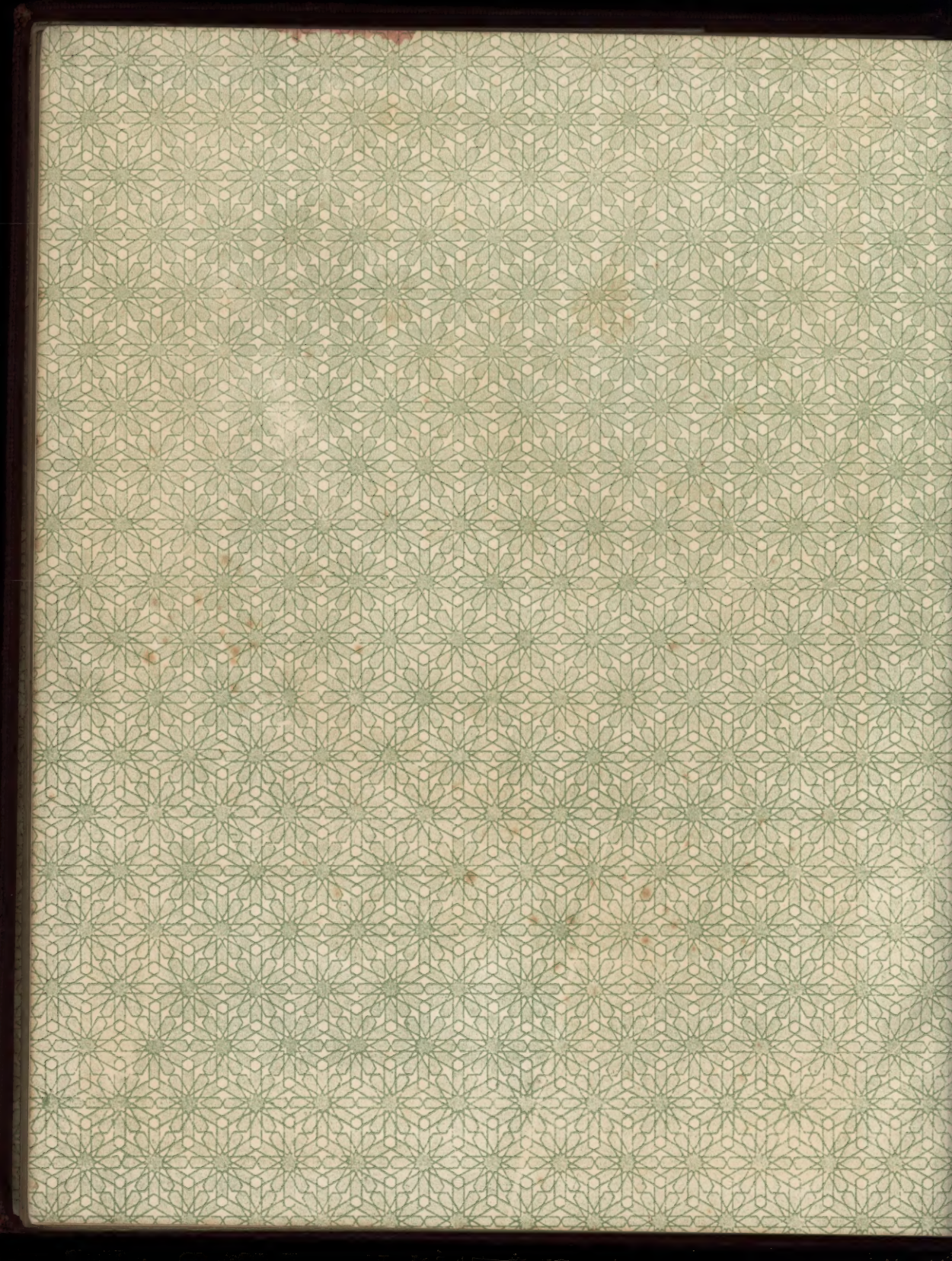






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